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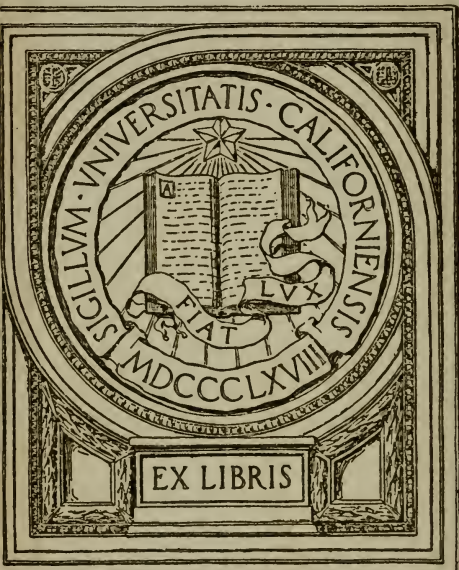

Lud. Du ouernier inv. et Sculp

The SECOND PART of

Miſcellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Moſt Eminent Hands.

Publiſh'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

------*Non deſicit alter*
Aureus; & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo. Virg.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakeſpear's Head* over-againſt *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand.* MDCCXVI.

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The SECOND PART of

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

----Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis Captus Amore Leget ——

The THIRD EDITION.
With a KEY to both PARTS.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

TO THE

READER.

IN the Year 1680 *Mr.* Dryden *undertook the Poem of* Abſalom *and* Achitophel, *upon the Deſire of King* Charles *the Second. The Performance was applauded by every one; and ſeveral Perſons preſſing him to write a Second Part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr.* Tate *to write one, and gave him his Advice in the Direction of it; and that Part beginning Page* 13, *line* 27.

Next theſe, a Troop of buſie Spirits preſs,

and ending Page 18, *Line* 34,

To talk like *Doeg*, and to write like thee.

containing near two Hundred Verses, were intirely Mr. Dryden's *Compositions, besides some Touches in other places. You will find at the End of this Part, a true Key to both the Parts.*

The SECOND PART of

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE Men, like Beasts, each others Prey were made,
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew a Trade,
Since Realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own Happiness oppose;
There Heaven it self, and God-like Kings, in vain
Showr down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David*'s Clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.
For now their Sov'reign's Orders to contemn
Was held the Charter of *Jerusalem*,
His Rights t' invade, his Tributes to refuse,
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews*;
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell,
And *Jacob*'s Seed were chosen to Rebel!

Achitophel with Triumph sees his Crimes
Thus suited to the Madness of the Times;
And *Absalom*, to make his Hopes succeed,
Of flattering Charms no longer stands in need;
While fond of Change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our Tribes out-strip the Youth's Ambitious Thought;
His swiftest Hopes with swifter Homage meet,
And crowd their servile Necks beneath his Feet.
Thus to his Aid while pressing Tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his Streamers in the Air.
The Charms of Empire might his Youth mis-lead,
But what can our besotted *Israel* plead?
Sway'd by a Monarch, whose serene Command
Seems half the Blessing of our promis'd Land.
Whose only Grievance is excess of Ease;
Freedom our Pain, and Plenty our Disease!
Yet, as all Folly would lay claim to Sense,
And Wickedness ne'er wanted a Pretence,
With Arguments they'd make their Treason good,
And righteous *David*'s Self with Slanders load:
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
And guilty *Jebusites* from Law protect,
Whose very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their Sacrificers bleed!
Accusers Infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of Sense they did contain,
But soon they launcht into th' unfathom'd Tide,
And in the Depths they knew disdain'd to Ride,
For probable Discoveries to dispence,
Was thought below a pension'd Evidence;
Mere Truth was dull, nor suited with the Port
Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanc'd to Court.
No less than Wonders now they will impose,
And Projects void of Grace or Sense disclose.
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal* brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in Thought,
The best of Queens, and most obedient Wife,
Impeach'd of curst Designs on *David*'s Life!

His Life, the Theme of her eternal Pray'r,
'Tis scarce so much his Guardian Angels Care.
Not Summer Morns such Mildness can disclose,
The *Hermon* Lilly, nor the *Sharon* Rose.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majesty,
Transported *Michal* feeds her Thoughts on high.
She lives with Angels, and as Angels do,
Quits Heav'n sometimes to bless the World below.
Where, cherisht by her Bounties plenteous Spring,
Reviving Widows smile, and Orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious *Israel*'s Crimes at height,
Are threatned with her Lord's approaching Fate,
The Piety of *Michal* then remain
In Heaven's Remembrance, and prolong his Reign.
Less Desolation did the Pest pursue,
That from *Dan*'s limits to *Beersheba* slew,
Less fatal the repeated Wars of *Tyre*,
And less *Jerusalem*'s avenging Fire.
With gentler Terrour these our State o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing Days began!
On every Cheek a pale Confusion sat,
Continu'd Fear beyond the worst of Fate!
Trust was no more, Art, Science, useless made,
All Occupations lost, but *Corah*'s Trade.
Mean while a Guard on modest *Corah* wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for State.
Well might he deem each Peer and Prince his Slave:
And Lord it o'er the Tribes which he could Save:
Ev'n Vice in him was Virtue------what sad Fate
But for his Honesty had seiz'd our State?
And with what Tyranny had we been curst,
Had *Corah* never prov'd a Villain first?
T' have told his Knowledge of th' Intrigue in gross
Had been, alas, to our Deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' Experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of's Plot;
And therefore like an Evidence of skill,
With wise Reserves secur'd his Pension still;

Nor quite of future Pow'r himſelf bereft,
But Limbo's large for Unbelievers left.
And now his Writ ſuch Reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than Plotting to ſuſpect his Plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd Swearers out.
Some had their Senſe impos'd on by their Fear,
But more for Int'reſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the Frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their Danger not prove true.

Yet, than all theſe a Viler Crew remain,
Who with *Achitophel* the Cry maintain;
Not urg'd by Fear, nor through miſguided Senſe,
(Blind Zeal, and ſtarving Need had ſome pretence)
But for the *Good Old Cauſe* that did excite
Th' Original Rebels Wiles, Revenge and Spight.
Theſe raiſe the Plot, to have the Scandal thrown
Upon the bright Succeſſour of the Crown,
Whoſe Virtue with ſuch Wrongs they had purſu'd,
As ſeem'd all hope of Pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private Ends their Zeal is built,
The cheated Crowd applaud and ſhare their Guilt.

Such Practices as theſe, too groſs to lye
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning Eye,
The more judicious *Iſraelites* Unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the Charm the giddy Rabble held,
Ev'n *Abſalom* amidſt the dazling Beams
Of Empire, and Ambition's flattering Dreams,
Perceives the Plot (too foul to be excus'd)
To aid Deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And (Filial Senſe yet ſtriving in his Breaſt)
Thus to *Achitophel* his Doubts expreſt.

Why are my Thoughts upon a Crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when Virtue did my Arms require,
And to my Father's Wars I flew intire.
My Regal Pow'r how will my Foes reſent,
When I my Self have ſcarce my own Conſent?

Give me a Son's unblemisht Truth again,
Or quench the Sparks of Duty that remain.
How slight to force a Throne that Legions guard
The Task to me; to prove Unjust, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd Guilt thus wound my Thought,
What will it when the Tragick Scene is wrought?
Dire War must first be conjur'd from below,
The Realm we'd Rule, we first must Overthrow;
And when the Civil Furies are on wing
That blind and undistinguisht Slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?
Oh! rather let me Perish in the Strife,
Than have my Crown the Price of *David*'s Life!
Or if the Tempest of the War he stand,
In Peace, some vile officious Villain's Hand
His Soul's anointed Temple may invade,
Or, prest by clamorous Crowds, my Self be made
His Murtherer; rebellious Crowds, whose Guilt
Shall dread his Vengeance till his Blood be spilt.
Which if my Filial Tenderness oppose,
Since to the Empire by their Arms I rose,
Those very Arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new Usurper Crown'd, and I Destroy'd:
The same Pretence of Publick Good will hold,
And new *Achitophels* be found as bold
To urge the needful Change, perhaps the Old.
He said. The Statesman with a Smile replies,
(A Smile that did his rising Spleen disguise)
My Thoughts presum'd our Labours at an End,
And are we still with Conscience to contend?
Whose Want in Kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the Crowd.
Far in the doubtful Passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The Crown's true Heir, a Prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your Motions long with jealous Eyes:
Your Person's Charms, your more prevailing Arts,
And mark'd your Progress in the Peoples Hearts,

Whose Patience is th' effect of stinted Pow'r,
But treasures Vengeance for the fatal Hour,
And if remote the Peril he can bring,
Your present Danger's greater from the King.
Let not a Parent's Name deceive your Sense,
Nor trust the Father in a jealous Prince!
Your trivial Faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than Banishment,
What Rage must your Presumption since inspire?
Against his Orders your Return from *Tyre?*
Nor only so, but with a Pomp more high,
And open Court of Popularity,
The Factious Tribes----And this Reproof from thee?
(The Prince replies) O Statesman's winding Skill,
They first condemn that first advis'd the Ill!
Illustrious Youth (return'd *Achitophel*)
Misconstrue not the Words that mean you well.
The Course you steer I worthy Blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursu'd.
A Monarch's Crown with Fate surrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on Death that miss the Prize.
Did you for this expose your self to show,
And to the Crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious Progress next ordain,
With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train,
With Fame before you like the Morning Star,
And Shouts of Joy saluting from afar?
Oh from the Heights you've reach'd but take a View,
Scarce leading *Lucifer* cou'd fall like you!
And must I here my Ship-wrackt Arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made *Israel* groan!
Your single Interest with the Nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the Scale where your Desires were laid!
Ev'n when at Helm a Course so dang'rous mov'd
To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd,
I not dispute (the Royal Youth replies)
The known Perfection of your Policies,
Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge or blame,
The Privilege that Statesmen ever claim;

Who private Intereſt never yet purſu'd,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others good:
What Politician yet e'er ſcap'd his Fate,
Who ſaving his own Neck not ſav'd the State?
From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted Sails a ſev'ral Courſe you ſteer'd.
What Form of Sway did *David* e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like Abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your Inſtance quaſht each penal Law,
That kept diſſenting Factious *Jews* in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt Laws, may abrogate,
That done, form New, and ſo enſlave the State.
Ev'n Property, whoſe Champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the Idol of the Land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch Violence before,
As when your Counſel ſhut the Royal Store;
Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own Banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
And *Iſrael* fitted for a Foreign Yoke;
Nor here your Counſels fatal Progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent out levied Powers to *Pharaoh*'s Aid.
Hence *Tyre* and *Iſrael*, low in Ruins laid,
And *Egypt* once their Scorn, their common Terrour
Ev'n yet of ſuch a Seaſon we can dream, [made.
When Royal Rights you made your darling Theme.
For Pow'r unlimited cou'd Reaſons draw,
And place Prerogative above the Law;
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjuſt,
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in Truſt:
Whom with State-craft (to Int'reſt only true)
You now accuſe of Ills contriv'd by you.

To this Hell's Agent-----Royal Youth, fix here;
Let Int'reſt be the Star by which you ſteer.
Hence to repoſe your Truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe Int'reſt moſt in your Advancement lyes.
A Tye ſo firm as always will avail,
When Friendſhip, Nature and Religion fail;

On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
Secure the Crowd, and we obtain our Ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our Guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our Champions by their Fear.
What Oppoſition can your Rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are jealous of the King?
His Strength as yet in *David*'s Friendſhip lyes,
And what can *David's* Self without Supplies?
Who with Excluſive Bills muſt now diſpence,
Debar the Heir, or ſtarve in his Defence.
Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit,
And *David*'s Juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by Wants his Brother to betray,
To your Ambition next he clears the way;
For if Succeſſion once to Nought they bring,
Their next Advance removes the preſent King:
Perſiſting elſe his Senates to diſſolve,
In equal Hazard ſhall his Reign involve.
Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh*'s Pow'r ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their Prince t'oppoſe his Arms;
Nor boots it on what Cauſe at firſt they join,
Their Troops once up, are Tools for our Deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtle Covenants ſhall be made,
Till Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Aſſociations of Myſterious Senſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the King's Defence:
Ev'n on their Courts of Juſtice Fetters draw,
And from our Agents muzzle up their Law.
By which, a Conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn Game at worſt, and we ſecure our Stake.
He ſaid, and for the dire Succeſs depends
On various Sects, by common Guilt made Friends.
Whoſe Heads, though ne'er ſo diff'ring in their Creed,
I'th' point of Treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, extorting *Iſhban* firſt appears,
Purſu'd b'a meager Troop of Bankrupt Heirs.
Bleſt Times, when *Iſhban*, he whoſe Occupation
So long has been to Cheat, Reforms the Nation!

Ishban of Conscience suited to his Trade,
As good a Saint as Usurer e'er made.
Yet *Mammon* has not so engrost him quite,
But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;
Who, for those Pardons from his Prince he draws,
Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cause.
That Year in which the City he did sway,
He left Rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his Ambition once was found so bold,
To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;
Cou'd *David*'s Wants have so been brib'd to shame
And scandalize our Peerage with his Name;
For which, his dear Sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn Loyal to be made a Peer.
Next him, let Railing *Rabsheka* have place,
So full of Zeal he has no need of Grace;
A Saint that can both Flesh and Spirit use,
Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:
Of whom the Question difficult appears,
If most i' th' Preachers or the Bawds Arrears.
What Caution cou'd appear too much in him
That keeps the Treasure of *Jerusalem*!
Let *David*'s Brother but approach the Town,
Double our Guards (he cries) *We are undone.*
Protesting that he dares not Sleep in's Bed
Lest he shou'd rise next Morn without his Head.

Next these, a Troop of busie Spirits press,
Of little Fortunes, and of Conscience less;
With them the Tribe, whose Luxury had drain'd
Their Banks, in former Sequestrations gain'd;
Who Rich and Great by past Rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled Streams anew.
Some future Hopes, some present Payment draws,
To sell their Conscience and espouse the Cause.
Such Stipends those vile Hirelings best befit,
Priests without Grace, and Poets without Wit.
Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our Curse,
Judas, that keeps the Rebels Pension-Purse;

Judas that pays the Treason-writer's Fee,
Judas that well deserves his Namesake's Tree;
Who at *Jerusalem*'s own Gates erects
His College for a Nursery of Sects.
Young Prophets with an early Care secures,
And with the Dung of his own Arts manures.
What have the Men of *Hebron* here to do?
What part in *Israel*'s promis'd Land have you!
Here *Phaleg* the Lay-*Hebronite* is come,
'Cause like the rest he cou'd not live at Home;
Who from his own Possessions cou'd not drain
An *Omer* even of *Hebronitish* Grain,
Here struts it like a Patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:
An Emblem of that buzzing Insect just,
That mounts the Wheel, and thinks she raises Dust,
Can dry Bones live? or *Skeletons* produce
The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?
Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
Return'd the grateful Product to the Bed.
A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles chose,
He, his own Laws, wou'd sawcily impose;
'Till Bastinado'd back again he went,
To learn those Manners he to teach was sent.
Chastiz'd he ought to have retreated Home,
But he reads Politicks to *Absalom*.
For never *Hebronite*, though kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own Country willingly return'd.
----But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed,
And to talk Treason for his daily Bread,
Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man
So made for Mischief as *Ben-Jochanan*,
A *Jew* of Humble Parentage was He,
By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,
But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd
To Read and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,
And pick up single Shekels from the Grave,

Married at last, but finding Charge come faster,
He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master;
Inspir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
They got a Villain, and we lost a Fool.
Still violent, whatever Cause he took,
But most against the Party he forsook.
For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in Conscience to be double Knaves.
So this Prose-Prophet took most monstrous Pains,
To let his Masters see he earn'd his Gains.
But as the Dev'l owes all his Imps a Shame,
He chose th' *Apostate* for his proper Theme;
With little Pains he made the Picture true,
And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.
A wondrous Work, to prove the *Jewish* Nation
In every Age a Murmuring Generation;
To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
And shew 'em Factious from their first Beginning.
To prove they cou'd Rebel, and Rail, and Mock,
Much to the Credit of the Chosen Flock;
A strong Authority which must convince,
That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a Whore,
To prove her Mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken Patriarch bless
The Son that shew'd his Father's Nakedness?
Such Thanks the present Church thy Pen will give,
Which proves Rebellion was so Primitive.
Must Ancient Failings be Examples made?
Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade.
As thou the Heathen and the Saint hast drawn,
Methinks th' Apostate was the better Man:
And thy hot *Father* (waving my respect)
Not of a Mother Church, but of a Sect.
And such he needs must be of thy Inditing,
This comes of drinking Asses Milk and Writing;
If *Balack* should be call'd to leave his place,
(As Profit is the loudest Call of Grace)

His Temple disposses'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven Devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
Poor Slaves in Metre, Dull and Addle-pated,
Who Rhime below ev'n *David*'s Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wiſard's Son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy Blocks,
Shun rotten *Uzza* as I would the Pox;
And haſten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearſe,
Two Fools that Crutch their feeble Senſe on Verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times.
Shall live in ſpight of their own Dogrel Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundring kind of Melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd thro' Thick and Thin,
Through Senſe and Non-ſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all Meaning, whether Good or Bad,
And in one Word, Heroically Mad:
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well.
Spightful he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome *thinking* to Ill-Nature:
He needs no more than Birds and Beaſts to think,
All his Occaſions are to Eat and Drink.
If he call Rogue and Raſcal from a Garrat,
He means you no more Miſchief than a Parrat:
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To fetter 'em in Verſe is all his Trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother:
And call Young *Abſalom* King *David*'s Brother.
Let him be Gallows-free by my Conſent,
And nothing Suffer ſince he nothing Meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes Human Soul and Reaſon,
This Animal's below committing Treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could Rebel?
That's a Preferment for *Achitophel*.

The Woman that committed Buggary,
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the Law to die;
But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led
The Dog, that never heard the Statute read.
Railing in other Men may be a Crime,
But ought to paſs for mere Inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write Verſe with him is to *Tranſproſe*.
'Twere pity Treaſon at his Door to lay,
Who *makes Heaven's Gate a Lock to its own Key:*
Let him Rail on, let his invective Muſe
Have four and twenty Letters to abuſe,
Which if he jumbles to one Line of Senſe,
Indict him of a Capital Offence.
In Fire-works give him leave to vent his Spight,
Thoſe are the only Serpents he can write;
The height of his Ambition is, we know,
But to be Maſter of a Puppet-ſhow,
On that one Stage his Works may yet appear,
And a Month's Harveſt keeps him all the Year.
Now ſtop your Noſes, Readers, all and ſome,
For here's a Tun of Midnight-work to come,
Og from a Treaſon Tavern rowling Home.
Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he ſails behind his Link;
With all this bulk there's nothing loſt in *Og*,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A monſtrous Maſs of foul corrupted Matter,
As all the Devils had ſpew'd to make the Batter.
When wine has given him Courage to Blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curſt him;
And if man cou'd have reaſon, none has more,
That made his Paunch ſo rich and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for Heav'n knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a *Jew*;
To what wou'd he on Quail and Pheaſant ſwell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion could rebel?
But though Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence ſpeaking,)
He never was a Poet of God's making;

The Midwife laid her hand on his thick Skull,
With this Prophetick Bleſſing----*Be thou Dull*;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd Delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting Make, like thoughtleſs Men,
A ſtrong Nativity----but for the Pen;
Eat Opium, mingle Arſenick in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding Pen and Ink.
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis Counſel given in vain,
For Treaſon botcht in Rhime will be thy bane;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck:
Why ſhould thy Metre good King *David* blaſt?
A Pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in Verſe to meet thy Foes,
Thou whom the penny Pamphlet foil'd in Proſe?
Doeg, whom God for Mankind's mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy Talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A Poet is, though he's the Poet's Horſe.
A double Nooſe thou on thy Neck doſt pull
For writing Treaſon, and for writing dull;
To die for Faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for Nonſenſe is the Devil:
Hadſt thou the Glories of thy King expreſt,
Thy Praiſes had been Satyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſie Verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
For who would read thy Life that reads thy Rhimes?
But of King *David*'s Foes, be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-man *Abſalom*;
And for my Foes may this their Bleſſing be,
To talk like *Doeg*, and to write like thee.
Achitophel each Rank, Degree and Age,
For various ends, neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for Purſe and Counſel brought,
The Fools and Beggars for their Number ſought:

Who yet not only on the Town depends,
For ev'n in Court the Faction had its Friends;
These thought the Places they possest too small,
And in their hearts wisht Court and King to fall:
Whose Names the Muse disdaining, holds i'th' Dark,
Thrust in the Villain Herd without a Mark;
With Parasites and Libel-spawning Imps,
Intriguing Fops, dull Jesters, and worse Pimps,
Disdain the Rascal Rabble to pursue,
Their set Cabals are yet a viler Crew;
See where involv'd in common smoak they sit;
Some for our Mirth, some for our Satyr fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on Mischief bent,
While those for mere good Fellowship frequent
Th' appointed Club, can let Sedition pass,
Sense, Nonsense, any thing t' employ the Glass;
And who believe in their dull honest Hearts,
The Rest talk Treason but to shew their Parts;
Who ne'er had Wit or Will for Mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a Set.

But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
Industrious *AROD* never be forgot:
The Labours of this Midnight-Magistrate,
May Vie with *Corah*'s to preserve the State.
In search of Arms, he fail'd not to lay hold
On War's most powerful dang'rous Weapon, *GOLD*;
And last, to take from *Jebusites* all Odds,
Their Altars pillag'd, stole their very Gods;
Oft would he Cry, when Treasure he surpriz'd,
'Tis Baalish *Gold in* David's *Coyn Disguis'd.*
Which to his House with *richer Reliques* came,
While Lumber Idols only fed the Flame:
For our wise Rabble ne'er took pains t' enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, so't made a rousing Fire.
With which our Elder was enricht no more
Than False *Gehazi* with the *Syrian*'s Store;
So poor, that when our Chusing-Tribes were met,
Ev'n for his Stinking Votes he ran in Debt;

For Meat the Wicked, and as Authors think,
The Saints he chous'd for his Electing Drink;
Thus ev'ry Shift and subtle Method past,
And All to be no *Zaken* at the last.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre*'s sad Ruins, *Pharaoh*'s Pride
Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and wide;
As when a batt'ring Storm ingendred high,
By Winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the Sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain,
This for his Vineyard fears, and that his Grain;
For blooming Plants, and Flow'rs new opening, These
For Lambs yean'd lately, and far-lab'ring Bees;
To guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will fall:
Ev'n so the doubtful Nations watch his Arms,
With Terror each expecting his Alarms.
Where *Judah*, where was now thy Lyon's Roar?
Thou only cou'dst the Captive Lands restore;
But Thou, with inbred Broils and Faction prest,
From *Egypt* need'st a Guardian with the rest.
Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Trust allow'd,
Too much the Representers of the Crowd,
Who for their own Defence give no Supply,
But what the Crown's Prerogatives must buy:
As if their Monarch's Rights to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the State!
From present Dangers they divert their Care,
And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir;
Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes,
Unjudg'd would Sentence, and e'er Crown'd, Depose.
Religion the Pretence, but their Decree
To bar his Reign, whate'er his Faith shall be!
By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus prest
What Passions rent the Righteous *David*'s Breast?
Who knows not how t' oppose, or to comply,
Unjust to Grant, and dangerous to Deny!
How near in this dark Juncture *Israel*'s Fate,
Whose Peace one sole Expedient could create,

Which yet th' extreameſt Virtue did require,
Ev'n of that Prince whoſe Downfal they conſpire!
His Abſence *David* does with Tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their Rage. Undaunted He complies;
Thus he who prodigal of Blood and Eaſe,
A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
At once contending with the Waves and Fire,
And heading Danger in the wars of *Tyre*,
Inglorious now forſakes his Native Sand,
And like an Exile quits the promis'd Land!
Our Monarch ſcarce from preſſing Tears refrains,
And painfully his Royal State maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extremeſt Shore
Almoſt revokes what he injoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more Truſt to be allow'd
To Storms and Seas, than to the raging Crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting Scene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as theirs that ſaw!
Not only our attending Nobles weep,
But hardy Sailors ſwell with Tears the Deep!
The Tide reſtrain'd her Courſe, and more amaz'd,
The Twin-ſtars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear-----
Does trouble to our ſuff'ring Heroe bring,
Leſt next the popular Rage oppreſs the King!
Thus parting, each for th' other's Danger griev'd,
The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince receiv'd.
Go injur'd Heroe, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy Conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant Fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her Reſt be deep,
Rockt like a *Nereid* by the Waves a-ſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to *Elyſian Fields* convert the Main!
Go injur'd Heroe, while the ſhores of *Tyre*
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts imploy,
And greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy.

On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their own;
Yet while our factious *Jews* his Worth deny,
Their aking Conscience gives their Tongue the lie;
Ev'n in the worst of Men the noblest Parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their Hearts,
Whom to his King the best Respects commend
Of Subject, Soldier, Kinsman, Prince and Friend;
All sacred Names of most divine Esteem,
And to Perfection all sustain'd by him,
Wise, Just and Constant, Courtly without Art,
Swift to discern and to reward Desert;
No hour of his in fruitless Ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest Subject's still employ'd:
Whose steddy Soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the State,
But heaps those Blessings on the Royal Head,
Which he well knows must be on Subjects shed.

On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar Rage
Against his Worth, and native Rights engage?
Religious Fears their Argument are made,
Religious Fears his sacred Rights invade!
Of future Superstition they complain,
And *Jebusitick* Worship in his Reign:
With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd deceive,
With Dangers fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred Rites remove,
Whate'er the Faith of the Successour prove:
Our *Jews* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their Religion is their Gain,
Who know by old Experience *Baal*'s Commands
Not only claim'd their Conscience, but their Lands;
They grudge God's Tythes, how therefore shall they yield
An Idol full possession of the Field?
Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must confess
The Peoples suff'rings than that Monarch's less,
Who must to hard Conditions still be bound,
And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound;

Or shou'd his Thoughts to Tyranny incline,
Where are the Means to compass the Design?
Our Crown's Revenues are too short a store,
And jealous Sanhedrims wou'd give no more.
As vain our fears of *Egypt*'s potent Aid,
Not so has *Pharoah* learnt Ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common Rules of Policy;
None dread like him the growth of *Israel*'s King,
And he alone sufficient Aids can bring;
Who knows that Prince to *Egypt* can give Law,
That on our stubborn Tribes his Yoke cou'd draw,
At such profound Expence he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his Hands so deep in Blood; [take,
Wou'd ne'er through wrong and right his Progress
Grudge his own Rest, and keep the World awake,
To fix a lawless Prince on *Judah*'s Throne,
First to invade our Rights, and then his Own;
His dear-gain'd Conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his Crimes and Toil.
We grant his Wealth vast as our Ocean's Sand,
And curse its fatal Influence on our Land,
Which our brib'd *Jews* so num'rously partake,
That ev'n an Host his Pensioners wou'd make;
From these Deceivers our Divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of *Egypt*'s King;
These with pretended Friendship to the State,
Our Crowd's suspicion of their Prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred Rights and Property;
To Ruin, thus, the chosen Flock are sold,
While Wolves are ta'en for Guardians of the Fold;
Seduced by these, we groundlessly complain,
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign:
Thus our Fore-fathers crooked Paths are trod,
We trust our Prince, no more than they their God.
But all in vain our Reasoning Prophets preach,
To those whom sad Experience ne'er could teach,

Who can commence new Broils in bleeding Scars,
And freſh Remembrance of inteſtine Wars;
When the ſame houſhold mortal Foes did yield,
And Brothers ſtain'd with Brothers Blood the Field;
When Sons curſt Steel the Fathers gore did ſtain,
And Mothers mourn'd for Sons by Fathers ſlain!
When thick, as *Egypt*'s Locuſts on the Sand, [Land,
Our Tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd
Whoſe few Survivers with worſe Fate remain,
To drag the Bondage of a Tyrant's Reign:
Which Scene of woes, unknowing we renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we fear, purſue;
While *Pharoah* laughs at our Domeſtick broils,
And ſafely crowds his Tents with Nations ſpoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in reſtleſs Rage,
Againſt our abſent Heroe ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, (ſuch did their frenzy prove,)
The only Suit their Prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd, they ceaſe Affairs of State,
And real Dangers wave, for groundleſs Hate.
Long *David*'s Patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,
Expecting till the troubled Waves would ceaſe,
But found the raging Billows ſtill increaſe.
The Crowd, whoſe Inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt Rebels.
At laſt his deep Reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' Imperial Palace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke,

Then Juſtice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For lo! our Mercy is become our Crime.
While halting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'ns ſacred Truſt, decays;
For whoſe ſupport ev'n Subjects Intereſt calls,
Wo! to that Kingdom where the Monarch falls.
That Prince who yields the leaſt of regal Sway,
So far his Peoples Freedom does betray.
Right lives by Law, and Law ſubſiſts by Pow'r;
Diſarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock devour.

Hard

Hard lot of Empire o'er a ſtubborn Race,
Which Heav'n it ſelf in vain has try'd with Grace!
When will our Reaſon's long-charm'd Eyes unclose,
And *Iſrael* judge between her Friends and Foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd Deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and Monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled Patriots brib'd with *Egypt*'s Gold,
Ev'n Sanhedrims in blind Obedience hold;
Thoſe Patriots falſhood in their Actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;
If ought for which ſo loudly they declaim,
Religion, Laws, and Freedom, were their aim;
Our Senates in due Methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe Miſchiefs which they ſeem'd to dread;
But firſt e'er yet they propt the ſinking State,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private Hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they preſt,
But barb'rouſly deſtroy'd the Nation's Reſt!
O! whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive?
When their Injuſtice, we are preſt to ſhare,
The Monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful Heir;
Are Princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd,
And this the Privilege of Royal Blood?
But grant we ſhou'd confirm the Wrongs they preſs,
His Sufferings yet were, than the Peoples, leſs;
Condemn'd for life the murd'ring Sword to wield,
And on their Heirs entail a bloody Field:
Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,
And for th' Oppreſſion, which they fear, make way;
Succeſſion fixt by Heav'n, the Kingdom's Bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the Flood of War;
Waſte, Rapine, Spoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
And our mad Tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the Monarch's Pow'r in hand;
Authority, and Force to join with skill,
And ſave the Lunaticks againſt their will.

The ſame rough means that ſwage the Crowd, appeaſe
Our Senates raging with the Crowd's diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd Meaſures let 'em draw
From no falſe Gloſs, but Genuine Text of Law;
Nor urge thoſe Crimes upon Religion's ſcore,
Themſelves ſo much in *Jeluſites* abhor.
Whom Laws convict (and only they) ſhall bleed,
Nor Phariſees by Phariſees be freed.
Impartial Juſtice from our Throne ſhall ſhow'r,
All ſhall have right, and we our Sov'reign Pow'r.
He ſaid, th' Attendants heard with awful Joy,
And glad Preſages their fixt Thoughts imploy;
From *Hebron* now the ſuffering Heir return'd,
A Realm that long with Civil Diſcord mourn'd;
Till his Approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his aboad;
The Deluge checkt that to *Judæa* ſpread,
And ſtopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.
Thus in forgiving *David*'s Paths he drives,
And chas'd from *Iſrael*, *Iſrael*'s Peace contrives.
The Field confeſt his pow'r in Arms before,
And Seas proclaim'd his Triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* ſhown,
How fit t' Inherit Godlike *David*'s Throne.
Through *Sion*'s ſtreets his glad Arrival's ſpread,
And Conſcious Faction ſhrinks her ſnaky Head;
His Train their Sufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The Crowds applauſe with Virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but Zeal for Worth diſtreſt
A Virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always bent
To ſerve the Crown, and Loyal by Deſcent,
Whoſe Conſtancy ſo firm, and Conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two Royal Maſters truſt;
Who *Tyre*'s proud Arms had manfully withſtood
On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the Flood;
Of Learning yet, no Portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes, and the Muſes pride.

Nor can *Benaiah*'s worth forgotten lye,
Of ſteddy Soul when publick Storms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onſets made,
Secur'd at once our Honour and our Trade.
Such were the Chiefs, who moſt his Suff'rings mourn'd,
And view'd with ſilent Joy the Prince return'd;
While thoſe that ſought his Abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their nauſeous falſe Reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious Hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious Duty break his Reſt.

While real Tranſports thus his Friends employ,
And Foes are loud in their diſſembled Joy,
His Triumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſt not his young ambitious Rival's Ear;
And as when joyful Hunters clam'rous Train,
Some ſlumbring Lyon wakes in *Moab*'s Plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold Aſſailants yield,
And ſcatter'd his Purſuers through the Field,
Diſdaining, furls his Mane, and tears the Ground,
His Eyes enflaming all the Deſart round,
With Roar of Seas directs his Chaſers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in *Abſalom*'s fierce Breaſt,
Such Indignation his fir'd Eyes confeſt;
Where now was the Inſtructer of his Pride?
Slept the old Pilot in ſo rough a Tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the cred'lous Youth convey'd;
In deep revolving Thoughts he weighs his State,
Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd Bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his Charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,
In which his dextrous Wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the Wreck of Kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger preſt,
Of various Reſolutions ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the Crowd's unſtable Zeal decay,
Leaſt their Recanting Chief the Cauſe betray,

Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes may ground,
And for his Pardon with their Heads compound.
Him therefore, e'er his Fortune ſlip her Time,
The Stateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold Crime
Paſt Pardon, whether to attempt his Bed,
Or threat with open Arms the Royal Head,
Or other daring Method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the Peoples Truſt.
But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd Ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as paſt his Date,
And try ſome new Pretender's luckier Fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal Toil he wou'd purſue,
Nor cares what Claimer's Crown'd, except the true.
Wake *Abſalom*, approaching Ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy Honours and thy Fame betray'd,
The property of deſp'rate Villains made?
Loſt Pow'r and conſcious Fears their Crimes create,
And Guilt in them was little leſs than Fate;
But why ſhouldſt thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forſake thy Vineyards for their ſtormy Sea?
For thee did *Canaan*'s Milk and Honey flow,
Love dreſt thy Bow'rs, and Laurels ſought thy Brow,
Preferment, Wealth and Pow'r thy Vaſſals were,
And of a Monarch all things but the Care.
Oh ſhould our Crimes, again, that Curſe draw down,
And Rebel-arms once more attempt the Crown,
Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Abſalom*,
Alike by Conqueſt or Defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch Youth and Charms,
Expire with wretched Fate in impious Arms?
A Prince ſo form'd with Earth's and Heav'ns Applauſe,
To triumph o'er Crown'd Heads in *David's* Cauſe:
Or grant him Victor, ſtill his Hopes muſt fail,
Who, Conquering, wou'd not for himſelf prevail;
The Faction whom he truſts for future Sway,
Him and the Publick would alike betray;

Amongſt themſelves divide the Captive State,
And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
Thus having beat the Clouds with painful Flight,
The pity'd Youth, with Scepters in his Sight;
(So have their cruel Politicks decreed,)
Muſt by that Crew that made him Guilty, Bleed!
For could their Pride brook any Prince's Sway,
Whom but mild *David* wou'd they chuſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle Reign repine,
The Fall of Monarchy it ſelf deſign;
From Hate to that their Reformations ſpring,
And *David* not their Grievance, but the King.
Seiz'd now with panick Fear the Faction lyes,
Leaſt this clear Truth ſtrike *Abſalom*'s charm'd Eyes,
Leaſt he perceive, from long Enchantment free,
What all, beſide the flatter'd Youth, muſt ſee.
But what-e'er Doubts his troubled Boſom ſwell,
Fair Carriage ſtill became *Achitophel*.
Who now an envious Feſtival enſtals,
And to ſurvey their Strength the Faction calls,
Which Fraud, Religious Worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does Sedition build?
For lo! the Royal Mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their Treaſon, Zeal, and Mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous Chance invade,
Where careful Emmits had their Forrage laid,
Whether fierce *Vulcan*'s Rage, the Furzy Plain
Had ſeiz'd, engendred by ſome careleſs Swain;
Or ſwelling *Neptune* lawleſs Inroads made,
And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;
The Common-wealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild Haſte their loaded Mates o'erthrow:
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd Gueſts confus'dly meet,
With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roaſt, all juſtling in the Street;
Dejecting all, and rufully diſmay'd,
For *Shekel* without Treat, or Treaſon paid.
Sedition's dark Eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each Hour the Royal Planet grows,

Of Force the Clouds of Envy to disperse,
In kind Conjunction of assisting Stars.
Here lab'ring Muse those glorious Chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful Scale of *David*'s Fate;
The rest of that Illustrious Band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in lawrell'd *Asaph*'s Verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy Flight recall,
View Heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious Fall.

First write *Bezaliel*, whose Illustrious Name
Foretals our Praise, and gives his Poet Fame.
The *Kenites* Rocky Province his Command,
A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaan*'s Land;
Which for its gen'rous Natives yet could be
Held worthy such a President as he!
Bezaliel with each Grace and Virtue fraught,
Serene his Looks; serene his Life and Thought,
On whom so largely Nature heap'd her Store,
There scarce remain'd for Arts to give him more!
To Aid the Crown and State his greatest Zeal,
His second Care that Service to conceal;
Of Dues observant, firm to ev'ry Trust,
And to the Needy always more than Just.
Who Truth from specious Falshood can divide,
Has all the Gown-mens Skill without their Pride;
Thus crown'd with Worth from heights of Honour won,
Sees all his Glories copied in his Son,
Whose forward Fame should every Muse engage:
Whose Youth boasts Skill deny'd to others Age.
Men, Manners, Language, Books of noblest kind,
Already are the Conquest of his Mind.
Whose Loyalty before its Date was prime;
Nor waited the dull Course of rowling Time:
The Monster *Faction* early he dismaid,
And *David*'s Cause long since confest his Aid.

Brave *Abdael* o'er the Prophet's School was plac'd;
Abdael with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
A *Heroe*, who, while Stars look'd wondring down,
Without one *Hebrew*'s Blood restor'd the Crown.

That Praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That Crown restor'd; and in this Rank of Fame,
Brave *Abdael* with the first a place must claim.
Proceed illustrious, happy Chief, proceed,
Foresceize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd Tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the Glories thou shalt gain:
For sure, the Dew shall *Gilboah*'s Hills forsake,
And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom*'s Lake;
Or Seas retir'd their secret Stores disclose,
And to the Sun their scaly Brood expose,
Or swell'd above the Clifts, their Billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their Patron's Praise.

Eliab our next Labour do's invite,
And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right:
Long with the Royal Wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the Turns of Fortunes prov'd!
Such ancient Service and Desert so large,
Well claim'd the Royal Houshold for his Charge.
His Age with only one mild Heiress blest,
In all the Bloom of smiling Nature dress't,
And blest again to see his Flow'r ally'd
To *David*'s Stock, and made young *Othniel*'s Bride!
The bright Restorer of his Father's Youth,
Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
So bravely sought (while sought) by *Absalom*.
Ah Prince! th' Illustrious Planet of thy Birth,
And thy more powerful Virtue guard thy worth;
That no *Achitophel* thy Ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such Wreck has lost.

Ev'n Envy must consent to *Helon*'s Worth,
Whose Soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)
Could for our Captive-ark its Zeal retain,
And *Pharoah*'s Altars in their Pomp disdain:
To slight his Gods was small; with nobler Pride,
He all th' Allurements of his Court defy'd.

Whom Profit nor Example could betray,
But *Israel's* Friend, and true to *David's* Sway.
What acts of favour in his Province fall,
On Merit he confers, and freely all.
Our List of Nobles next let *Amri* grace,
Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdins* high place;
Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' Endowments of *Achitophel*.
Sincere was *Amri*, and not only knew,
But *Israel's* Sanctions into Practice drew;
Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No *Rabbin* speaks like him their mystick Sense,
So just, and with such Charms of Eloquence:
To whom the double Blessing does belong,
With *Moses's* Inspiration, *Aaron's* Tongue.
Than *Sheva*, none more Loyal Zeal have shown,
Wakeful, as *Judah's* Lion for the Crown,
Who for that Cause still combats in his Age,
For which his Youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious Priests the Cant revive,
In vain seditious Scribes with Libel strive
T' enflame the Crowd, while he with watchful Eye
Observes, and shoots their Treasons as they fly,
Their weekly Frauds his keen Replies detect,
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So *Moses*, when the Pest on *Legions* prey'd,
Advanc'd his Signal and the Plague was stay'd.
Once more my fainting Muse thy Pinnions try,
And Strength's exhausted Store let *Love* supply.
What Tribute, *Asaph*, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy own Tree!
Thy Laurel Grove no Envy's flash can blast;
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
With wonder late Posterity shall dwell
On *Absalom* and false *Achitophel*:
Thy strains shall be our slumbring Prophets dream,
And when our *Sion*-Virgins sing, their Theam.

Our *Jubilees* shall with thy Verse be grac'd,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
How fierce his Satyr loos'd, restrain'd, how tame,
How tender of th' offending *Young Man*'s Fame!
How well his Worth, and brave Adventures stil'd,
Just to his Virtues, to his Error mild.
No Page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just Reproof, or Praise, as due;
Not *Eden* could a fairer Prospect yield,
All *Paradise* without one barren Field:
Whose Wit the Censure of his Foes has past,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
What Praise for such rich Strains shall we allow?
What just Rewards the grateful Crown bestow?
While Bees in Flow'rs rejoice, and Flow'rs in Dew,
While Stars and Fountains to their Course are true;
While *Judah*'s Throne, and *Sion*'s Rock stand fast,
The Song of *Asaph* and the Fame shall last.
Still *Hebron*'s honour'd happy Soil retains
Our Royal Heroes beauteous dear Remains;
Who now sails off with Winds nor Wishes slack,
To bring his Suff'rings bright Companion back.
But e'er such Transport can our sense employ
A bitter Grief must poison half our Joy;
Nor can our Coasts restor'd those Blessings see
Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd *Sodom*'s Doom for ever fix the Tide
Where by inglorious Chance the Valiant dy'd.
Give not insulting *Askalon* to know,
Nor let *Gath*'s Daughters triumph in our woe!
No Sailer with the News swell *Egypt*'s Pride,
By what ingorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!
Weep *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy Fountains dry,
While *Sion*'s Rock dissolves for a Supply!
Calm were the Elements, Night's silence deep,
The Waves scarce murm'ring, and the Winds asleep;
Yet Fate for Ruine takes so still an hour,
And treacherous Sands the Princely Bark devour;

Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous Race,
To Virtue's scandal, and the Stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' Indulgent Pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless Shelves, a lifted Field;
A lifted Field of Heav'ns and *David*'s Foes,
Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth oppose,
Each Life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconqu'ring thus expir'd:
But Destiny is now their only Foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last Breaths their Master's Scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force cou'd scarce the Fates defraud;
Who for such Followers lost, O matchless Mind!
At his own Safety now almost repin'd!
Say, Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
Your Praise in Peace, and by *Urania*'s Charms;
If all your Suff'rings past so ne'erly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful Grief your Breast?

Thus some Diviner Muse her *Heroe* forms,
Not sooth'd with soft Delights, but tost in Storms.
Not stretcht on Roses in the Myrtle Grove, [Love,
Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights with
But far remov'd in thundring Camps is found,
His Slumbers short, his Bed the herbless Ground:
In Tasks of Danger always seen the First,
Feeds from the Hedge, and slakes with Ice his Thirst.
Long must his Patience strive with Fortune's Rage,
And long opposing Gods themselves engage,
Must see his Country Flame, his Friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd:
Such Toil of Fate must build a Man of Fame,
And such, to *Israel*'s Crown, the God-like *David* came.

What sudden Beams dispel the Clouds so fast!
Whose drenching Rains laid all our Vineyards waste?
The Spring so far behind her Course delay'd,
On th' Instant is in all her Bloom array'd;
The Winds breath low, the Element serene;
Yet mark what Motion in the Waves is seen!

Thronging and buſie as *Hyblæan* Swarms,
Or ſtragled Soldiers ſummon'd to their Arms.
See where the Princely Bark in looſeſt Pride,
With all her Guardian Fleet, adorns the Tide!
High on her Deck the Royal Lovers ſtand,
Our Crimes to Pardon e'er they touch'd our Land.
Welcome to *Iſrael* and to *David*'s Breaſt!
Here all your Toils, here all your Suff'rings reſt.
This Year did *Ziloah* rule *Jeruſalem*,
And boldly all Sedition's *Syrtes* ſtem,
How e'er incumber'd with a viler Pair
Than *Ziph* or *Shimei* to aſſiſt the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah*'s Loyal Labours ſo prevail'd
That Faction at the next Election fail'd,
When ev'n the common Cry did Juſtice ſound,
And Merit by the Multitude was Crown'd:
With *David* then was *Iſrael*'s Peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their Error, and obey'd their Lord.

A KEY to both Parts of Abſalom *and* Achitophel.

ABſalom,	*Duke of* Monmouth.
Annabel,	*Dutcheſs of* Monmouth.
Amiel,	*Mr.* Seymour, *Speaker.*
Achitophel,	*Lord* Shaftsbury.
Abethdin,	*Lord* Chancellor.
Agag,	*Sir* E. B. Godfrey.
Aſaph,	*Mr.* Dryden.
Arod,	*Sir* W. Waller.
Abdael,	*Duke of* Albemarle.
Amri,	*Lord Chancellor* Finch.
Adriel,	*Earl of* Mulgrave.
Bathſheba,	*Dutcheſs of* Portſmouth.
Balaam,	*Earl of* Huntington.
Barzillai,	*Duke of* Ormond.
Balack,	Barnet.
Benaiah,	*General* Sackvile.
Bezaliel,	*Duke of* Beaufort.
Caleb,	*Lord* Grey.
Corah,	*Dr.* Oates.
David,	*King* Charles II.
Doeg,	Settle.
Ethnick *Plot*,	Popiſh *Plot.*
Eliab,	*Earl of* Arlington.
Egypt,	France.
Huſhai,	*Earl of* Rocheſter, Hyde,
Hebrew *Prieſts*,	*Church of* England *Miniſters*,
Helon,	*Lord* Feverſham.
Hebron,	Scotland.
Iſrael,	England.
Jeruſalem,	London.
Iſboſheth,	Rich. Cromwell.
Jotham,	*Marquiſs of* Hallifax.
Jebuſites,	*Papiſts.*

Jonas,	*Sir* W. Jones.
Iſſachar,	T. Thin, *Eſq*;
Jothran,	*Lord* Dartmouth.
Iſhban,	*Sir* R. Clayton,
Judas,	Ferguſon.
B. Jochanan,	Johnſon.
Michal,	*Q.* Katharine.
Mephibosheth,	Pordage.
Nadab,	*Lord* Howard *of* Eſcrick,
Og,	Shadwell.
Othniel,	*Duke of* Grafton.
Pharaoh,	French *King*.
Phaleg,	Forbes.
Rabſhakeh,	*Sir* Tho. Player.
Saul,	Oliver.
Sanhedrim,	*Parliament*.
Solymean *Rout*,	London *Rebels*.
Sagan *of* Jeruſalem,	*Biſhop of* London.
Shimei,	*Sheriff* Bethel.
Sheva,	*Sir* R. L'Eſtange.
Tyre,	Holland.
Uzza,	J. H.
Weſtern Dome,	Dolben.
Zimri,	*Duke of* Buckingham
Zadoch,	*Archbiſhop* Sancroft
Zaken,	*Parliament-man*.
Ziloah,	*Sir* J. Moor.

The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, translated out of the Tenth Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Connection of the EPISODE, with the foregoing Story.

Mezentius *was King of* Etruria, *or* Tuscany; *from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical government, and cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus baniſh'd he applies himſelf to King* Turnus, *in whoſe Court he and his Son* Lauſus *take Sanctuary.* Turnus *for the Love of* Lavinia *making War with* Æneas, Mezentius *ingages in the cauſe of his Benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly in revenging himſelf on his late Subjects, who now aſſiſted* Æneas *out of hatred to him.* Mezentius *is every where deſcrib'd by* Virgil *as an Atheiſt; his Son* Lauſus *is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Virtue: And the death of thoſe two is the ſubject of this Noble* Epiſode.

THUS equal deaths are dealt, and equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors and vanquiſh'd in the various field;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n ſurvey the doubtful ſtrife,
And mourn the Miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two Goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.
Amidſt the Crowd, infernal *Até* ſhakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hiſſing Creſt of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud diſdain,
Brandiſh'd his Spear, and ruſh'd into the Plain:

Where, tow'ring in the midmoſt ranks, he ſtood,
Like vaſt *Orion* ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny Breaſt, he cuts the waves;
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a Mountain Aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.
Thus arm'd, he took the field:-----
The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from afar,
With joyful eyes, and undertook the war.
Collected in himſelf, and like a Rock
Poiz'd on his baſe; *Mezentius* ſtood the ſhock
Of his great Foe: then meaſuring with his eyes
The ſpace his Spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries:
My own right Hand and Sword aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)
His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
Shall by my *Lauſus* be in triumph worn.
He ſaid; and ſtraight with all his force he threw
The maſſie Spear; which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial Shield; that ſtop'd the courſe:
But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
'Till, tir'd with toils, fair *Italy* he choſe;
And in *Evander*'s Palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He caſts to Heaven; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin ſent;
The Shield gave way, thro' treble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linnen trebly rowl'd,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler fold;
All theſe it paſt with unreſiſted courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood:
The *Trojan* glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His Fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſt,
And with new force his fainting Foe oppreſt,

His Father's danger *Lauſus* view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal Memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which pierc'd his Thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The lifted Sword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſhield;
All fir'd with noble Emulation, ſtrive;
And with a ſtorm of Darts, to diſtance drive
The *Trojan* Chief, who held at bay, from far,
On his Vulcanian Orb ſuſtain'd the War.
As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind,
The Ploughman, Paſſenger, and lab'ring Hind
For ſhelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow Caverns lie;
But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above 'em ſmiles,
Return to Travel, and renew their Toils:
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd; on every ſide
The ſtorm of Darts undaunted did abide; [cry'd.
And thus to *Lauſus* loud, with friendly threatning
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain Death? And rage
In raſh Attempts beyond thy tender Age?
Betray'd by pious Love? Nor thus forborn
The Youth deſiſts, but with inſulting Scorn
Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whoſe patience tir'd
Gave place; and all his Breaſt with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;
And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,
Which full deſcending with a fearful ſway,
Thro' Shield and Cuiraſſe forc'd th' impetuous
And buried deep in his fair Boſom lay. [way,

The ſpringing Streams thro' the thin Armour ſtrove,
And drencht the golden Coat his careful Mother
And life at length forſook his heaving Heart, [wove:
Loth from ſo ſweet a Manſion to depart.
But when, with Blood and Paleneſs all beſpread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lauſus* dead,
He griev'd, he wept: the ſight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought.
Then ſtretch'd his Hand to raiſe him up, and ſaid;
Poor hapleſs Youth, what Praiſes can be paid
To Love ſo great; to ſuch tranſcendent ſtore
Of early Worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept whate'er *Æneas* can afford:
Untouch'd thy Arms; untaken be thy Sword:
And all that pleas'd thee living, ſtill remain
Inviolate; and ſacred to the ſlain.
Thy Body on thy Parents I beſtow,
To pleaſe thy Ghoſt; at leaſt if ſhadows know
Or have a taſte of human things below.
There to thy fellow Ghoſts, with glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* Hand I fell.
With this he bids his diſtant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear;
Himſelf aſſiſts to raiſe him from the Ground,
His Locks deform'd with Blood, that ſwell'd from out his Wound.
Mean time the Father, now no Father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his Wounds by *Tyber*'s yellow Flood,
Oppreſt with anguiſh, panting, and o'er-ſpent,
His fainting Limbs againſt a Tree he leant:
A Bough his brazen Helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier Arms lay ſcatter'd on the Plain:
Of Youth a choſen Troop around him ſtand,
His Head hung down, and reſted on his Hand;
His grizly Beard his penſive Boſom ſought,
And all on *Lauſus*, ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a Meſſage ſent

To warn him from the Field; alas in vain!
Behold his mournful Followers bear him slain
On their broad Shields; still gush'd the gaping wound,
And drew a bloody Trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their Cries; far off divin'd
The dire Event with a forebodeing Mind.
With Dust he sprinkled first his hoary Head,
Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he spread;
Last, the dear Corps embracing, thus he said.
What Joys, alas, could this frail Being give!
That I have been so covetous to live.
To see my Son, and such a Son, resign
His Life a Ransom for preserving mine!
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that Redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter Banishment I feel,
This is a Wound too deep for time to heal.
My Guilt thy growing Virtues did defame;
My Blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name.
Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul Misdeeds, were Punishments too mild.
I ow'd my People these; and from their Hate
With less Injustice could have born my Fate.
And yet I live, and yet support the sight
Of hateful Men, and of more hated Light!
But will not long. With that he rais'd from Ground
His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with his Wound.
Yet with a Mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
With Pains or Perils, for his Courser call'd.
Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did dress
With daily care; and mounted with Success,
His Aid in Arms; his Ornament in Peace.
Soothing his Courage with a gentle stroke,
The Horse seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke.
O *Rhœbus* we have liv'd too long for me;
(If Long and Life were Terms that could agree!)
This day, thou either shalt bring back the Head,
And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead;

This Day, thou either shalt revenge my Woe
For murther'd *Lausus* on his cruel Foe;
Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conquest, with thy conquer'd Master die.
For after such a Lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign Reins, or *Trojan* load endure.
He said; and straight th' officious Courser kneels
To take his wonted Weight: His Hand he fills
With pointed Javelins; on his Head he lac'd
His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With crested Horse-hair, nodding from afar,
Then spurr'd his thundring Steed, amidst the War.
Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought,
Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress;
Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast;
Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name;
The loud repeated Voice to glad *Æneas* came.
Great *Jove*, said he, and the far-shooting God,
Inspire thy Mind, to make thy Challenge good.
He said no more; but hasten'd to appear,
And threaten'd with his long protended Spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus; Thy Vaunts are vain,
My *Lausus* lies extended on the Plain;
He's lost; thy Conquest is already won:
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defie!
Forbear thy Threats; my Business is to die:
But first receive this parting Legacy.
He said; and straight a whirling Dart he sent;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious Ring he rides the Field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden Orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone;

To wrench the Darts that in his Buckler light,
Urg'd and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight,
At laſt reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horſe:
Betwixt the Temples paſs'd th' unerring Spear,
And piercing ſtood transfixt from Ear to Ear.
Seiz'd with the ſudden Pain, ſurpriz'd with Fright,
The Courſer bounds aloft and ſtands upright:
He beats his Hoofs awhile in Air; then preſt
With anguiſh, floundring falls the gen'rous Beaſt,
And his caſt Rider with his weight oppreſt.
From either Hoſt the mingled Shouts and Cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the Skies.
Æneas haſt'ning wav'd his fatal Sword
High o'er his Head, with this reproachful Word:
Now, where are now thy Vaunts, the fierce Diſdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty ſtrain?
Strugling, and wildly ſtaring on the Skies,
With ſcarce recover'd Breath, he thus replies:
Why theſe inſulting Threats, this waſte of Breath,
To Souls undaunted, and ſecure of Death?
'Tis no Diſhonour for the Brave to die;
Nor came I here with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lauſus* fell, I was already ſlain:
Nor ask I Life,
My dying Son contracted no ſuch Band:
Nor would I take it from his Murd'rer's Hand.
For this, this only Favour let me ſue,
(If pity to a conquer'd Foe be due)
Refuſe not that: But let my Body have
The laſt retreat of Human-kind; a Grave.
Too well I know my injur'd Peoples hate;
Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate;
This Refuge for my poor Remains provide;
And lay my much-lov'd *Lauſus* by my ſide;
He ſaid; and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.
The Crimſon Stream diſtain'd his Arms around;
And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing thro' the wound.

The SPEECH of

VENUS to *VULCAN*:

Wherein she perswades him to make Arms for her Son Æneas, then engag'd in a War against the Latins, *and King* Turnus: *Translated out of the Eighth Book of* Virgil's Æneids.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

NOW Night with sable Wings the World o'er-[spread:
But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with Dread
Of *Latian* Arms, before the Tempest breaks,
Her Husband's timely succour thus bespeaks,
Couch'd in his golden Bed:----
(And, that her pleasing Speech his mind may move,
Inspires it with diviner Charms of Love:)
While adverse Fate conspir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,
To level with the Ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
I begg'd no aid th' Unhappy to restore,
Nor did thy Succour, nor thy Art implore;
Nor sought, their sinking Empire to sustain,
To urge the Labour of my Lord in vain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam*'s House, and more
The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore:
But now, by *Jove*'s command, and Fates decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
With humble Suit I ask thy needful Art,
O still propitious Pow'r, O Sov'raign of my Heart,
A Mother stands a Suppliant for a Son:
By silver-footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the rosie Morn
Mov'd thee with Arms her *Memnon* to adorn;
Are these my Tears less pow'rful on thy Mind?
Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
With Fire and Sword *My* People to destroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.

She said; and straight her Arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving Husband threw;
Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,
His Bones and Marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half so swift the rowling Thunder flies,
Or streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
The Goddess pleas'd with her successful Wiles,
And conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles.
Then thus the good old God, (sooth'd with her Charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms:)
Why seek you reasons for a Cause so just,
Or your own Beauty or my Love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful Hand,
You might the Artist, and his Art command
To arm your *Trojans:* Nor did *Jove*, or Fate,
Confine their Empire to so short a date:
And if you now desire new Wars to wage,
My Care, my Skill, my Labour I engage,
Whatever melting Metals can conspire,
Or breathing Bellows, or the forming Fire,
I freely promise; all your doubts remove,
And think no task is difficult to Love.
He said; and eager to enjoy her Charms,
He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his Arms;
Till all infus'd in joy he lay possest
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

LUCRETIUS,

The Beginning of the First Book.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

DElight of human Kind, and Gods above;
Parent of *Rome*; Propitious Queen of Love;

Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling
For every kind, by thy prolifick might, [Skies:
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light:
Thee, Goddess, thee the Clouds and Tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing Presence disappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress,
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy
Breast; [light is bless.
And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer
For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
When teeming Budds, and chearful Greens appear,
And Western Gales unlock the lasie Year,
The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess:
Then salvage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood:
All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main,
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless Reign.
Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly Seeds of
Since then the race of every living thing, [Love:
Obeys thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring
Without thy Warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear,
Be thou my aid: My tuneful Song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy won-
d'rous Pow'r display.
To *Memmius*, under thy sweet Influence born,
Whom thou with all thy Gifts and Graces dost adorn.

The rather, then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing Verses worthy him and thee. [cease,
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord
And lull the listning World in universal Peace.
To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care:
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy Breast, supinely lyes, [Eyes:
While with thy heavenly Form he feeds his famish'd
Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath, [Death.
By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing
There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love,
When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
And Quiet to the weary World restore.

LUCRETIUS,

The Beginning of the Second Book.

Translated by Mr. Dryden.

Suave Mari magno, &c.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shoar
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide,
To Virtues heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
And all the *Magazines* of Learning fortify'd:

From

From thence to look below on humane kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For Wit and Pow'r; their last endeavours bend
T' out-shine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched Man! in what a mist of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisie strife,
He spends his little Span: And overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than Nature needs:
For Nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight;
Which Minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.
So little this corporeal Frame requires;
So bounded are our natural Desires,
That wanting all, and setting Pain aside,
With bare Privation, Sense is satisfy'd.
If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
To light the costly Suppers and the Balls;
If the proud Palace shines not with the State
Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,
If well tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing Sound
Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound;
Yet on the Grass beneath a poplar shade
By the cool Stream, our careless Limbs are lay'd,
With cheaper Pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is dress't.
Nor will the raging Feaver's fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:
But the poor Patient will as soon be sound
On the hard mattress, or the Mother ground.
Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless Toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring Mind:
Unless we con'd suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight,

Could, with their Sound and terrible array, [way;
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of Death a-
But, since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging Cares, and trains of inbred Fears,
Are not with Sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,
Not aw'd by Arms, but in the Presence bold,
Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise;
Whose worth but in our want of Reason lyes?
For Life is all in wandring Errors led;
And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper Years
Ev'n in broad day-light are possest with fears:
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.
These bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But Nature and right Reason must display [to day.
Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul

Translation of the latter Part of the Third Book of LUCRETIUS; *against the Fear of Death.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WHat has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?
For, as before our Birth we felt no pain
When Punick Arms infested Land and Main,
When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd
For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who should sway:

So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the Mind,
From sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.
Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tost.
Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
The Soul could feel in her divided State,
What's that to us? for we are only we
While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho' time our Life and Motion could restore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made Man would be another thing;
When once an interrupting Pause is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of Ages past, and view the changing Face
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the Mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the same Order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring Motions from the sense are fled.
For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,
Must *Be*, when those Misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?

When once that pause of Life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
That after death his mouldring Limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
Know he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.
A secret Sting remains within his Mind,
The fool is to his own cast offals kind;
He boasts no sense can after death remain,
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other He could feel the pain.
If, while he live, this Thought molest his Head,
What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle Grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his Grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of Honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd;
Or on an airy Mountain's top to lye,
Expos'd to cold and Heav'ns inclemency;
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress
With monumental Marble on thy Breast?
But to be snatch'd from all thy houshold Joys,
From thy chast Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,
Whose little Arms about thy Legs are cast,
And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mother's haste,
Inspiring secret Pleasure thro' thy Breast,
All these shall be no more: thy Friends oppress,
Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free:
Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,
One woful day sweeps Children, Friends and Wife,
And all the brittle Blessings of my Life!

Add one thing more, and all thou say'ſt is true;
Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too,
Which well conſider'd were a quick relief,
To all thy vain imaginary Grief.
For thou ſhalt ſleep and never wake again,
And quitting Life, ſhalt quit thy living pain.
But we thy Friends ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind,
No time ſhall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from our Mind.
The worſt that can befal thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good Night.
Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought the Wits,
Diſturb their Mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live,
Short are the joys that human Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt,
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe,
Supinely lyes, as in the peaceful Grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death,
Yet the firſt Atoms then, the Seeds of breath
Are moving near to ſenſe, we do but ſhake
And rouſe that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs could be.
For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of Life has left an empty ſpace.
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's Voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,

What doſt thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy Life were pleaſant heretofore;
If all the bounteous Bleſſings I could give
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve;
Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous Feaſt,
Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and riſe and take
But if my Bleſſings thou haſt thrown away, [thy reſt?
If indigeſted Joys paſs'd thro' and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If Life be grown a load, a real Ill,
And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.
To pleaſe thee I have empty'd all my Store,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame Scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give;
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a Bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our Cauſe goes ill.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppreſt by Fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
Be ſtill thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
What thou (ſhe crys) who haſt out-liv'd Content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my Store?
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more!
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes thy vain deſires at ſtriſe
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy Life.
And ghaſtly Death appear'd before thy ſight [light.
E'er thou hadſt gorg'd thy Soul and Senſes with de-

Now leave those Joys, unsuiting to thy Age,
To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
No sure; for 'tis her Business to provide
Against this ever-changing Frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One Being worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New Matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Natures doom.
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each others ruin are begot;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for Use; to none for Property.
Consider former Ages past and gone,
Whose Circles ended long e'er thine begun,
Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horrour seest thou in that quiet State,
What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?
No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,
But all is there serene, in that eternal Sleep.
For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye, [high:
Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on
But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easie hours:
Or vain imagin'd Wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank Liver swell
To that prodigious Mass, for their eternal Meal.
Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Gyants floor.
Nor in eternal Torments could he lye;
Nor could his Corps sufficient food supply.

But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppreſt,
Or Tyrant Paſſion preying on his Breaſt,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of reſt.
The *Siſyphus* is he, whom noiſe and ſtrife
Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of Life,
To vex the Government, diſturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applauſe,
He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
And ſweats and toils in vain, to mount the ſovereign Seat.
For ſtill to aim at pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but in Reaſon's true account
To heave the Stone againſt the riſing Mount;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils, and rouls impetuous down, and ſmoaks along the plain.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever craving Mind
With ev'ry Bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though Years and Seaſons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
But ſtill the Wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh Virgins damn'd in Hell
To leaky Veſſels, which the Liquor ſpill;
To Veſſels of their Sex, which none could ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on Earth the guilty have in view
The mighty Pains to mighty Miſchiefs due:
Racks, Priſons, Poiſons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and ſuffocating Smoak,
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horrour of a Conſcious Mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of Puniſhment and Woe:

But looks for more, at the last gasp of Breath:
This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.
Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy Head;
Consider, *Aneus* great and good is dead;
Aneus thy better far, was born to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,
And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)
Him, Death, a greater Monarch, overcame; [Name.
Nor spar'd his Guards the more, for their immortal
The *Roman* Chief, the *Carthaginian* Dread,
Scipio, the Thunder-Bolt of War, is dead,
And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.
The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
And Wits who made Eternity their boast:
Where now is *Homer* who possest the Throne?
Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's
Democritus perceiving Age invade, [gone.
His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,
Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face; [Race.
Made haste to welcome Death, and met him half the
That stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* could not bar,
Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far
As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possest;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, [Breast.
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy
Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life,

O, if the foolish Race of Man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their Mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the Breast!
Sure they would change their Course; nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasie both in Country and in Town,
They search a Place to lay their Burden down.
One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open Air.
Another to his *Villa* would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the City which he left before.
Thus every Man o'er-works his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill;
The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of Repose, nor hope of Ease;
The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he would know the World not worth his care:
Then would he search more deeply for the cause;
And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws:
For in this moment lyes not the debate;
But on our future, fix'd, eternal State;
That never-changing State which all must keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with dangers and maintain'd with strife.
A Life which all our care can never save;
One Fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round
We ne'er strike out; but beat the former ground,
And the same Maukish Joys in the same track are found.

For ſtill we think an abſent Bleſſing beſt;
Which cloys, and is no Bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing Wish expells it from the Breaſt.
The feav'riſh thirſt of Life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to Morrow we ſhall try,
What dregs of Life in the laſt draught may lie.
Nor, by the longeſt Life we can attain;
One Moment from the length of Death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
Who dies to Day, and will as long be ſo,
As he who dy'd a thouſand Years ago.

LUCRETIUS

The Fourth BOOK.

Concerning the Nature of Love.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN.

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THUS therefore, he who feels the fiery Dart
Of ſtrong Deſire transfix his amorous Heart,
Whether ſome beauteous Boy's alluring Face,
Or lovelier Maid with unreſiſted Grace,
From her each part the winged Arrow ſends,
From whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends,
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly Seed.
For fierce Deſire does all his Mind employ,
And ardent Love aſſures approaching Joy.

Such is the nature of that pleasing Smart,
Whose burning Drops distil upon the Heart,
The feaver of the Soul shot from the Fair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding Care.
If absent, her Idea still appears;
And her sweet Name is chiming in your Ears:
But strive those pleasing Fantoms to remove,
And shun th' aerial Images of Love,
That feed the Flame: When one molests thy Mind,
Discharge thy Loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way, than to restrain
Within thy swelling Nerves that hoard of Pain.
For every Hour some deadlier Symptom shows,
And by delay the gath'ring Venom grows,
When kindly Applications are not us'd;
The Viper Love must on the Wound be bruis'd:
On that one Object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of Thought some other way:
The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.
Nor wants he all the Bliss, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the Pleasure, and avoids the Pain;
For purer Joys in purer Health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When Love its utmost Vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wandring Joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,
With Hands or Eyes, what first he would possess:
But strains at all; and fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantick Pains:
With biting Kisses hurts the twining Fair,
Which shews his Joys imperfect, unsincere:
For stung with inward Rage, he flings around,
And strives t' avenge the Smart on that which gave
the Wound.
But Love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling Pleasure mollifies the Pain.
For ardent Hope still flatters anxious Grief,
And sends him to his Foe to seek Relief:

Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For Love, and Love alone of all our Joys
By full Poſſeſſion does but fan the Fire,
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.
Nature for Meat and Drink provides a ſpace;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place;
Hence Thirſt and Hunger may be ſatisfy'd,
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatſoe'er Delight
Provokes the Lover's endleſs Appetite,
Theſe fill no Space, nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our Inſtruments of Love:
In our deluded Graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Mind.
As he who in a Dream with drought is curſt,
And finds no real Drink to quench his thirſt;
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to ſleep,
And vainly ſwills and labours in his ſleep;
So Love with Fantoms cheats our longing Eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies:
Our Hands pull nothing from the Parts they ſtrain,
But wander o'er the lovely Limbs in vain:
Nor when the youthful Pair more cloſely join,
When Hands in Hands they lock, and Thighs in Thighs
Juſt in the raging foam of full Deſire, [they twine,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they ſqueeze, their humid Tongues they dart:
As each wou'd force their way to t'others Heart:
In vain; they only cruize about the Coaſt,
For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies loſt:
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both engage,
In that tumultuous momentary Rage,
So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
'Till Man diſſolves in that exceſs of Joy.
Then, when the gather'd Bag has burſt its way,
And ebbing Tides the ſlacken'd Nerves betray,
A Pauſe enſues; and Nature nods a while,
'Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;

And then the same vain Violence returns,
With Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns.
Again they in each other wou'd be lost,
But still by adamantine Bars are cross;
All ways they try, successless all they prove,
To cure the secret Sore of lingring Love.
Besides----
They waste their Strength in the venereal Strife,
And to a Woman's Will enslave their Life;
Th' Estate runs out, and Mortgages are made,
All Offices of friendship are decay'd;
Their Fortune ruin'd, and their Fame betray'd.
Assyrian Ointment from their Temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles sparkle in their Shooes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their Hands,
With all the Luxury of foreign Lands:
And the blue Coat that with Imbroid'ry shines,
Is drunk with Sweat of their o'er-labour'd Loins.
Their frugal Father's Gains they mis-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry Female Toy.
French Fashions, costly Treats are their Delight;
The Park by Day, and Plays and Balls by Night.
In vain:------
For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
Some Bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the Draught.
First guilty Conscience does the Mirror bring,
Then sharp Remorse shoots out her angry Sting,
And anxious Thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious Life.
Perhaps the fickle Fair one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful Word, that pains his Mind;
And leaves a rankling Jealousie behind.
Perhaps he watches close her amorous Eyes,
And in the act of ogling does surprise;
And thinks he sees upon her Cheeks the while,
The dimpled Tracks of some foregoing Smile;
His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits boyl,

This is the product ev'n of prosp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs disastrous Passions prove!
Innumerable Ills; Disdain, Despair,
With all the meager Family of Care:
Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Disease, and late repent:
Because to shun th' allurement is not hard,
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:
But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro' the streights, and break th' involving Net.
Yet thus instruct thy freedom thou may'st gain,
If, like a Fool, thou dost not hug thy Chain;
If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And willfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of Body and of Mind.
For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use,
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity:
Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame;
But veil with some extenuating Name:
The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their Love,
If freckled, she's a party-colour'd Dove.
If little, then she's Life and Soul all o'er:
An *Amazon*, the large two-handed Whore.
She stammers, oh what grace in lisping lyes,
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a Voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
Th' o'er-grown, a goodly *Ceres* is expres't,
A Bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.
Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber Lips, but pout for kisses.

The task were endleſs all the reſt to trace:
Yet grant ſhe were a *Venus* for her Face,
And Shape, yet others equal Beauty ſhare;
And time was, you could live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier Women full as well can do.
Beſides ſhe daubs, and ſtinks ſo much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the ſcent,
But laugh behind, and bite their Lips to hold;
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover ſtands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate Door:
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If ſome unſav'ry Whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel ſtraight, if there be none,
Or makes ſome faint Excuſes to be gone:
And calls himſelf a doating Fool to ſerve,
Aſcribing more than Woman can deſerve.
Which well they underſtand like cunning Queans;
And hide their naſtineſs behind the Scenes,
From him they have allur'd, and would retain;
But to a peircing Eye, 'tis all in vain:
For common Senſe brings all their Cheats to view,
And the falſe light diſcovers by the true:
Which a wiſe Harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
Nor always do they feign the ſweets of Love,
When round the panting Youth their pliant Limbs they move;
And cling, and heave, and moiſten ev'ry kiſs,
They often ſhare, and more than ſhare the bliſs:
From every part, ev'n to their inmoſt Soul,
They feel the trickling Joys, and run with vigour to the Goal.
Stirr'd with the ſame impetuous deſire [quire:
Birds, Beaſts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males re-

Becauſe the throbbing Nature in their Veins
Provokes them to aſſwage their kindly Pains:
The luſty leap th' expecting Female ſtands,
By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.
Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor ſhouting Boys, nor blows their Union can divide:
At either end they ſtrive the link to looſe;
In vain, for ſtronger *Venus* holds the nooſe.
Which never would thoſe wretched Lovers do,
But that the common Heats of Love they know;
The pleaſure therefore muſt be ſhar'd in common too.
And when the Woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the Man's, the mixture will produce
The Mother's likeneſs; when the Man prevails,
His own reſemblance in the Seed he ſeals.
But when we ſee the new begotten Race
Reflect the Features of each Parent's Face,
Then of the Father's and the Mother's Blood,
The juſtly temper'd Seed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardour bent,
From every Limb the due proportion ſent,
When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
This gives the blended Features of the Child.
Sometimes the Boy, the Grandſire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he ſhares;
Becauſe the genial Atomes of the Seed
Lie long conceal'd e'er they exert the breed:
And after ſundry Ages paſt, produce
The tardy likeneſs of the latent juice.
Hence Families ſuch different Figures take,
And repreſent their Anceſtors in Face, and Hair, and Make.
Becauſe of the ſame Seed, the Voice, and Hair,
And ſhape, and face, and other members are,
And the ſame antick Mould the likeneſs does prepare.
Thus oft the Father's likeneſs does prevail
In Females, and the Mother's in the Male.

For since the Seed is of a double kind,
From that where we the most resemblance find,
We may conclude the strongest Tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy Name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame;
As many think, who stain with Victims Blood
The mournful Altars, and with Incense load:
To bless the show'ry Seed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magick Numbers try:
For Barrenness of Sexes will proceed,
Either from too Condens'd, or watry Seed;
The watry Juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay;
The too Condens'd, unsoul'd, unwieldly Mass
Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place:
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the Womb.
For Nuptials are unlike in their Success,
Some Men, with fruitful Seed some Women bless;
And from some Men some Women fruitful are;
Just as their Constitutions join or jar:
And many, seeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolifick Men,
Have fill'd a Family with pratling Boys:
And many not supply'd at home with joys,
Have found a Friend abroad, to ease their smart,
And to perform the Sapless Husband's part.
So much it does import, that Seed with Seed
Should of the kindly mixture make the Breed:
And thick with thin, and thin with thick should join,
So to produce and propagate the Line.
Of such concernment too is Drink and Food,
T' incrassate, or attenuate the Blood.

Of like importance is the Posture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do:
For as the Females of the four-foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind;
So the good Wives, with Loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their Hands the fruitful stroke may try:
For in that posture will they best conceive:
Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave;
For active Motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show;
When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled Liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd ground,
But common Harlots in Conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their Business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest Wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid*'s dart,
That many a homely Woman takes the Heart;
But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands fast,
Such are the Links of Love, and such a Love will last.
For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestick Bands produce:
For Custom will a strong Impression leave;
Hard Bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of Rain are wash'd away.

From LUCRETIUS *Book* V.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

THUS like a Sailor by the Tempeſt hurl'd
A-ſhore, the Babe is ſhipwrack'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human Wants require:
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs Birth.
Straight with foreboding Cries he fills the Room;
(Too true preſages of his future Doom.)
But Flocks and Herds, and every ſavage Beaſt
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
Nor Nurſe to reconcile them to their Food,
With broken words; nor Winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
Nor, for their Safety, Citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked Inſtruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh Hand ſupplies their common Wants.

DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll.* 27.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

DAPHNIS.

THE Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free conſent can boaſt a Bliſs,
A fairer *Helen*, and a ſweeter kiſs.

Chloris. Kisses are empty Joys, and soon are o'er.
Daph. A Kiss betwixt the Lips is something more.
Chlo. I wipe my Mouth, and where's your kissing then?
Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen.
Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows at home;
I am a Maid, and in my Beauty's bloom.
Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time;
But wisely use it e'er you pass your prime.
Chlo. Blown Roses hold their Sweetness to the last,
And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.
Daph. The Sun's too hot; those Olive shades are fair;
I fain wou'd whisper something in your Ear.
Chlo. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,
God knows what secret Mischief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the Wag, and kiss again.
Daph. At least beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.
Chlo. Play by your self, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.
Daph. Coy Nymph beware, lest *Venus* you offend:
Chlo. I shall have chaste *Diana* still to Friend.
Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart;
Chlo. Diana will defend, or heal my Heart.
Nay, fie, what mean you in this open place?
Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your Face.
Let go for shame; you make me mad for spight;
My Mouth's my own; and if you kiss, I'll bite.
Daph. Away with your dissembling Female Tricks:
What, wou'd you 'scape the Fate of all your Sex?
Chlo. I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead 'till death,
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth.*
Daph. Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me, than with some nauseous Clown.
Chlo. I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Husband to my Mind.
Daph. But they are absent all; and I am here;
Chlo. The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
And Marriage is a woful word to hear.

Daph. A Scare-crow, fet to frighten Fools away;
Marriage has Joys; and you ſhall have a ſay.
Chlo. Sour Sawce is often mix'd with our Delight,
You kick by Day more than you kiſs by Night.
Daph. Sham Stories all; but ſay the worſt you can,
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.
Chlo. But Child-birth is, they ſay, a deadly pain;
It coſts at leaſt a Month to knit again.
Daph. Diana cures the Wounds *Lucina* made;
Your Goddeſs is a Midwife by her Trade.
Chlo. But I ſhall ſpoil my Beauty if I bear.
Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.
Chlo. But there's a civil Queſtion us'd of late;
Where lies my Jointure, where your own Eſtate?
Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Paſtures
With Settlement as good as Law can make. [take,
Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honeſt Woman.
Daph. I ſwear by *Pan* (tho' he wears Horns you'll
Cudgeli'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away. [ſay)
Chlo. I bargain for a wedding Bed at leaſt,
A Houſe, and handſome Lodging for a Gueſt.
Daph. A Houſe well furniſh'd ſhall be thine to keep;
And for a Flock-bed I can ſheer my Sheep.
Chlo. What Tale ſhall I to my old Father tell?
Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt beſtow'd ſo well.
Chlo. But after all, in Troth I am to blame
To be ſo loving, e'er I know your Name.
A pleaſant ſounding Name's a pretty thing:
Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty Name to ſing;
They call me *Daphnis: Lycidas* my Sire,
Both ſound as well as Woman can deſire.
Nomæa bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Houſwife ſhe.
Chlo. Your Kindred is not much amiſs, 'tis true,
Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.

Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boasting am as good as he,
Menelaus; and no Master goes before.
Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me, let me see your Living,
Your House and Home; for seeing is believing.
Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from Noon;) [soon.
Chlo. Browze on my Goats; for I'll be with you
Daph. Feed well my Bulls, to whet your Appetite;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.
Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,)
To touch my Breasts, and leave my Bosom bare?
Daph. These pretty Bubbies first I make my own.
Chlo. Pull out your Hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.
Daph. Why does thy ebbing Blood forsake thy Face?
Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:
My Linnen ruffled, and my Wastcoat soiling, [ing?
What do you think new Cloaths were made for spoil-
Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy Back:
Chlo. My Head-Geer's off; what filthy work you [make!
Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these Off'rings by;
Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.
Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of Love.
Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.
Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.
Chlo. Y' are liberal now; but when your turn is sped,
You'll wish me choak'd with every Crust of Bread.
Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very Heart to Gold. [told;
Chlo. Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntress of the
I see there's no resisting Flesh and Blood! [Wood.)
Daph. The noble Deed is done; my Herds I'll cull;
Cupid, be thine a Calf; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.
Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky Hour,
But hence return, without my Virgin flow'r.

Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at best;
If thou canst hold, I bid for Twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispence
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense;
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest;
And present at his own mysterious Feast.
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed;
While folded in each others Arms they lay,
He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat away.
First rose the Maid, and with a glowing Face,
Her down-cast Eyes beheld her print upon the Grass;
Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste:
The Bridegroom started from his Trance at last,
And piping homeward jocoundly he past.

HORACE Lib. 1. Ode 9.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

BEhold yon' Mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to solid Ground.

II.

With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial Hearth with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

Let

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the World below;
At his Command the Storms invade;
The Winds by his Commission blow;
'Till with a Nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To Morrow and her Works defie,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fotune's pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's delights disdain,
Whate'er thou get'st to Day, is Gain.

V.

Secure those golden early Joys,
That Youth unsoui'd with Sorrow bears,
E'er with'ring Time the taste destroys,
With Sickness and unwieldy Years!
For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in Season best.

VI.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
The pleasing Whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing Kiss,
The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3. *Paraphras'd in* Pindarique *Verse; and inscrib'd to the Right Honourable* Lawrence *Earl of* Rochester.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

DEscended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous Wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosie Wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haste, and leave thy Business and thy Care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous Pleasures of the Great:
Make haste and come:
Come and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome*;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the Pleasures of [the Poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty:
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,

Without the ſtately ſpacious Room,
The *Perſian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar;
And with his ſultry Breath infects the Sky; [fry.
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,
Beneath the covert of a Rock;
And ſeeks refreſhing Rivulets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,
Thoſe very Shades and Streams, new Shades and
Streams require; [ing fire.
And want a cooling breeze of Wind to fan the rage-

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from human Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate;
And ſown their Seeds in depth of Night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;
When Mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling Hour;
And put it out of Fortune's Pow'r:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running Stream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempeſtuous Flow,
And always in extream.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle Courſe
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:

And Trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both Houſe and Homeſted into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods made thin with Winds, their ſcatter'd
VIII. [Honours mourn.
Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to Day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay
To Morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to Day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The Joys I have poſſeſt, in ſpight of Fate are mine.
Not Heav'n it ſelf upon the paſt has Pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.
IX.
Fortune, that with malicious Joy,
Does Man her Slave oppreſs,
Proud of her Office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs.
Still various and unconſtant ſtill;
But with an Inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
And makes a Lottery of Life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the Wind,
And ſhakes her Wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the Proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.
X.
What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms ariſe, and Clouds grow black;
If the Maſt ſplit and threaten Wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten Gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,

While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For me ſecure from Fortune's Blows,
(Secure of what I cannot loſe.)
In my ſmall Pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtring roar;
And running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding Creek;
And ſee the Storm a-ſhore,

From HORACE, *Epod.* 2.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet Country Life!
Diſcharg'd of Buſineſs, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were ſown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal Field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets ſummon him to War
Nor Drums diſturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.
The clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor brib'd with Hopes nor dar'd with Awe
To ſervile Salutations runs:
But either to the claſping Vine
Does the ſupporting Poplar wed,
Or with his pruning Hook disjoin
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:

Or climbing to a hilly Steep
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.
Or in the now declining Year,
When bounteous *Autumn* rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And cluſtring Grapes with Purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his Fruit he ſerves,
Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Graſs he lyes;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes.
The Wind that whiſtles through the Sprays
Maintains the conſort of the Song;
And hidden Birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of Winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the Year,
Into the naked Woods he goes
And ſeeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.
Or ſpreads his ſubtile Nets from ſight
With twinkling Glaſſes, to betray
The Larks that in the Meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſie joys
No anxious Care invades his Health,
Nor Love his peace of Mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaſt and pleaſing Wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his Life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,

Such as the swift *Apulian*'s Bride,
Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,
Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
And without noise will oversee,
His Children and his Family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy store,
With Wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
That rowling Tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly Dish.
Not *Heathpoult*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More pleasing Morsels would afford
Than the fat Olives of my Fields;
Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,
That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the just Guardian of my Ground.
Amidst these Feasts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the Plains;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, sweating smoak
Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke
To look upon his menial Crew,
That sit around his chearful Hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome Food and Country Mirth
This *Morecraft* said within himself;
Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own;
He call'd his Mony in:

But the prevailing Love of Pelf,
Soon split him on the former Shelf,
And put it out again.

BAJAZET *to* GLORIANA, 1684.

FAir Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
To tell you how he drew his Ruin on;
By what Degrees he took that Passion in,
That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
Who from the Gods durst steal Celestial Fire;
And, tho' with less success, I did as high aspire.
Ah! why (you Gods) was she of mortal Race,
And why 'twixt her and me was there so vast a space?
Why was she not above my Passion made?
Some Star in Heaven, or Goddess of the Shade?
And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
To any Beauty of the common Crowd:
None but the Brow that did expect a Crown
Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.
I liv'd the Envy of th' *Arcadian* Plains,
Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
Where-e'er I pass'd, I swept the Street along,
And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
In num'rous Flocks and Herds I did abound;
And when I vainly spread my Wishes round,
They wanted nothing but my being Crown'd;
Yet witness all you spightful Pow'rs above,
If my Ambition did not spring from Love:
Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been less fair,
Less excellent, less charming than you are,
I had my honest Loyalty retain'd,
My noble Blood untainted had remain'd;
Witness you Graces, and you sacred Bowers,
You shaded Rivers, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
Where the expecting Nymphs have past their hours;

Witness how oft (all careless of their Fame)
They languish'd for the Author of their Flame:
And when I came reproach'd, my old Reserve
Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preserve
What sighing Maid was next to be undone,
For whom I dress't and put my Graces on?
And never thought (tho' I feign'd every proof
Of tender Passion) that I lov'd enough.
While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
Or the faint Pleasure like a Dream enjoy'd;
'Twas *Oriana's* Eyes my Soul alone
With everlasting Gust could feed upon:
From her first Bloom my Fate I did pursue,
And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew
The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
The Beauty from the Princess to divide:
For he at once must feel, whom you inspire,
A soft Ambition, and a haughty Fire,
And Hopes, the natural Aid of young Desire.
My unconsidering Passion had not yet
Thought your Illustrious Birth for mine too great:
'Twas Love that I pursu'd, that God that leads
Sometimes the equal'd Slave to Princes Beds.
But O, I had forgot that Flame must rest
In your bright Soul that makes th' Adorer blest;
Your sacred Fire alone must you subdue,
'Tis that, not mine, can raise me up to you;
Yet if by chance m' Ambition met a stop
With any Thought that check'd m' advancing Hope:
This new one straight would all the rest confound,
How every Coxcomb aim'd at being Crown'd;
The vain young Fool with all his Mother's Paint,
Who wanted Sense enough for little Arts;
Whose Composition was like *Cheder*-Cheese,
(In whose Production all the Town agrees)
To whom from Prince to Priest was added Stuff,
From Great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*;

Yet he with vain Pretenſions lays a Claim
To th' glorious Title of a Sovereign;
And when for Gods ſuch wretched things ſet up,
Was it ſo great a Crime for me to hope?
No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
There is no Treaſon in ambitious Love;
That ſacred Antidote i'th' poiſon'd Cup,
Quells the Contagion of each little Drop.
I bring no Forces but my Sighs and Tears,
My Languiſhments, my ſoft Complaints and Pray'rs.
Artillery which was never ſent in vain,
Nor fails, where-e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
Here only, here rebated they rerurn,
Meeting the ſolid Armour of your Scorn;
Scorn! by the Gods, I any thing could bear,
The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War;
Long Winter Marches, or the Summer's Heat,
Nay e'en in Battel from the Foe defeat;
Scars on this Face, Scars, whoſe dull Recompence
Would ne'er atone for what they rob from thence;
Scandal of Coward, nay, half-witted too,
Or ſiding with the pardon'd Rebel Crew;
Or ought but Scorn: And yet you muſt frown on,
Your Slave was deſtin'd thus to be undone;
You the avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

On CONTENT.

I.

BLeſt he that with a mighty Hand,
Does bravely his own Fate command;
Whom threatning Ills, and flattering Pleaſures find,
Safe in the Empire of a conſtant Mind:
Who from the peaceful Beach deſcries,
Repining Man in the World's Ocean toſt,

And with a chearful Smile defies,
The Storm in which the discontented's lost.

II.

Content, thou best of Friends, for thou
In our Necessities art so,
Mid'st all our Ill, a Blessing still in store,
Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.
Thou Chymick good, that can'st alone,
From Fate's most poisonous Drugs, rich Cordial raise:
Thou truest Philosophick Stone,
That turn'st Life's melancholy Dross to golden days.

III.

Content, the good, the golden Mean,
The safe Estate that sits between
The sordid Poor, and miserable Great,
The humble Tenant of a rural Seat.
In vain we Wealth and Treasure heap;
He 'mid'st his thousand Kingdoms still is poor,
That for another Crown does weep;
'Tis only he is Rich, that wishes for no more.

IV.

Hence Titles, Manors and Estate,
Content alone can make us great;
Content is Riches, Honour, all beside:
While the *French* Hero with insatiate Pride,
A single Empire does disdain;
While, still he's great, and still would greater be,
On the least spot of Earth I Reign,
A happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with just Desires,
What Need, not Luxury, requires;
Give me with sparing Hands, but moderate Wealth,
A little Honour and enough of Health;
Life from the busie City free,
Near shady Groves, and purling Streams confin'd;
A faithful Friend, a pleasing She,
And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.

VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.
Thus *Horace*, for his *Sabine* Seat,
Did mighty *Cæsar*'s shining Court refuse;
And, in himself, compleatly great,
Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistress and a Muse,

The CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

By Mr. COWLEY.

I.

MArgarita first possest,
If I remember well, my Breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
To the Beauteous *Katharine*.
Beauteous *Katharine* gave place,
(Though loth and angry she, to part
With the Possession of my Heart)
To *Eliza*'s Conqu'ring Face.

III.

Eliza 'till this Hour might reign,
Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'en.
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new *Favourites* she chose,
'Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
And cast away her Yoke.

IV.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And sometimes *Both* I obey'd.

V.

Another *Mary* then arose,
And did rigorous Laws impose;
A mighty *Tyrant* she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that *Iron-sceptre'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

VI.

When Fair *Rebecca* set me free,
'Twas then a *Golden Time* with me:
But soon those Pleasures fled;
For the gracious Princess dy'd
In her Youth and Beauty's Pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her stead.

VII.

One Month, Three Days and Half an Hour
Judith held the *Sov'reign Pow'r*.
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But so weak and small her Wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so *Susannah* took her Place.

VIII.

But when *Isabella* came
Arm'd with a resistless Flame,
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater Conquests to find out,
She beat out *Susan* by the Bye.

IX.

But in her place I then Obey'd
Black-ey'd *Bess* her *Vice-Roy Maid*,

To whom enſu'd a *Vacancy*.
Thouſand worſe *Paſſions* then poſſeſt
The *Inter-regnum* of my Breaſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an *Anarchy*!

X.

Gentle *Henrietta* then
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*.
And then a pretty *Thomaſine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a long *Et cætera*.

XI.

But ſhould I now to you relate
The Strength and Riches of their *State*,
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
The *Ribbon*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins*:

XII.

If I ſhould tell the Politick Arts
To take and keep Mens Hearts,
The Letters, Embaſſies and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberleſs, *Nameleſs Myſteries*!

XIII.

And all the little *Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchiavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
I more voluminous ſhould grow,
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befel)
Than *Holinſhead* or *Stow*.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me.
An higher and a nobler Strain
My preſent *Empereſs* does claim,
Heleonora, *Firſt* o' *th*' *Name*,
Whom *God grant long to Reign*.

A SESSION *of the* POETS.

By Sir John Suckling.

A Session was held the other Day,
And *Apollo* himself was at it, they say,
The Laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And therefore the Wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own Way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that Day.

There was *Selden*, and he sate close by the Chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no Order;
Digby and *Shilling sworth* a little further:

There was *Lucan*'s Translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's Poetry:
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the Brothers:
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The first that broke Silence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary Wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the Bays,
For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of Errors that had lasted many an Age;
And he hop'd they did not think the *silent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out-done, by no Man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas Merit, he said, and not Presumption
Must carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great Choler offer'd to go out:

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a Wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
And made him mine Host of his own *New Inn*.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a Fault
That wou'd not well ſtand with a Laureat;
His Muſe was hard bound, and th' Iſſue of's Brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with Trouble and Pain:

And all that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhou'd be eaſie and free. [Grace
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Conſider'd he was well he had a Cup-Bearer's Place.

Will Davenant, aſham'd of a fooliſh Miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſtly hop'd the Handſomeneſs of his Muſe
Might any Deformity about him excuſe.

And ſurely the Company wou'd have been content,
If they cou'd have found any Precedent:
But in all their Records, either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a Noſe.

To *Will Bartlet* ſure all the Wits meant well,
But firſt they wou'd ſee how his Snow wou'd ſell:
Will ſmil'd, and ſwore in their Judgments they went
That concluded of Merit upon Succeſs. [leſs,

Suddenly taking his Place again,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who ſtreight ſtept in;
But alas! he had been ſo lately a Wit,
That *Apollo* himſelf ſcarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (Pox on him, how came he there?)
Was whiſpering Nothing in Somebody's Ear,
When he had the Honour to be nam'd in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her Character furniſht you out
With ſomething of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady-Muſe had been
In the Number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought Letters, forſooth, from the Queen;
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if they had come
Without them, th' had ſcarce been let into the Room.

This made a Diſpute; for 'twas plain to be ſeen
Each Man had a Mind to gratifie the Queen:
But *Apollo* himſelf could not think it fit; [Wit.
There was Difference, he ſaid, betwixt Fooling and

SUCKLING next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtreight one whiſper'd *Apollo* i' th' Ear,
That of all Men living he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Muſes ſo well as his Sport;

And priz'd black Eyes, or a lucky Hit
At Bowls, above all the Trophies of Wit:
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly ſaid,
'Twere fit that a Fine were ſet upon's Head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his Triial,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a Denial;
But witty *Apollo* ask'd him firſt of all,
If he underſtood his own Paſtoral.

For if he cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
He underſtood more than any Man there,
And did merit the Bays above all the reſt,
But the Monſieur was modeſt; and Silence confeſt.

During theſe Troubles, in the Court was hid
One that *Apollo* ſoon miſs'd, little *Cid*;
And having ſpy'd him, call'd him out of the Throng,
And adviſ'd him in his Ear not to write ſo ſtrong.

Marrey was ſummon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was Chief already of another Company.

Hales ſet by himſelf moſt gravely did ſmile
To ſee them about nothing keep ſuch a Coil;
Apollo had ſpy'd him, but knowing his Mind
Paſt by, and call'd *Falkland*, that ſate juſt behind:

But he was of late ſo gone with Divinity,
That he had almoſt forgot his Poetry,
Though to ſay the Truth, and *Apollo* did know it,
He might have been both his Prieſt and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will Davenant* began to ſwear;

But wiser *Apollo* bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the best Sign
Of good Store of Wit's to have good Store of Coin,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Alderman's Head.

At this all the Wits were in such a maze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not a Man in the Place
But had Discontent writ at large in his Face.

Only the small Poets chear'd up again,
Out of Hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the Town.

The SESSION *of the* POETS.

To the Tune of Cook-Lawrel.

I.

Apollo concern'd to see the Transgressions
Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
Gave order once more to summon a Sessions,
Severely to punish the abuses of Wit.

II.

Will D'Avenant would fain have been Steward o'th' [Court,
To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his Will;
But *Apollo*, it seems, had heard a Report,
That his choice of new Plays did show h'ad no skill.

III.

Besides, some Criticks had ow'd him a spite,
And a little before had made the God fret,
By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
That damnable Farce, *The House to be Lett*.

IV.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford*, and spiritual *Spratt*,
Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

V.

Apollo rejoic'd, and did hope for amends,
Becauſe he knew it was the firſt caſe
The Duke e'er did ask the advice of his Friends,
And ſo wiſh'd his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

VI.

O Yes being made, and ſilence proclaim'd
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
When as ſoon as he ſaw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He ſcarce could forbear from tearing the Scroll.

VII.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'reſt the greater,
Suſpecting before what would come to paſs,
Procur'd him his Couſin *Fitzharding*'s Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arſe.

VIII.

Guy with his Paſtoral next went to Pot;
At firſt in a doleful Study he ſtood,
Th n ſhew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

IX.

Humorous *Weeden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to ſplutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him firſt get
A Muſe not ſo common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

X.

A number of other ſmall Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made ſport;
Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jeer'd,
And in Concluſion whip'd out of the Court.

XI

Tom Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

XII.

With ill luck in Battle, but worſe in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl;
But *Apollo* did think ſuch Impudence fit
To be thruſt out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

XIII.

Savoy-missing *Cowley* came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play;
Ev'ry one gave him so good a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could say:

XIV.

Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable Folly;
Writ Verses unjustly in praise of *Sam Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

XV.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit;
Tho' his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worst *Panegyrick* that ever was writ.

XVI.

Old *Shirly* stood up and made an Excuse,
Because many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

XVII.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
At length sent in *Teague* with a Pacquet of News,
Wherein the sad Knight, to his Grief, did discover,
How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muse.

XVIII.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family swear and rant,
Desiring, their Obin i'th' lurch being left,
The Thief might be fin'd for the wild Gallant.

XIX.

Dryden, whom one would have thought had more Wit,
The censure of ev'ry Man did disdain,
Pleading some pitiful Rhimes he had writ
In praise of the Countess of *Castlemaine*.

XX.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took notice of till that Day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his Round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

XXI.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* ſtark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd to appeaſe his Choler,
By owning the Play, and ſwearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

XXII.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and ſpur'd to the Bar did advance,
Where ſinging a damn'd nonſenſical Song,
The Youth and his Muſe were ſent into *France*.

XXIII.

Newcaſtle and's Horſe for entrance next ſtrives,
Well ſtuff'd was his Cloakbag, and ſo was his Breeches.
And unbutt'ning the Place where Nature's Poſſet-[maker lives,
Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Eſſays and Speeches.

XXIV.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here?
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquiſs,
And home again, home again, take thy Career,
To provide her freſh Straw, and a Chamber that [dark is.

XXV.

Sam Tuke ſat and formally ſmil'd at the reſt;
But *Apollo* who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Teſt,
But his Muſe was ſo ſtiff ſhe ſcarcely could go.

XXVI.

She pleaded her Age, deſir'd a Reward;
It ſeems in her Age ſhe doated on Praiſe;
But *Apollo* reſolv'd that ſuch a bold Bard
Should never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

XXVII.

Stapleton ſtood up, and had nothing to ſay,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to deſpair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Barthol'mew*-Fair.

XXVIII.

Sir *William Killegrew* doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whiſper'd *Apollo*, in caſe he would praiſe
Selyndra, he ſhould have a Bout with the Wench.

XXIX.

Buckhurſt and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Tranſlators of *Pompey*, did put in their Claim;
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of Door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

XXX.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was ſneaking away,
But ſomebody ſpy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo, tho' h' had not ſeen him many a day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

XXXI.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
Among thoſe young Fellows that ſpoil the *French*
Then beck'ning to him, whiſper'd in his Ear, [Plays?
And gave him good Counſel inſtead of the Bays.

XXXII.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
Whoſe Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper*'s *Hill* ſtands;
And brought many Stationers who ſwore very hard,
That nothing ſold better except 'twere his Lands.

XXXIII.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write ſomething more,
To clear a Suſpicion which poſſeſs'd the Court,
That *Cooper*'s *Hill*, ſo much bragg'd on before,
Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

XXXIV.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
But *Apollo* bad him not be ſo fierce;
And advis'd him to lay aſide making his Plays,
Since he already began to write worſe and worſe.

XXXV.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a huff,
Swearing, Damn him he had writ the beſt Plays:
But *Apollo* it ſeems, knew his way well enough,
And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

XXXVI.

Ellis in great diſcontent went away,
Whilſt *D'Avenant* againſt *Apollo* did rage;
Becauſe he declar'd *the Secrets* a Play
Fitting for none but a Mountebank's Stage.

XXXVII.

John Wilson ſtood up and wildly did ſtare,
When on the ſudden ſtept in a bold *Scot*;
And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would ſwear,
The ſaid Maſter *Wilſon* mought paſs for a Sot.

XXXVIII.

But all was in vain; for *Apollo*, 'tis ſaid,
Would in no wiſe allow of any *Scotch* Wit;
Then *Wilſon* in ſpight made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd anſwer for all he had writ.

XXXIX.

Clarges ſtood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e'er he tranſlated more Plays,
He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Cloſe-ſtool*.

XL.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German Princeſs* appear'd,
Whom if *D'Avenant* begot, as ſome do ſuppoſe,
Apollo ſaid the Pillory ſhould crop off his Ears,
And make them more ſutable unto his Noſe.

XLI.

Rhodes ſtood and play'd at bo-peep in the Door;
But *Apollo* inſtead of a *Spaniſh* Plot,
On condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three Pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

XLII.

Ethridge and *Shadwell*, and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himſelf in a very great rage;
Becauſe their beſt Friends ſo freely had deal'd,
As to tell 'em their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

XLIII.

Then ſeeing a Crowd in a Tumult reſort,
Well furniſh'd with Verſes, but loaded with Plays;
It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by the Ears for the Bays.

A SESSION *of the* POETS.

SInce the Sons of the Muſes grew num'rous and loud,
For th' appeaſing ſo factious and clam'rous a Crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in ſo weighty a Cauſe,
T' eſtabliſh a Government, Leader, and Laws.
The Hopes of the *Bays*, at this *ſummoning* Call,
Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all;
All thronging and liſt ning, they gap'd for the Bleſſing,
No Presbyter Sermon had more crowding and preſſing.
In the Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
That ancient grave Wit, ſo long lov'd and fear'd;
But *Apollo* had heard of a Story i' th' Town,
Of his quitting the Muſes, to wear a black Gown,
And ſo gave him leave, now his Poetry's done,
To let him turn Prieſt, now *Reeves* is turn'd Nun.
This reverend Author was no ſooner ſet by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle * *George* in his Eye,
And frankly confeſs'd, of all Men that writ,
There's none had more Fancy, Senſe, Judgment, and Wit;
But i' th' crying Sin, Idleneſs, he was ſo harden'd,
That his long ſeven Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.
Brawny *Wycherly* was the next Man ſhew'd his Face;
But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place.
No Gentleman-writer that Office ſhould bear,
'Twas a Trader in Wit the Lawrel ſhould wear,
As none but a Cit e'er makes a Lord-Mayor.
Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwel* does wallow,
And ſwears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
'Tis he that alone beſt pleaſes the Age;
Himſelf and his Wife have ſupported the Stage.
Apollo well pleas'd with ſo bonny a Lad,
T' oblige him, he told him he ſhould be huge glad,
Had he half ſo much Wit as he fancy'd he had.

* Sir *George Etheridge*.

How-

However, to please so jovial a Wit,
And to keep him in Humour, *Apollo* thought fit
To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick
Of railing at Poets, and shewing his---

Nat Lee stept in next, in Hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,
But he had as much Wit as Wine could supply;
Confess'd that indeed he'd a musical Note, [Throat;
But sometimes strain'd so hard, he rattled i' th'
Yet owning he'd Sense, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus*'s Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no Offence;
G-d D---me, cries *Shadwel*, he cannot write Sense;
And *Banks*, cry'd up *Newport*, I hate that dull Rogue.
Apollo considering he was not in Vogue,
Would not trust his dear *Bays* with so modest a Fool,
And bid the great Boy should be sent back to School.

Tom Otway came next, *Tom Shadwell*'s dear *Zany*,
And swears for *Heroicks* he writes best of any;
Don *Carlos* his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a Play-house for the Prop of an Age.

In the numerous Herd that encompass'd him round,
Little starch'd *Johnny Crown* at his Elbow he found;
His Cravat-string iron'd, he gently did stretch
His Lilly white Hand out, the Lawrel to reach;
Alledging that he had most Right to the Bays,
For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.
Apollo rose up, and gravely confest
Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best;

For since Pain and Dishonour Man's Life only
The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim, [damn,
Is, to want Sense of Smart, and be past Sense of
Shame;
And to perfect his Bliss in Poetical Rapture,
He bid him be dull to the End of the Chapter.

The Poetess † *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,
And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,
That the Lawrel by a double Right was her own,
For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd won:
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her; [ingenuously by her,
But yet, to deal frankly and
He told her, were Conquests and Charms her Pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.
Anababalutha put in for a Share,
And little *Tom Essence*'s Author was there:
Nor could *D'Urfey* forbear for the Lawrel to stickle,
Protesting he had had the Honour to Tickle
The Ears of the Town with his dear *Madam Fickle*;
With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse,
But they are too long to stand in my Verse.
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,
Finds at last *Tom Betterton*'s Face in the Gang,
And since Poets with the kind Players may hang,
By his own Day-light he solemnly swore,
That in Search of a *Laureat* he'd look out no more.
A general Murmur ran quite thro' the Hall,
To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall;
But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacifie all,
E'en told 'em, to put his Deserts to the Test,
That he had made Plays as well as the best,
And was the great'st Wonder the Age ever bore;
For of all the Play-scribblers that e'er writ before,
His Wit had most Worth and most Modesty in't;
For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er came in Print.

† Mrs. *Behn*.

NEWS *from* HELL.

By Captain Alexander Radcliff.

SO dark the Night was, that old *Charon*
Could not carry Ghoſtly Fare-on;
But was forc'd to leave his Souls,
Stark ſtript of Bodies, 'mongſt the Shoals
Of Black Sea-Toads, and other Fry,
Which on the Stygian Shore do lie:
Th' amazed Spirits deſire receſs
To their old batter'd Carcaſes,
But as they turn about, they find
The Night more diſmal is behind.
Pluto began to fret and fume
Becauſe the Tilt-Boat did not come.
To the Shore's ſide he ſtraitway trudges
With his three Soul-cenſuring Judges,
Standing on Acherontic Strand,
He thrice three times did waft his Wand:
From gloomy Lake did ſtraight ariſe
A meager Fiend, with broad blue Eyes;
Approaching *Pluto*, as he bow'd,
From's Head there dropt infernal Mud;
Quoth he, *A tenebris & luto*
I come-----'Tis well, quoth ſurly *Pluto*,
" Go you to t'other ſide of *Styx*,
" And know why *Charon*'s ſo prolix:
" Surely on Earth there cannot be
" A Grant of Immortality.
Away the wrigling Fiend ſoon ſcuds
Through Liquids thick as Soap and Suds,
In the mean while old *Æacus*,
Craftier far than any of us;
For mortal Men to him are ſilly;
Beſides he held a League with *Lilly*;

And what is acted here does know
As well as t'other does below:
Thus spake, " Thou mighty King of *Orcus*,
" Who into any shape canst work us;
" I to your Greatness shall declare
" My Sentiments of this Affair.
" *Charon* you know did use to come
" With some Elucid Spirit home;
" Some Poet bright, whose glowing Soul
" Like Torch did light him cross the Pool:
" Old *Charon* then was blithe and merry,
" With Flame and Rhapsody in Ferry.
" Shou'd he gross Souls alone take in,
" Laden with heavy rubbish Sin;
" Sin that is nothing but Allay;
" 'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.
" But now such Wights with Souls so clear
" Must not have Damnation here;
" Nor can we hope they'll hither move,
" For know (Grim Sir) they're damn'd above;
" They're damn'd on Earth by th' present Age,
" Damn'd in Cabals, and damn'd o' th' Stage.
" * *Laureat*, who was both learn'd and florid,
" Was damn'd long since for Silence horrid:
" Nor had there been such clutter made,
" But that this Silence did invade:
" Invade! and so 't might well, that's clear:
" But what did it invade?----an Ear.
" And for some other things, 'tis true,
" We follow Fate that does pursue.
† A Lord who was in Metre wont
To talk of Privy Member blunt,
Whose Verse, by Women termed lewd,
Is still preserv'd, not understood.
But that which made 'em curse and ban,
Was for his Satyr against Man.

* *Dryden*. † Lord *Rochester*.

* A third was damn'd, 'cauſe in his Plays
He thruſts old Jeſts in *Archee*'s days:
Nor as they ſay, can make a *Chorus*
Without a Tavern or a Whore-houſe;
Which he, to puzzle vulgar thinking,
Does call by th' name of Love and Drinking.

† A fourth for writing ſuperfine,
With words correct in every Line:
And one that does preſume to ſay,
A Plot s too groſs for any Play:
Comedy ſhould be clean and neat,
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.
So what he writes is but Tranſlation,
From Dog and Partridge Converſation.

** A fifth, who does in's laſt prefer
'Bove all, his own dear Character:
And fain wou'd ſeem upon the Stage
Too Manly for this flippant Age.

†† A ſixth, whoſe lofty Fancy towers
'Bove Fate, Eternity and Powers:
Rumbles i' th' Sky, and makes a buſtle;
So Gods meet Gods i' th' Dark, and juſtle.
A Seventh, becauſe he'd rather chuſe
To ſpoil his Verſe than tire his Muſe.
Nor will he let Heroicks chime;
Fancy (quoth he) is loſt by Rhime.
And he that's us'd to claſhing Swords
Should not delight in ſounds of Words.
Mars with *Mercury* ſhould not mingle;
Great Warriors ſhou'd ſpeak big, not jingle.

Amongſt this Heptarchy of Wit,
The cenſuring Age have thought it fit
To damn *† a Woman, 'cauſe 'tis ſaid,
The Plays ſhe vends ſhe never made.
But that †* a *Grays-Inn* Lawyer does 'em,
Who unto her was Friend in Boſom.

* *Shadwell.* † Sir *G. Etheridge.* ** Mr. *Wicherly.*
†† Mr. *Nat. Lee.* *† Mrs. *Behn.* †* Mr. *Hoyl.*

So not presenting Scarf and Hood,
New Plays and Songs are full as good.
These are the better sort I grant,
Damn'd only by the Ignorant:
But still there are a scribling Fry
Ought to be damn'd eternally;
An unlearn'd Tribe, o' th' lower Rate,
Who will be Poets spite of Fate;
Whose Character's not worth reciting,
They scarce can read, yet will be writing:
As t'other day a silly Oafe
Instead of *Jove* did call on *Jofe*:
Whose humble Muse descends to Cellars,
Or at the best to *Hercules Pillars*.
Now *Charon* I presume does stop,
Expecting one of these wou'd drop;
For any such Poetick Damn'd-boy
Will light him home as well as Flambeau.
Æacus just had made an end,
When did arrive the dripping Fiend,
Who did confirm the Judge's Speech,
That *Charon* did a Light beseech.
They fell to Consultation grave,
To find some strange enlightened Knave.
Faux had like t' have been the Spark,
But that his Lanthorn was too dark.
At last th' agreed a sullen Quaker
Should be this businesse Undertaker;
The fittest Soul for this Exploit,
Because he had the newest Light:
Him soon from sable Den they drag,
Who of his Sufferings doth brag;
And unto Heel of Fiend being ty'd,
To *Charon*'s Vessel was convey'd.
Charon came home, all things were well;
This is the only News from Hell.

A CALL *to the* GUARD *by a Drum.*

By Captain Alexander Radcliffe.

RAT too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat rat too,
With your Noſes all ſcabb'd and your Eyes black and blue,
All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot Soldiers are,
Though with very ſmall Coin, yet with very much Care,
From your Quarters and Garrets make haſte to repair,
To the Guard, to the Guard.
From your ſorry Straw Beds and bonny white Fleas,
From your Dreams of ſmall Drink and your very ſmall Eaſe,
From your plenty of ſtink, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm ſticking on 'em like Gum,
And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs to ſtanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.
From your crack'd Earthen Piſpots where no Piſs can ſtay,
From Roofs bewrit with Snuffs in Letters the wrong way;
From one old broken Stool with one unbroken Leg,
One Box with ne'er a Lid to keep ne'er a Rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your ſelves can brag,
To the Guard, &c.

With truſty Pike and Gun, and the other ruſty Tool;
With Heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts wondrous cool;
With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sutlers) hurt;
With two old tatter'd Shoes that diſgrace the Town Dirt,
With forty Shreds of Breeches, and no one Shred of Shirt,
To the Guard, &c.

See they come, see they come, see they come, see they come,
With Alarms in their Pates to the Call of a Drum;
Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modest call Bitches)
With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk to Switches; [Breeches,
With the Plague in the Purse, and the Pox in the
To the Guard, &c.
Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on Benches, [som Wenches;
Some from damn'd fulsom Ale, and more damn'd ful-
Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this way stalk;
Each Man's Reeling's his Gate, and his Hickup his talk, [of Chalk,
With two new Cheeks of Red from ten old Rows
To the Guard, &c.
Here come others from scuffling, and damning mine Host, [that boast
With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces
Of some Scars by the Jordan, or warlike Quart Pot,
For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but discharg'd ne'er a Groat, *To the Guard*, &c.

Then for Valour in black too, the Chaplain does come! [Drum.
From his preaching o'er Poets now to pray o'er a
All ye whoring and swearing old Red Coats draw near,
Like to Saints in Red Letters listen and give ear,
And be godly awhile ho, and then as you were,
To the Guard, &c.
After some canting Terms, To your Arms, and the like,
Such as Poysing your Musquet, or Porting your Pike;
To the Right, To the Left, or else Face about;
After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a Clout,
Haste your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard on foot, *To the Guard*, &c.

Captain *Hector* firſt marches, but not he of *Troy*,
But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy;
See the Man ſcant of Arms in a Scarf does abound,
Which preſages ſome ſwaggering, but no Blood nor Wound; [drown'd;
Like a Rainbow that ſhews the World ſhan't be
To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker wears Rags whilſt the Dog bears the Budget, [trudge it
So the Man ſtalks with Staff, whilſt the Footboy does
With the Tool he ſhould work with (that's Half Pike you'll ſay;) [vey,
But what Captain's ſo ſtrong his own Arms to con-
When he marches o'er-loaden with ten other Mens Pay? *To the Guard*, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at leaſt
With Stinks ſixteen deep, and about five abreaſt,
Made of Ale and Mundungus, Snuff, Rags, and brown Cruſt for, [cluſter,
While he wants twenty Taylors to make up the
Which declares that his Journey's not now to the Muſter, *But to the Guard*, &c.

Some with Muſquet and Belly uncharg'd march away,
With Pipes black as their Mouths, and ſhort as their Pay; [lace about 'em,
Whilſt their Coats made of Holes ſhew like Bone-
And their Bandeliers hang like to Bobbins without 'em, [ſcrubs do clout 'em,
And whilſt Horſemen do cloath 'em, theſe Foot-
For the Guard, &c.

Some with Hat ty'd on one ſide, and Wit ty'd on neither; [run hither,
Wear gray Coats, and gray Cattle, ſee their Wenches
For to peep thro' Red Lettice and dark Cellar Doors,
To behold 'em wear Pikes ruſty juſt like their Whores,
As ſlender as their Meals and as long as their Scores,

Some with Tweedle, wheedle, wheedle; whilſt we
beat Dub a Dub;
Keep the baſe *Scotiſh* noiſe, and as baſe *Scotiſh* ſcrub:
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open ſpread,
Comes a thing with red Colours, and Noſe full as red;
Like an Enſign to the King, and to the Kings Head,
Towards the Guard, &c.
Two Commanders come laſt, the Lieutenant perhaps,
Full of Low Country Stories and Low Country Claps.
To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
Powder Monkey by Name that vents Stink by whole-
ſale,
For where ſhould the Fart be but juſt with the Tail
Of the Guard? &c.
And now hey for the King Boys, and hey for the
Court,
Which is guarded by theſe as the Tower is by Dirt;
Theſe *Whitehall* muſt admit and ſuch other un-
houſe ye, [drowſie,
Each Day lets in the drunk, whilſt it lets out the
And no place in the World ſhifts ſo oft to be lowſie.
Thank the Guard, &c.
Some to *Scotland-Yard* ſneak, and the Suttler's Wife
kiſſes; [piſſes,
But deſpairing of Drink 'till ſome Countryman
And pays too (for no place in the Court muſt be
given)
To the Can-office then, all a *Foot-Soldier's* Heav'n,
Where he finds a foul *Fox*, ſoon, and cures Sir---
On the Guard, &c.
Some at Sh--houſe publick (where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts and diminiſh their Clothes.
Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and
Bacon being all
Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Courtiers
may call,
For what they eat in the Suburbs, they ſh----- at
Whitehall, *For the Guard*, &c.

Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making entry,
Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call a Centry,
Which in bad Houſes of Boards ſtand to tell what [a Clock 'tis,
Where they keep up tame Redcoats as Men keep up tame Foxes,
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs Turds in Boxes.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of theſe are planted (though it has been their Lucks [Ducks;
Oft to ſteal Country Geeſe) now to watch the King's
While ſome others are ſet in the ſide that has Wood in, [ther footing,
To ſtand Pimps to black Maſques that are oft thi-
Juſt as Houſewives ſet Cuckolds to ſtir their Black Pudding. *Oh the Guard*, &c.

Whilſt another true *Trojan* to ſome Paſſage runs,
As to keep in the Debtors, ſo to keep out the Duns;
Or a Prentice, or his Miſtreſs, with Oaths to confound, [Ground,
'Till he hyes him from the Park as from forbidden
'Cauſe his Credit is whole, and his Wench may be ſound, *And quits the Guard*, &c.

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Alehouſe drown'd,
For nought elſe but the Pot and their Brains walk the round; [does ſhew,
Whilſt like Hell the Commanders Guard-chamber
There's ſuch damning themſelves and all elſe of the Crew, [his due,
For tho' theſe cheat the Men, they give the Devil
On the Guard, &c.

Whilſt a Main after Main at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high as their Mony grows low;
Strait they threaten hard (uſing bad Faces for Frowns)
To revenge on the Fleſh, the default of the Bones.
But the Blood's in their Hoſe, and in Oaths all their Wounds. *Like the Guard*, &c.

In the Morning they fight, just as much as they pray;
For some one to the King does the Tidings convey
For preventing of *Murder*; Oh 'tis a wise way!
Tho' not one of 'em knows (as a thousand dare say)
What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay
For the Guard, &c.
With their Skins they march Home no more hurt than their Drums,
But for scratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs;
And now hey for fat *Alewives*, and *Tradesmen* grown lean;
For the Captain grown *Bankrupt*, recruits him again,
With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men
From the Guard, &c.
Strait the poor Rogues cashier'd with a Cane, and a Curse,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse:
And what then? Man's a *Worm*; these we Glow-worms may name:
For as they're dark of Body, have Tails all of flame.
So tho' those liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with a *Psalm*. *Farewel Guard*, &c.

The R A M B L E.

By Captain Alexander Radcliffe.

WHile Duns were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,
With Back so weak----
You'd wonder.
I rouz'd my Doe, and lac'd her Gown,
I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
She pist, and then I drove her down,
Like Thunder.
From Chamber then I went to dinner,
I drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,
And still I thought the Devil in her.

I sate at *Muskat's* in the dark,
I heard a Tradesman and a Spark,
An Attorney and a Lawyer's Clerk,
Tell Stories.

From thence I went, with muffled Face,
To the Duke's House, and took a place,
In which I spew'd, may't please his Grace,
Or Highness;

Shou'd I be hang'd I could not chuse
But laugh at Whores that drop from Stews,
Seeing that Mistress *Marg'ret*-----
So fine is.

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,
I heard some paltry Pieces chink,
Within my Pockets, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to Mistress *Sperling*,
Where some were cursing, others swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
per fidem,

Seven's the Main, 'tis Eight, God dam 'me,
'Twas Six, said I, as God shall sa' me,
Now being true you cou'd not blame me
So saying,

Sa' me! quoth one, what Shamaroon
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down
A playing?

This was as bad to me as killing;
Mistake not, Sir, said I, I'm willing,
And able both, to drop a Shilling,
Or two, Sir.

Goda'mercy then, said Bully *Hec*----
With Whiskers stern, and Cordubeck
Pinn'd up behind, his scabby Neck
To shew, Sir.

With mangled Fiſt he graſp'd the Box,
Giving the Table bloody Knocks,
He throws---and calls for Plague and Pox
T' aſſiſt him.

Some twenty Shillings he did catch,
H'ad like t'have made a quick diſpatch,
Nor could Time's Regiſter, my Watch,
Have miſt him.

As Luck would have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, y'ad better go and ſwill
Canary.

We ſteer'd our courſe to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleetſtreet* to be ſeen,
Where we drank Wine----not foul---but clean
Contrary.

Our Hoſt, y'cleped *Thomas Hammond*,
Preſented ſlice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us ſwallow Sack as Salmon
Drink Water.

Being o'er-warm'd with laſt Debauch,
I grew as drunk as any Roche,
When hot-bak'd-Wardens did approach,
Or later.

We broke the Glaſſes out of hand,
As many Oaths I'd at command
As *Haſtings*, *Sabin*, *Sunderland*,
Or *Ogle*.

Then I cry'd up Sir *Henry Vane*,
And ſwore by H---- I would maintain
Epiſcopacy was too plain
A juggle.

But oh! the damn'd confounded Fate
Attends on drinking Wine ſo late.
I drew my Sword on honeſt *Kate*
O' th' Kitchin.

Which *Hammond*'s Wife would not endure;
I told her, tho' she look'd demure,
She came but lately I was sure
From Bitching.

A Club there was in t'other Room,
I bolted in, being known to some,
Such Men are not in Christendom
For jesting.

They use a plain familiar Stile,
Appearing friendly all the while,
Yet never part without a Broil
Intestine.

The first as Steward did appear,
A strange conceited Barrister,
Who on all Matters will infer
His Reading.

A Band 'had on, that's very plain,
A Velvet Coat, a shining Cane,
Some Law, less Wit, and not a Grain
Of Breeding.

The Company were in a fit
Of talking News about *Maestricht*,
How that the Prince's leaving it
Was sudden.

Quoth he, (because they should not say
That he knew less of this than they)
Just such a Case I read this day
In *Plowden*.

An angry Captain that was there,
Could Indignation not forbear,
'Zounds, says he, did Man e'er hear
Such Non-sense?

We talk of Sieges, Camps, and Forts,
This Fool's a keeping Country Courts,
With musty Law and dull Reports,
Damn'd long sin ce,

Go bolt your Caſes at the Fire,
From *Plowden*, *Perkins*, *Raſtal*, *Dyer*,
Such heavy ſtuff does rather tire
Than pleaſe us:

Tell not us of Iſſue Male,
Of Simple Fee, and Special Tail,
Of Feofments, Judgments, Bills of Sale,
And Leaſes.

Can you diſcourſe of Hand-Granadoes,
Of Sally-Ports and Ambuſcadoes,
Of Counterſcarps and Pallizadoes,
And Trenches,

Of Baſtions, blowing up of Mines,
Or of Communication Lines,
Or can you gueſs the great Deſigns
The *French* has?

The Barriſter began to ſtart
To hear ſuch bloody Terms of Art,
And did deſire with all his Heart
A Farewel;

Till younger Member of the Houſe,
Reſenting this as an Abuſe,
Thought it convenient to eſpouſe
His Quarrel.

This was a ſpruce young Squire, that
Knew the true Manage of the Hat,
And every Morning ty'd Cravat
With Project:

One that was ſure he knew the Town,
To Men of Fringe and Feather known,
'Mongſt whom all Law he would diſown,
And Logick.

Captain, quoth he, I'll tell you thus:
You are miſtaken much in us,
With dint of Sword we can diſcuſs;
'Tis true, Sir,

You trail'd a Pike, or ſome ſuch thing,
In *Holland*, here you huff and ding:
And all the Town (forſooth) muſt ring
Of you, Sir.

I can remember you at *Lamb*'s,
Whither you'd come with forty ſhams;
And ſwore you would renounce all Games
But Tennis:

Laſt Night (ſuch luck ne'er Man had yet)
You play'd with Counteſs at Picquet,
And that ſhe did (by Jeſus) get
Twelve Guineas;

Nay worſe----juſt parting with my Lord,
He fancy'd much your Silver Sword,
And you wear his not worth a Turd----
-----A Bawble;

But for the Hilt he's like to pay,
For you will have his Iron Grey:
A ſwifter Nag is not this day
In Stable.

And all the great Deſign of this
Is but to borrow half a Piece,
Or be excus'd (if Ready miſs)
From Clubbing;

The Captain ſwell'd, yet did not know
Whether the Youth would fight or no,
Or if 'twere ſafe to give the Foe
A drubbing:

Company's here, and for their ſake,
Quoth he, ſome other time I'll take,
For I did never love to make
A Buſtle.

Even when you pleaſe, quoth Younker, then,
I'm every Evening to be ſeen
'Mongſt witty Coffee-drinkers in
Street Ruſſel,

One that was Doctor, Rook, and Quack,
With whom the Captain us'd to snack,
Because he'd make the first Attack
On Bubble;

Did think it fit to do him right,
Altho' he knew he would not fight,
Yet Cully he would sore affright
And trouble.

Therefore the Captain's part he took;
Home Lad, quoth he, unto your Book,
If Letters fail, go Bully-rock:
The Carrier.

For here you must not vent your stuff,
We understand you well enough:
You must not think to rant and huff
A Warrior.

I knew when *Animal* and *Ens*
Was once the chief of your Pretence,
But now you think y'ave sprucer Sense
And Knowledge.

When first this Town y'arriv'd unto,
The only Bu'sness y' had to do
Was to enquire out those that knew
Your College.

Certainly Mortal never saw
A thing so pert, so dull, so raw,
And yet 'twould put a Case in Law,
If they would.

Then it began to visit Plays,
And on the Women it would gaze,
And looked like Love in a Maze,
Or a Wood.

Into Fop-corner you would get,
And use a strange obstreperous Wit,
Not any quiet to the Pit
Allowing:

And when my Lord came in, you'd spy
If toward you he cast an Eye,
Y' had lucky opportunity
Of bowing:

At last you got a swinging Clap,
Which ran upon you like a Tap,
And lay for Cure of this mishap
At *Tooting*.

Then you writ Letters of Advice
To Parent, for some fresh supplies:
Pretending to the exercise
Of Mooting:

At length you understood a Die,
Carry'ing in Fob variety
Of Goads, of Bars, of Flats, of High
And Low-Dice.

But when you hear the fatal Doom,
That Father shall remand you home,
It hardly will appear you come
From Studies.

The Youth was just a throwing Glass
Of Wine into the Doctor's Face,
When Barrister took Heart of Grace,
And Courage:

Doctor, says he, you are a Cheat,
A greater Knave walks not the Street,
A verier Quack one shall not meet
In our Age.

Doctors of Physick we indeed
Do most abominably need:
If you are one, that scarce can read
A Ballad.

You serv'd a Doctor,----true, from whom
You stole Receipts, being his Groom,
Or waiting on him in his Room,
As Valet.

On Serving-men you us'd to cut,
Giving 'em the high Game at Put,
And made the Fellows ſtill run out
Their Wages,

With Chamberlain you quit old ſcores,
Ruin the Tapſter at all Fours,
And ſtill obſerve the Carriers Hours,
And Stages.

T' Apothecary next you go,
To whom your ſtollen Receipts you ſhow,
That y'have no Learning he does know,
And ſmall Parts:

Yet for Advantage does proclaim
You as the eldeſt Son of Fame,
And ſwears your Cures have got a Name
In all Parts.

Then take your Lodgings at his Houſe,
With care and ſecreſie to chouſe
Thoſe Fools incurable, that thus
Are minded,

If y'are deſir'd to write a Bill,
Your Eyes have a defluxion ſtill,
That if you do but touch a Quill,
You're blinded.

'Mongſt gilded Books on Shelves you ſqueeze
Old *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
For ſuch learn'd Men (ſay you) as theſe
I'll ſtickle.

Tho' what they were you cannot tell,
Giants they might have been as well,
Or two Arch-Angels, *Gabriel*,
And *Mich'el*.

In ſhort, you are an empty Sawſe-----
Before this word quite out, he draws,
The Doctor ſtruck him croſs the Jaws,
God bleſs us!

The Student then propos'd a ſlap,
Which on Quack's beſt of Eyes did hap,
With might and main----on Youth fell Cap----
---tain *Beſſus*.

I' th' Room was Juſtice *Middleſex*,
Who underſtanding Statute *Lex*,
Being unwilling to perplex
A Riot,

Softly as he could ſpeak, did cry,
(Which no Body obſerv'd but I)
My Friends, in Name of Majeſty,
Be quiet.

The Youngſter firſt deſir'd a Truce,
Becauſe Cravat from Neck hung looſe,
Captain, quoth he, your Weapon chuſe,
I'll fight ye:

Nay then, thought I, if ſo it be,
You're very likely to agree,
There's no Diverſion more for Me,
Good Night t'ye.

And having now diſcharg'd the Houſe,
We did reſerve a gentle Souſe,
With which we drank another rouſe
At the Bar:

And good Chriſtians all attend,
To Drunkenneſs pray put an end,
I do adviſe you as a Friend,
And Neighbour.

For lo! that Mortal here behold,
Who cautious was in days of old,
Is now become raſh, ſturdy, bold,
And free, Sir;

For having ſcap'd the Tavern ſo,
There never was a greater Foe,
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no,
Nor *Cæſar*,

A Conſtable both ſtern and dread,
Who is from Muſtard, Brooms and Thread,
Preferr'd to be the Brainleſs Head----
O' th' People,

A Gown 'had on by Age made gray,
A Hat too, which as Folk do ſay,
Is ſirnam'd to this very day
A Steeple;

His Staff, which knew as well as he
The Bus'neſs of Authority,
Stood bolt upright at ſight of me;
Very true 'tis,

Thoſe louzy Currs that hither come
To keep the King's Peace ſafe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Vermin from
Their *Cutis*.

Stand! ſtand! ſays one, and come before----
You lye, ſaid I, like a Son of a Whore,
I can't, nor will not ſtand,---that's more---
D'ye mutter?

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
Yond' Officer i'th' May-pole Hat,
I'll make as drunk as any Rat,
Or Otter.

The Conſtable began to ſwell,
Altho' he lik'd the Motion well:
Quoth he, my Friend, this I muſt tell
Ye clearly,

The Peſtilence you can't forget,
Nor the Diſpute with *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful Fire, that made us get
Up early.

From which, quoth he, this I infer,
To have a Body's Conſcience clear
Excelleth any coſtly Cheer,
Or Banquets;

Beſides, (and 'faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept
Within your Chamber, and have ſlept
In Blanquets:
But I'll adviſe you by and by.
A Pox of all Advice, ſaid I,
Your Janizaries look as dry
As *Vulcan*:
Come, here's a Shilling, fetch it in,
We come not now to talk of Sin,
Our Bus'neſs muſt be to begin
A full Can.
At laſt, I made the Watch-men drunk,
Examin'd here and there a Punk,
And then away to Bed I ſlunk
To hide it.
God ſave the Queen,----but as for you,
Who will theſe Dangers not eſchew,
I'd have you all go home and ſpue,
As I did.

A New SONG *of the Times*, 1683.

By the Honourable William Wharton.

I.

'TWere folly, if ever
The Whigs ſhould endeavour
Diſowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'em,
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to govern, tho' no body choſe 'em?
They that bore ſway,
Knew not one would obey,
Did *Trincalo* make ſuch a ridiculous pother?

Monmouth's the Head,
To ſtrike Monarchy dead;
They choſe themſelves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

II.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Ruſſel* and *Hambden*,
To ſerve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward,
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
With his own Purſe and Credit to raiſe *Men* and *Mony*?
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Thoſe brisk Boys unſpy'd,
Who at *Shaftsbury*'s Whiſtle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he ſhould bring,
Like a true *Brentford* King,
Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollow.

III.

Algernoon Sidney,
Of Commonwealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occaſion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore diſpers'd it all o'er his own Cloſet.
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd, or indicting;
And tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new Truſt is
Plac'd in the Chief Juſtice,
To damn Law and Reaſon too by over-ruling?

IV.

What if a Traytor,
In ſpite of the State, Sir,
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
Shall then a new Freak
Make *Braddon* and *Hugh Speak*,
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
Tho' a Razor all bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is an Evidence ſtrong of his deſperate Guilt, Sir;

So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of Horror and Dread,
Run his Sword thro' his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

V.

Who can think the Case hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*, [ness?
That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his High-
O disloyal Ears,
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the *Papists* a kindness.
An old doating Citt,
With his *Elizabeth* Wit,
Against the *French* mode for Freedom to hope on;
His Ears that told Lies,
Were less dull than his Eyes,
For both then were shut when all others were open.

VI.

All *Europe* together
Can't shew such a Father,
So tenderly nice of a Son's Reputation;
As our good King is,
Who labour'd to bring his
By Tricks to subscribe to a Sham-Declaration.
'Twas very good Reason
To pardon his Treason,
To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
To merit whose Grace, [Sir,
He must in the first Place
Confess he's dishonest under his Hand, Sir.

VII.

Since Fate the Court blesses
With daily Successes,
And giving up Charters go round for a Frolick;
Whilst our Duke *Nero*,
The Churches blind Hero,
By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick;

Our Modern Sages,
More wise than past Ages,
Would ours establish by *Popish* Successors;
Queen *Bess* ne'er thought it,
And *Cecil* forgot it,
But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

On the University of Cambridge's *Burning the Duke of* Monmouth's *Picture*, 1685. *who was formerly their Chancellor.* --- *In Answer to this Question,*

-------Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit-----
Damnatos.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasie as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young Man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong Thoughts she might improve her Race.
But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythemen next Harvest to renew the fight.
Then in comes Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
But the Man of *Clarehall* that proffer refuses,
Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses:

And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the Marriage of *Anne*, if that ben't enough.
The Heads, lest he get all the Profit to himself
(Too greedy of Honour, too lavish of Pelf)
This Motion deny, and Vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Chedder*;
Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the Proctors, [in ale,
While the Troops from each part of the Countries
Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of stale.
But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her Absence their Folly rebuke,
The tender Creature could not see his Fate,
With whom she had danc'd a Minuet so late.
The Heads who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd sixscore Pounds to the Flames,
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz:
So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

The MAN of HONOUR.

Written by the Honourable Mr. *Montague*.

Occasion'd by a Postscript of Pen's *Letter.*

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown

Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd;
Though all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even Paſſions, and with ſetled Face,
He would remove the *Harlot*'s falſe Embrace.

Tho' all the Storms and Tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That Church Magicians in their Cells deviſe,
And from their ſettled Baſis Nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in Honours, fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly*'s Name,
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame,
Who firſt with ſteddy Minds the Current broke,
And to the ſuppliant Monarch boldly ſpoke.

Great Sir, renown'd for Conſtancy, how juſt
Have we obey'd the Crown, and ſerv'd our Truſt,
Eſpous'd your Cauſe and Intereſt in diſtreſs,
Your ſelf muſt witneſs, and our Foes confeſs!
Permit us then ill Fortune to accuſe,
That you at laſt unhappy Counſels uſe,
And ask the only thing we muſt refuſe.
Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe:
Honour, that Spark of the Celeſtial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aſpire;
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
With thirſt of Glory and deſire of Fame;
The richeſt Treaſure of a generous Breaſt,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the reſt.
Wit, Strength and Courage, are wild dangerous force,
Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their Courſe;
And would you rob us of the nobleſt Part,
Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart?
'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a Throne,
To take the Casket when the Jewel's gone:

Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
And teach the Nobles to be falſe and baſe;
What Confidence can you in them repoſe,
Who, e'er they ſerve you, all their Value loſe?
Who once enſlave their Conſcience to their Luſt,
Have loſt their Reins, and can no more be Juſt.
Of Honour, Men at firſt like Women nice,
Raiſe Maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd Vice;
Their modeſt Nature curbs the ſtrugling Flame,
And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with Shame.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſte forbidden Fruit and live;
They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by Appetite their Will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
But ſhift with every veering Blaſt their Sails.
Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And ſhook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what Force,
Could they oppoſe to ſtop the Torrents Courſe?
Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly ſtood,
Free of their Lives, and laviſh of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the ſame Conſtancy they all reſign.
Thus ſpake the Youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the *Phoſphorus* to the dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid Hoſt,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boaſt:

So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high their Virtue as yet wants a Name,
Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame:
Rise, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
The Storm is past, th' Impending Tempest fled:
Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
It had not giv'n such Sons, so brave a Race.
When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds:
These Men would prop a sinking Nation's weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate.
Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.
But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no dangers can controul;
Exalt the thought, a speedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend:
These are the *English* Arts, these we profess
To be the same in Mis'ry and Success;
To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud.
Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
All Merit's light when they dispose the Weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State;
Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
And blast that Honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the Crown destroy,
And the King's Power against himself imploy;
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
Men, like our Mony, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a coarse Allay.

The richeſt Medals, and the pureſt Gold,
Of native Value, and exacteſt Mould,
By Worth conceal'd, in private Cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt Tin and Copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Buſineſs of the Nation's turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:
So ſhining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty Actions fly the ſearching Light;
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh misjudging Senſe
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their Prince;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in Eaſe,
They ſtudy not his Good, but how to pleaſe;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe Dangers which the other ſhun:
Who ſlow to act, each buſ'neſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with Freedom, and with Care obey;
With Wiſdom fatal to their Intereſt ſtrive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
Such have no place where Prieſts and Women reign,
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looſer Rein.

SONG. To CÆLIA.

1.

I Spend my ſad Life in ſighs, and in cries,
And in ſilent dark Shades mourn the frowns of your Eyes;
Lewd Satyrs and Fawns ſoft pity do ſhow,
And Wolves howl in Conſort to the noiſe of my Woe:
Even Mountains and Groves are kinder than ſhe;
Groans rebound from each Rock, Tears drop from each Tree:
And all things, but *Celia*, ſhew pity, ſhew pity on me.

II.

Come *Calia*, come learn of these Shades to be kind,
Learn to yield when I sigh, Trees bend with the Wind;
When drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
Ah! learn, cruel Maid! when I weep, to repent.
Kind Ivies do ne'er from Embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;
Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.

A SONG.

NO more on my Knees to a Beauty I'll sue,
My Heart that was Captive, shall learn to subdue;
I'll court the fair Idols no more to comply,
Nor from their Refusals conclude I must dye:
Let insipid Lovers their Passion discover,
With Hearts almost drown'd in a Deluge of Woe.
To *Phillis* I'll go, where a whisper or so,
Makes way to the Fountain where Pleasures o'erflow.

II.

There in Love's Garden I'll rifle each Flower,
Contemning young *Cupid*, and scoffing at's Power,
'Till Appetites rais'd; then give o'er to pursue
Those pretty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
At every Motion, or amorous Notion,
The risings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
To an Alcove hard by, where *Jove* cannot spy,
My *Phillis* and I most pleasingly stray.

III.

Where whilst I enfold the soft Dear in my Arms,
I wallow in Joy, 'till dissolv'd by the Charms
Of her soft melting Kisses, I gasp for fresh Breath,
Each minute reviving to die a new Death.
Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss
We consume the swift Minutes of troublesome Life,
'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,
And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.

THE

DUEL

OF THE

STAGS.

A

POEM.

Written by the Honourable

Sir *ROBERT HOWARD.*

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

To His Grace the Duke of *Buckingham.*

My Lord,

I *Should beg your Pardon, could I apprehend it were an Error to present any thing to your Grace which comes from me, to whom I have made so entire a Dedication of my self; but this Advantage appears in all real Esteems and Friendships, they are as much above the Ceremonies of the World, as the usual Practice of it; but your Grace has a farther Title to this, being more yours than Mine; as much as an Image well shap'd and polish'd, is more properly due to him that gave it that Perfection, than to him that first dig'd the Stone out of the Quarry; it was an ill contriv'd House within, full of Entries and unuseful Passages, till your Grace was pleas'd to take them away, and make it Habitable for any Candid Opinion.*

At the same time when your Grace made this your own, you made me more justly yours; 'twas in your Confinement, where after some Concealment of your self, to weigh the Circumstances and Causes of your Persecution, you generously expos'd your self to stand all Hazards and Tryals, from the Assurance of your Courage, and Advice of your Innocence; and as your Grace in your Adversity has found the Advantage of an unshaken Honour, I doubt not but your Prince and Nation will find an equal Benefit in your better Fortunes, by your Counsel and Service, which will always be directed by such a steady Virtue; and may all Advantages that you encrease in, and all the Nation receives by you, be equal'd by nothing but the Content of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Humble

and Faithful Servant,

ROBERT HOWARD.

The DUEL *of the* STAGS.

IN *Windsor* Foreſt, before War deſtroy'd
The harmleſs Pleaſures which ſoft Peace enjoy'd;
A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd:
And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.
Still as he paſſeth by, they all remove,
Proud in Dominion, Prouder in his Love:
[And while with Pride and Appetite he ſwells;]
He courts no choſen Object, but compels:
No Subject his lov'd Miſtreſs dares deny,
But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.

Long had this Prince imperiouſly thus ſway'd,
By no ſet Laws, but by his Will obey'd,
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his Strength, and dare not uſe their own.

One Subject moſt did his ſuſpicion move,
That ſhow'd leaſt Fear, and counterfeited Love;
In the beſt Paſtures by his ſide he fed,
Arm'd with two large Militia's on his Head:
As if he practis'd Majeſty, he walk'd,
And at his Nod, he made not haſte, but ſtalk'd,
By his large ſhade, he ſaw how great he was,
And his vaſt Layers on the bended Graſs.
His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,
And judg'd himſelf as fit for Empire too.
Thus to rebellious Hopes he ſwell'd at length,
Love and Ambition growing with his ſtrength.
This hid Ambition his bold Paſſion ſhows,
And from a Subject to a Rival grows.

Sollicites all his Princes fearful Dames,
And in his sight courts with rebellious Flames.
The Prince sees this with an inflamed Eye,
But Looks are only signs of Majesty:
When once a Prince's Will meets a restraint,
His Power is then esteem'd but his Complaint.
His Head then shakes, at which th' affrighted Herd
Start to each side; his Rival not afear'd,
Stands by his Mistress side, and stirs not thence,
But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.
The Quarrel now to a vast height is grown,
Both urg'd to fight by Passion, and a Throne;
But Love has most excuse; for all, we find,
Have Passions, tho' not Thrones alike assign'd.
The Sovereign Stag shaking his loaded Head,
On which his Sceptres with his Arms were spread,
Wisely by Nature, there together fix'd,
Where with the Title, the Defence was mixt.
The pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
Became at once his Majesty, and Rage:
T' other stands still with as much confidence,
To make his part seem only his defence.
Their heads now meet, and at one blow each strikes
As many strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlers stand,
Which every Year kind Nature does disband.
Wild Beasts sometimes in peace and quiet ate,
But Man no season frees from Love or War.
With equal strength they met, as if two Oaks
Had fell, and mingled with a thousand strokes.
One by Ambition urg'd, t' other Disdain,
One to Preserve, the other fought to Gain:
The Subjects and the Mistresses stood by,
With Love and Duty to crown Victory:
For all Affections wait on prosperous Fame,
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.
While thus with equal Courages they meet,
The wounded Earth yields to their struggling Feet;

And while one ſlides, t' other purſues the Fight,
And thinks that forc'd Retreat looks like a Flight:
But then aſham'd of his Retreat, at length
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his ſtrength.
As even Weights into a motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themſelves up and down;
So ſometimes one, then t' other Stag prevails,
And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.
The Prince aſham'd to be oppos'd ſo long,
With all his ſtrength united ruſhes on;
The Rebel weaker than at firſt appears,
And from his Courage ſinks unto his Fears.
Not able longer to withſtand his might,
From a Retreat at laſt ſteals to a Flight.
The mighty Stag purſues his flying Foe,
Till his own Pride of Conqueſt made him ſlow;
Thought it enough to ſcorn a thing that flies,
And only now purſu'd him with his Eyes.
The Vanquiſh'd as he fled, turn'd back his ſight,
Aſham'd to fly, and yet afraid to fight:
Sometimes his Wounds, as his excuſe ſurvey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back and ſtay'd:
Bluſh'd that his Wounds ſo ſlight ſhould not deny
Strength for a fight, that left him Strength to fly.
Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his Aid,
But Fears more powerful than all thoſe perſuade,
And yet in ſpight of them retains his ſhame,
His cool'd ambition, and his half-quench'd flame.
There's none from their own ſenſe of ſhame can fly,
And dregs of Paſſions dwell with Miſery.
Now to the ſhades he bends his feeble Courſe,
Deſpis'd by thoſe that once admir'd his force:
The Wretch that to a ſcorn'd Condition's thrown,
With the World's Favour, loſes too his own.
While fawning Troops their conquering Prince en-
Now render'd Abſolute by being oppos'd; [clos'd,
Princes by Diſobedience get Command,
And by new quench'd Rebellions firmer ſtand;

Till by the boundleſs Offers of Succeſs,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd happineſs.
The vanquiſh'd Stag to thickeſt Shades repairs,
Where he finds Safety puniſh'd with his Cares;
Thorough the Woods he ruſhes not, but glides,
And from all ſearches but his own he hides;
Aſham'd to live, unwilling yet to loſe
That wretched Life he knew not how to uſe.
In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
Till with his Wounds, his Fears were almoſt heal'd;
His ancient Paſſions now began to move,
He thought again of Empire, and of Love:
Then rouz'd himſelf, and ſtretch'd at his full Length,
Took the large Meaſure of his mighty Strength;
Then ſhook his loaded Head; the ſhadow too
Shook like a Tree, where leaveleſs Branches grew.
Stooping to drink, he ſees it in the ſtreams,
And in the Woods hears claſhing of his Beams;
No accident but does alike proclaim
His growing Strength, and his encreaſing Shame.
Now once again, reſolves to try his Fate,
(For Envy always is importunate;)
And in the Mind perpetually does move,
A fit Companion for unquiet Love.
He thinks upon his mighty Enemy
Circl'd about with Pow'r, and Luxury,
And hop'd his Strength might ſink in his Deſires;
Remembring he had waſted in ſuch Fires.
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wiſht the others fatal Joys his own.
Thus the unquiet Beaſt in ſafety lay,
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey;
Where he alone Commanded, and was Lord
Of every Bounty, Nature did afford,
Choſe Feaſts for every Arbitrary ſenſe,
An Empire in the State of Innocence.
But all the Feaſts, Nature before him plac'd,
Had but faint reliſhes to his loſt Taſte,

Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Feaver ſpent,
Turn Food to the Diſeaſe, not Nouriſhment.
Sometimes he ſtole abroad, and ſhrinking ſtood,
Under the ſhelter of the friendly Wood;
Caſting his envious Eyes towards thoſe Plains
Where with crown'd Joys, his mighty Rival Reigns,
He ſaw th' obeying Herd marching along,
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatneſs by the Throng.
Want takes falſe Meaſures, both of Power and Joys,
And envy'd Greatneſs is but Crowd and Noiſe.
Not able to endure this hated Sight,
Back to the Shades he flies to ſeek out Night.
Like Exiles from their native Soils, though ſent
To better Countreys, think it Baniſhment.
Here he enjoy'd, what t'other could have there,
The Woods as ſhady, and the Streams as clear,
The Paſtures more untainted where he fed,
And every Night, choſe out an unpreſt Bed.
But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was preſt,
And found the greateſt Wearineſs in Reſt;
His dreadful Rival in his ſleep appears,
And in his Dreams again, he fights, and fears:
Shrinks at the ſtroaks of t'other's mighty Head,
Feels every wound, and dreams how faſt he fled.
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes
Salutes the Light, that fleet the *Eaſtern* Skies.
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by fear,
Scarce can believe, no Enemy was near.
But when he ſaw his heedleſs Fears were brought,
Not by a Subſtance, but a drowſie Thought,
His ample ſides he ſhakes, from whence the Dew
In ſcatter'd ſhowers, like driven Tempeſts flew.
At which, through all his Breaſt new boldneſs ſpread,
And with his Courage, rais'd his mighty Head.
Then by his Love inſpir'd, reſolves to try
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.
Every weak Paſſion ſometimes is above
The fear of Death, much more the nobleſt Love.

By Hope 'tis scorn'd, and by Despair 'tis sought,
Pursu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought.
Resolv'd the Paths of danger now to tread,
From his scorn'd shelter, and his fears, he fled.
With a brave haste now seeks a second Fight,
Redeems the base one by a noble flight.
In the mean time, the Conqueror injoy'd
That Power by which he was to be destroy'd.
How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see,
That Fate which waits on Power, and Victory!
Thus he securely Reign'd, when in a Rout,
He saw th' affrighted Herd flying about;
As if some Huntsmen did their Chase pursue,
About themselves in scatter'd Rings they flew.
He like a careful Monarch, rais'd his Head,
To see what Cause that strange disturbance bred.
But when the searcht-out Cause appear'd no more,
Than from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,
A bold Disdain did in his Looks appear,
And shook his awful Head to chide their Fear.
The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
Shrink from the one, and from the other Fly;
They scarce know which they should obey, or trust,
Since Fortune only makes it safe and just.
Yet in despight of all his Pride, he staid,
And this unlookt for Chance with trouble weigh'd.
His Rage, and his Contempt alike, swell'd high,
And only fear'd his Enemy should Fly;
He thought of former Conquest, and from thence
Cozen'd himself into a Confidence.
T'other that saw his Conqueror so near,
Stood still and listned to a whisp'ring fear;
From whence he heard his Conquest, and his shame;
But new-born Hopes his antient Fears o'ercame.
The mighty Enemies now meet at length,
With equal Fury, though not equal Strength;
For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,
That all was wasted in him but his Mind.

His Courage in his Weakneſs yet prevails,
As a bold Pilot ſteers with tatter'd Sails;
And Cordage crackt, directs no ſteddy Courſe,
Carry'd by Reſolution, more than Force.
Before his once ſcorn'd Enemy he reels,
His Wounds encreaſing with his Shame, he feels.
The others ſtrength, more from his weakneſs grows,
And with one furious puſh, his Rival throws.
So a tall Oak, the Pride of all the Wood,
That long th' Aſſault of ſeveral Storms had ſtood;
Till by a mighty Blaſt more pow'rfully puſht,
His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he ruſht.
Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there grew
Once, all his Power, and all his Title too;
Unable now to riſe, and leſs to fight,
He rais'd thoſe Scepters to demand his Right:
But ſuch weak Arguments prevail with none,
To plead their Titles, when their Power is gone.
His Head now ſinks, and with it all defence,
Not only robb'd of Power, but Pretence.
Wounds upon Wounds the Conqueror ſtill gives,
And thinks himſelf unſafe, while t'other lives:
Unhappy State of ſuch as wear a Crown,
Fortune can never lay 'em gently down.
Now to the moſt ſcorn'd Remedy he flys,
And for ſome pity ſeems to move his Eyes;
Pity, by which the beſt of virtue's try'd,
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd.
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay
For all their Greatneſs, by no Common way.
The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
And own his Title to his Victory;
The faith of moſt, with Fortune does decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conſcience but Deſign.
The Victor now, proud in his great Succeſs,
Haſtes to enjoy his fatal Happineſs;
Forgot his mighty Rival was deſtroy'd
By that, which he ſo fondly now enjoy'd.

In Passions thus Nature her self enjoys,
Sometimes preserves, and then again destroys;
Yet all destruction which Revenge can move,
Time or Ambition, is supply'd by Love.

A SONG.

I.

RAnging the Plain one Summer's Night,
To pass a vacant Hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r:
The Nymph, adorn'd with thousand Charms,
In Expectation sate,
To meet those Joys in *Strephon*'s Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.

II.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
Her Breast did gently rise;
That ev'ry Lover might have read
Her Wishes in her Eyes.
At ev'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
She suddenly would start;
A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
A trembling on her Heart.

III.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
Beyond his Hour had stay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore
He would be here by One;
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come

A SONG.

I.

THE Night her blackeſt Sables wore,
And gloomy were the Skies;
And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
Than thoſe in *Stella*'s Eyes:
When at her Father's Gate I knock'd,
Where I had often been;
And ſhrowded only with her Smock,
The fair one let me in.

II.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expreſſing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So great a God was I.
And ſhe tranſported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every Night
She'd riſe and let me in.

IV.

But, oh! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bern,
And ſighing fate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd
Look'd then juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o'er,
Repenting her raſh Sin;
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour
That e'er ſhe let me in.

V.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e'er she let me in.

A SONG, *on the Devil's Arse of the Peak.*

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

Cook-Lawrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And bad him once into the Peak to Dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
Provided him yet, at the Charge of a Sinner.

II.

His Stomach was queasie for coming there Coach'd;
The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise;
To help it, he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

III.

And so recover'd unto his Wish,
He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promoter in Plum-broth was the first Dish,
His own privy Kitchen had no such Meat.

IV.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher
As soon he spy'd the Bawd, and Bacon,
By which you may Note the Devil's a Wencher.

V.

Six pickl'd Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tyrewomen, fit for his Palat;
With Feathermen, and Perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.

VI.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyer's Head and Green-sawce;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never seen Sawce.

VII.

Then Carbonadoed, and Cook'd with Pains,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeant's Face;
The Sawce was made of his Yeoman's Brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

VIII.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board;
(The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fur'd,
Their Chains like Sawsages hung about 'em.

IX.

The very next Dish, was the Mayor of a Town,
With a Pudding of maintenance thrust in his Belly;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his Couple of Hinch-boys boil'd to a Jelly.

X.

A *London* Cuckold, hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit, [him.
But the Horns were very near like to have choak'd

XI.

The Chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick;
A Pander's Pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

XII.

A large fat Pastry of a Mid-wife hot;
And for a cold bak'd Meat into the Story,

A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in Cruſt, till now ſhe was hoary.

XIII.

To theſe, an over grown Juſtice of Peace,
With a Clerk like a Gizzard thruſt under each Arm;
And Warrants for Sippets, laid in his own Greaſe,
Set o'er a Chaffing-diſh to be kept warm.

XIV.

The Joul of a Jaylor, ſerv'd for a Fiſh,
A Conſtable ſous'd with Vinegar by;
Two Aldermen Lobſters aſleep in a Diſh,
A Deputy Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

XV.

All which devour'd; he then for a Cloſe,
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge Veſſel up to his Noſe,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

XVI.

Then from the Table he gave a ſtart,
Where Banquet and Wine were nothing ſcarce,
All which he ſlirted away with a Fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arſe.

XVII.

And there he made ſuch a Breach with the Wind,
The hole too ſtanding open the while,
That the ſcent of the Vapour, before, and behind,
Hath foully perfumed moſt part of the Iſle.

XVIII.

And this was Tobacco, the learned ſuppoſe;
Which ſince in Country, Court and Town,
In the Devils Gliſter-pipe ſmoaks at the Noſe
Of Pollcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

XIX.

From which wicked Weed, with Swines-fleſh, and Ling,
Or any thing elſe that's Feaſt for the Fiend:
Our Captain and we cry, God ſave the King,
And ſend him good Meat, and Mirth without end.

SONG,

SONG. *To* CELIA.

By *Ben. Johnson.*

DRink to me, only with thine Eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a Kiss but in the Cup,
And I'll not look for Wine.
The Thirst, that from the Soul doth rise,
Doth ask a Drink divine:
But might I of *Jove's Nectar* sip,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee, late, a rosie Wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of it self, but thee.

To HEAVEN.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

GOod, and great *God*, can I not think of thee,
But it must, straight, my Melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me Disease,
That, laden with my Sins, I seek for Ease?
O, be thou Witness, that the Reins dost know,
And Hearts of all, if I be sad for Show:
And judge me after: If I dare pretend
To ought but Grace, or aim at other End.
As thou art All, so be thou All to me,
First, midst, and last, converted one, and three;

My Faith, my Hope, my Love: And in this State,
My Judge, my Witnefs, and my Advocate.
Where have I been this while exil'd from thee?
And whither rapt, now thou but ftoop'ft to me?
Dwell, dwell here ftill: O, Being every-where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my State, both full of Shame and Scorn,
Conceiv'd in Sin, and unto Labour born,
Standing with Fear, and muft with Horror fall,
And deftin'd unto Judgment, after all.
I feel my Griefs too, and there fcarce is Ground
Upon my Flefh t'inflict another Wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wifh for Death
With holy *Paul*, left it be thought the Breath
Of Difcontent; or that thefe Prayers be
For wearinefs of Life, not love of thee.

An E L E G Y.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

TO make the Doubt clear, that no Woman's true,
Was it my Fate to prove it full in you?
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Air,
And muft fhe needs be falfe, becaufe fhe's Fair?
Is it your Beauty's Mark, or of your Youth,
Or your Perfection, not to ftudy Truth;
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no Eyes?
Or thofe it has, wink at your Perjuries?
Are Vows fo cheap with Women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in Water,
And blown away with Wind? or doth their Breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat Life and Death?
Who could have thought fo many Accents fweet
Turn'd to our Words, fo many Sighs fhould meet
Blown from our Hearts, fo many Oaths and Tears
Sprinkled among? all fweeter by our Fears,

And the divine Impreſſion of ſtol'n Kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, could now prove empty Bliſſes?
Did you draw Bonds to forfeit? ſign to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the Truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, would with you juſt?
O, I profane! Though moſt of Women be
The common Monſter, Love, ſhall except thee,
My deareſt Love, however Jealouſie
With Circumſtance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the Sun would ceaſe to chear
The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that Rivers would run back, or *Thames*
With Ribs of Ice in *June* would bind his Streams:
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the World endures,
Would change her Courſe, before you alter yours.
But, O that treacherous Breaſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our Counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his Fallhood found too late! 'twas he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me.
Whilſt he, black Wretch, betray'd each ſimple Word
We ſpake unto the coming of a third!
Curſt may he be that ſo our Love hath ſlain,
And wander wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*:
Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pity:
In plaguing him, let Miſery be witty.
Let all Eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each Eye,
Till he be noiſom as his Infamy:
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his Soul's price:
And after all ſelf-torment, when he dies,
May Wolves tear out his Heart, Vultures his Eyes,
Swine eat his Bowels, and his falſer Tongue,
That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven ſung:
And let his Carrion Coarſe be a longer Feaſt
To the King's Dogs, than any other Beaſt.
Now I have curſt, let us our Love revive;
In me the Flame was never more alive.

I could begin again to court and praiſe,
And in that Pleaſure lengthen the ſhort days
Of my Life's Leaſe; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made Works, but whilſt they make.
I could renew thoſe Times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your Eyes, that gave my Tongue the Law
To like what you lik'd, and at Masks, or Plays,
Commend the ſelf-ſame Actors, the ſame Ways,
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were ſuch loſt Paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtly catch'd as a Diſeaſe.
But, being got, it is a Treaſure ſweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;
And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by Chance, 'tis kept by Art.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod fœlix fauſtumque Convivis in Apolline *ſit.*

By BEN. JOHNSON.

1 *NEmo Aſymbolus, niſi Umbra, huc venito.*
2 *Idiota, Inſulſus, Triſtis, Turpis, abeſto.*
3 *Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honeſti, adſciſcuntor.*
4 *Nec lectæ Fœminæ repudiantor.*
5 *In Apparatu quod Convivis corruget Nares nil eſto.*
6 *Epulæ delectu potius quam ſumptu parentur.*
7 *Obſonator & coquus convivarum Gulæ periti ſunto.*
8 *De Diſcubitu non contenditor.*
9 *Miniſtri, à Dapibus oculati & muti,*
A Poculis auriti & celeres ſunto.
10 *Vina puris fontibus miniſtrentur, aut vapulet Hoſpes.*
11 *Moderatis poculis provocare ſodales fas eſto.*
12 *At Fabulis magis quam Vino velitatio fiat.*

13 *Convivæ nec muti nec loquaces sunto.*
14 *De seriis ac sacris Poti & Saturi ne differunto.*
15 *Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito.*
16 *Admisso Risu, Tripudiis, Choreis, Cantu, Salibus, Omni Gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantor.*
17 *Joci sine felle sunto.*
18 *Insipida poemata nulla recitantor.*
19 *Versus scribere nullus cogitor.*
20 *Argumentationis totus Strepitus abesto.*
21 *Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber Angulus esto.*
22 *Lapitharum more Scyphis pugnare, Vitrea collidere, Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare, nefas esto.*
23 *Qui foràs vel dicta vel facta Eliminat, Eliminator.*
24 *Neminem reum Pocula faciunto.*
Focus perennis esto.

RULES *for the Tavern Academy*, &c.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

1 AS the Fund of our Pleasure, let each pay his shot,
Except some chance Friend whom a Member brings in.
2 Far hence be the *Sad*, the *Lewd Fop* and the *Sot*,
For such have the Plagues of good Company been.

II.

3 Let the *Learned* and *Witty*, the *Jovial* and *Gay*,
The *Generous* and *Honest* Compose our free State;
4 *And the more to exalt our Delight whilst we stay*,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice Female Mate.

III.

5 Let no Scent offensive the Chamber infest.
6 Let Fancy, not Cost, prepare all our Dishes.
7 Let the Caterer mind the taste of each Guest,
And the Cook in his Dressing comply with their Wishes.

IV.

8 Let's have no disturbance about taking Places,
To shew your nice Breeding, or out of vain Pride.
9 Let the Drawers be ready with Wine and fresh Glasses; [must be ty'd.
Let the Waiters have Eyes, tho' their Tongues

V.

10 Let ourWines without mixture,or Stum, be all fine,
Or call up the Master, and break his dull Noddle.
11 Let no sober Bigot here think it a Sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate Bottle.

VI.

12 Let the Contests be rather of Books than of Wine.
13 Let the Company be neither noisie nor mute.
14 Let none of things Serious, much less of Divine,
When Belly and Head's full, prophanely dispute.

VII.

15 Let no sawcy Fidler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for *to vary our Bliss*.
16 With *Mirth*, *Wit*, and *Dancing* and *Singing* conclude,
To regale ev'ry Sense, with Delight in excess.

VIII.

17 Let Raillery be without Malice or Heat.
18 Dull Poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no Poetaster command or intreat
Another Extempore Verses to make.

IX.

20 Let Argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor Jars interpose sacred Friendship to grieve.
21 For Generous Lovers let a Corner be found,
Where they in softSighs may their Passions relieve.

X.

22 Like the old Lapithites, with the Goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst Offences unpardon'd will rank;
Or breaking of Windows, or Glasses for spight,
And spoiling the Goods for a Rakehelly Prank.

XI.

23 Whoever ſhall publiſh what's ſaid or what's done,
Be he baniſh'd for ever our Aſſembly Divine.
24 Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good Wine.

Over the Door at the Entrance into the APOLLO.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

WElcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo*-----
Here he ſpeaks out of his Pottle,
Or the Tripos, his Tower Bottle:
All his Anſwers are Divine,
Truth it ſelf doth flow in Wine.
Hang up all the poor Hop-Drinkers,
Cries *Old Sym* the King of Skinkers;
He the half of Life abuſes,
That ſits watering with the Muſes.
Thoſe dull Girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of *Venus*,
And the Poet's Horſe accounted:
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true *Phœbeian* Liquor,
Chears the Brains, makes Wit the quicker.
Pays all Debts, cures all Diſeaſes,
And at once three Senſes pleaſes.
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo*.

Her Man deſcribed by her own Dictamen.

By Ben. Johnſon.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to eaſe me,
I will tell what Man would pleaſe me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confeſs, do take me;
And a Woman God did make me:
French to boot, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his Manners of that Nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a Man; with criſped Hair,
Caſt in thouſand Snares and Rings,
For *Love*'s Fingers, and his Wings:
Cheſnut Colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a Ground of Black.
Venus and *Minerva*'s Eyes,
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.
Eye-brows bent, like *Cupid*'s Bow,
Front, an ample Field of Snow;
Even Noſe and Cheek (withal)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
Chin as woolly as the Peach;
And his Lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much Beard,
And make *Love* or me afeard.
He would have a Hand as ſoft
As the Down, and ſhew it oft;
Skin as ſmooth as any Ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a Bluſh
Riſing through it, e'er it came;
All his Blood ſhould be a Flame,
Quickly fir'd, as in Beginners
In Love's School, and yet no Sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all,
What we Harmony do call,
In a body should be there.
Well he should his Cloths to wear;
Yet no Taylor help to make him,
Dreſt, you still for Man should take him,
And not think h'had eat a Stake,
Or were set up in a Brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing Danger more than Ire.
Bounteous as the Clouds to Earth,
And as honeſt as his Birth.
All his Actions to be such,
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o'er-praiſe, nor yet condemn;
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do Wrongs, nor Wrongs receive;
Nor tie Knots, nor Knots unweave;
And from Baſeneſs to be free,
As he durſt love Truth and me.
Such a Man, with every part,
I could give my very Heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

A NYMPH's Paſſion.

By Ben. Jonſon.

I.

I Love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who,
For if the Nymphs should know my Swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The Pleaſure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow Joy is but our own.

II.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a Plague 'bove Scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unleſs my Heart would as my Thought be torn.

III.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And freſh and fragrant too,
As Summers Sky, or purged Air,
And looks as Lillies do,
That are this Morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be ſhown.

IV.

But he hath Eyes ſo round, and bright,
As make away my Doubt,
Where Love may all his Torches light,
Though Hate had put them out:
But then t'increaſe my Fears,
What Nymph ſoe'er his Voice but hears,
Will be my Rival, though ſhe have but Ears.

V.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either Heart, I know;
But ſo exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a Fame:
If Love, or Fear, would let me tell his Name.

An ECLOGUE *on the Death of* BEN. JOHNSON, *between* Meliboeus *and* Hylas.

Written by the Earl of Falkland.

MELIBOEUS.

Hylas, the clear Day boasts a glorious Sun,
Our Troop is ready, and our Time is come:
That Fox who hath so long our Lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous Rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not far from hence, old *Ægon*'s Son,
Rough *Corilas*, and lusty *Corydon*,
In part the Sport, in part Revenge desire,
And both thy Tarrier and thy Aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we staid,
The Prey-devourer had our Prey been made.

HYLAS.

Oh! *Melibœus* now I list not hunt,
Nor have that Vigour as before I wont;
My Presence will afford them no Relief,
That Beast I strive to chase is only Grief.

MELIBOEUS.

What mean thy folded Arms, thy down-cast Eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and Sighs which rise?
What mean thy Words which so distracted fall,
As all thy Joys had now one Funeral?
Cause for such Grief, can our Retirements yield?
That follows Courts, but stoops not to the Field.
Hath thy stern Step-Dame to thy Sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish conceal'd?
Part of thy Herd hath some close Thief convey'd
From open Pastures to a darker Shade?
Part of thy Flock hath some fierce Torrent drown'd?
Thy Harvest fail'd? or *Amaryllis* frown'd?

HYLAS.

Nor Love, nor Anger, Accident nor Thief,
Hath rais'd the Waves of my unbounded Grief:

To cure this Cauſe, I would provoke the Ire
Of my fierce Step-Dame or ſeverer Sire;
Give all my Herds, Fields, Flocks, and all the Grace
That ever ſhone in *Amaryllis* Face.
Alas, that Bard, that glorious Bard is dead,
Who when I whilome Cities viſited, [Days,
Hath made them ſeem but Hours which were full
Whilſt he vouchſaf'd me his harmonious Lays:
And when he liv'd, I thought the Country then
A Torture, and no Manſion, but a Den.

MELIBOEUS.

JOHNSON you mean, unleſs I much do err,
I know the Perſon by the Character.

HYLAS.

You gueſs aright, it is too truly ſo,
From no leſs Spring could all theſe Rivers flow.

MELIBOEUS.

Ah *Hylas*! then thy Grief I cannot call
A Paſſion, when the Ground is rational.
I now excuſe thy Tears and Sighs, though thoſe
To Deluges, and theſe to Tempeſts roſe:
Her great Inſtructer gone, I know the Age
No leſs laments than doth the widow'd Stage.
And onely Vice and Folly now are glad,
Our Gods are troubled, and our Prince is ſad:
He chiefly who beſtows Light, Health and Art,
Feels this ſharp Grief pierce his immortal Heart,
He his neglected Lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger nobler *Helicon*,
To find his Herbs, which to his Wiſh prevail
For the leſs lov'd, ſhould his own Favourite fail:
So moan'd himſelf when *Daphne* he ador'd,
That Arts relieving all, ſhould fail their Lord.

HYLAS. [ſprings,

But ſay, from whence in thee this Knowledge
Of what his Favour was with Gods and Kings.

MELIBOEUS. [Towns

Dorus, who long had known Books, Men and
At laſt the honour of our Woods and Downs,

Had often heard his Songs, was often fir'd
With their inchanting Power, e'er he retir'd,
And e'er himſelf to our ſtill Groves he brought
To meditate on what his Muſe had taught:
Here all his Joy was to revolve alone,
All that her Muſick to his Soul had ſhown,
Or in all Meetings to divert the ſtream
Of our Diſcourſe; and make his Friend his Theam,
And praiſing Works which that rare Loom hath
Impart that Pleaſure which he had receiv'd. [weav'd,
So in ſweet Notes (which did all Tunes excel,
But what he prais'd) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare Pen, what was the uſe and price,
The Bays of Virtue and the Scourge of Vice:
How the rich Ignorant he valued leaſt,
Nor for the Trappings would eſteem the Beaſt:
But did our Youth to noble Actions raiſe,
Hoping the meed of his immortal Praiſe:
How bright and ſoon his Muſes Morning ſhone,
Her Noon how laſting, and her Evening none:
How Speech exceeds not Dumbneſs, nor Verſe Proſe,
More than his Verſe the low rough Rhimes of thoſe,
(For ſuch his ſeen, they ſeem'd,) who higheſt rear'd,
Poſſeſt *Parnaſſus* e'er his Power appear'd:
Nor ſhall another Pen his Fame diſſolve,
'Till we this doubtful Problem can reſolve,
Which in his Works we moſt tranſcendent ſee,
Wit, Judgment, Learning, Art, or Induſtry,
Which 'Till is Never, ſo all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal Torrent grow:
His Learning ſuch, no Author old nor new,
Eſcap'd his reading that deſerv'd his view,
And ſuch his Judgment, ſo exact his Teſt,
Of what was beſt in Books, as what Books beſt,
That had he join'd thoſe Notes his Labours took,
From each moſt prais'd and praiſe-deſerving Book,
And could the World of that choice Treaſure boaſt,
It need not care though all the reſt were loſt:

And such his Wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his Productions far exceed his Notes:
So in his Works where ought inserted grows,
The noblest of the Plants engrafted shows,
That his adopted Children equal not
The generous Issue his own Brain begot:
So great his Art, that much which he did write,
Gave the Wise Wonder, and the Crowd Delight,
Each Sort as well as Sex admir'd his Wit,
The Hees and Shees, the Boxes, and the Pit;
And who less lik'd within, did rather chuse
To tax their Judgments than suspect his Muse.
How no Spectator his chaste Stage could call
The cause of any Crime of his, but all
With Thoughts and Wills purg'd and amended rise,
From th' Ethick-Lectures of his Comedies,
Where the Spectators act, and the sham'd Age
Blusheth to meet her Follies on the Stage;
Where each Man finds some Light he never sought,
And leaves behind some Vanity he brought,
Whose Politicks no less the Minds direct,
Than these the Manners, nor with less Effect,
When his Majestick Tragedies relate
All the Disorders of a tottering State,
All the Distempers which on Kingdoms fall,
When Ease, and Wealth, and Vice are general,
And yet the Minds against all Fear assure,
And telling the Disease, prescribe the Cure:
Where, as he tells what subtle Ways, what Friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wisht-for Ends)
Ambitious and luxurious Persons prove,
Whom vast Desires, or mighty Wants do move,
The general Frame to sap and undermine,
In proud *Sejanus*, and bold *Catiline*;
So in his vigilant Prince and Consuls parts,
He shews the wiser and the nobler Arts,
By which a State may be unhurt, upheld,
And all those Works destroy'd, which Hell would build.

Who (not like those who with small Praise had writ,
Had they not call'd in Judgment to their Wit)
Us'd not a tutoring Hand his to direct,
But was sole Workman and sole Architect:
And sure by what my Friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own Part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy Fields hold not a happier Ghost.

HYLAS.

Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear Youth)
Where most he past Belief, fell short of Truth:
Say on, what more he said, this gives Relief,
And though it raise my Cause, it bates my Grief,
Since Fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
I joy to hear him by thy Friend reviv'd.

MELIBOEUS.

More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
His smoother Words with my unpolish'd Stile)
And having told what Pitch his Worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what Reward it gain'd:
How in an ignorant, and learn'd Age he sway'd,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)
How he, when he could know it, reap'd his Fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his Name:
To him how daily flockt, what reverence gave,
All that had Wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his Ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aim'd at Glory from so great a Foe:
How the Wise too, did with meer Wits agree,
As *Pembroke*, *Portland*, and grave *Aubigny*;
Nor thought the rigid'st Senator a shame,
To contribute to so deserv'd a Fame:
How great *Eliza*, the Retreat of those,
Who weak and injur'd her Protection chose,
Her Subjects Joy, the Strength of her Allies,
The Fear and Wonder of her Enemies,

With her judicious Favours did infuſe
Courage and Strength into his younger Muſe:
How learned *James*, whoſe Praiſe no end ſhall find,
(But ſtill enjoy a Fame pure like his Mind)
Who favour'd Quiet, and the Arts of Peace,
(Which in his Halcyon Days found large encreaſe)
Friend to the humbleſt if deſerving Swain,
Who was himſelf a part of *Phœbus* Train,
Declar'd great *Johnſon* worthieſt to receive
The Garland which the Muſes Hands did weave;
And though his Bounty did ſuſtain his Days,
Gave a more welcome Penſion in his Praiſe:
How mighty *Charles* amidſt that weighty Care,
In which three Kingdoms as their Bleſſing ſhare,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful Eyes,
That neither Power may force, nor Art ſurprize,
So bounded by no Shore, graſps all the Main,
And far as *Neptune* claims, extends his reign,
Found ſtill ſome time to hear and to admire,
The happy Sounds of his harmonious Lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted Throne,
And to his Muſes Feet combin'd his own: *In his*
As did his Queen, whoſe Perſon ſo diſclos'd *Masks.*
A brighter Nymph than any Part impos'd,
When ſhe did join, by an harmonious Choice,
Her graceful Motions to his powerful Voice:
How above all the reſt was *Phœbus* fir'd
With love of Arts, which he himſelf inſpir'd,
Nor oftner by his Light our Senſe was chear'd,
Than he in Perſon to his ſight appear'd,
Nor did he write a Line, but to ſupply
With ſacred Flame the radiant God was by.

HYLAS.

Though none I ever heard this laſt rehearſe,
I ſaw as much when I did ſee his Verſe.

MELIBOEUS.

Since he, when living could ſuch Honours have,
What now will Piety pay to his Grave?

Shall of the rich (whose Lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserv'd a Grave, much less a Pile)
The Monuments possess an ample Room,
And such a Wonder lye without a Tomb?
Raise thou him one in Verse, and there relate
His *Worth*, thy *Grief*, and our deplored State,
His great *Perfections*, our great Loss recite,
And let them meerly weep who cannot write.

HYLAS.

I like thy Saying, but oppose thy Choice,
So great a Task as this requires a Voice
Which must be heard, and listned to, by all,
And Fame's own Trumpet but appears too small:
Then for my slender Reed to sound his Name,
Would more my Folly than his Praise proclaim;
And when you wish my Weakness sing his Worth,
You charge a Mouse to bring a Mountain forth:
I am by Nature form'd, by Woes made Dull,
My Head is emptier than my Heart is full;
Grief doth my Brain impair, as Tears supply,
Which makes my Face so moist, my Pen so dry:
Nor should this Work proceed from Woods and Downs,
But from the Academies, Courts, and Towns;
Let *Digby*, *Carew*, *Killigrew*, and *Maine*,
Godolphin, *Waller*, that inspired Train,
Or whose rare Pen beside deserves the Grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring Place,
Answer thy Wish, for none so fit appears
To raise his Tomb, as who are left his Heirs:
Yet for this Cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his Works, he built his Monument.

MELIBOEUS.

If to obey in this, thy Pen be loth,
It will not seem thy Weakness, but thy Sloth:
Our Towns prest by our Foes invading Might,
Our ancient *Druids* and young Virgins fight,
Employing feeble Limbs to the best use;
So *Johnson* dead, no Pen should plead excuse:

For Elegies, howl all who cannot ſing,
For Tombs bring Turf, who cannot Marble bring,
Let all their Forces mix, join Verſe to Rime,
To ſave his Fame from that Invader, Time;
Whoſe Power, though his alone may well reſtrain,
Yet to ſo wiſht an end, no Care is vain;
And Time, like what our Brooks act in our Sight,
Oft ſinks the Weighty, and upholds the Light:
Beſides, to this, thy Pains I ſtrive to move
Leſs to expreſs his Glory than thy Love:
Not long before his Death, our Woods he meant
To viſit, and deſcend from *Thames* to *Trent*,
Meet with thy Elegy his Paſtoral,
And riſe as much as he vouchſaf'd to fall:
Suppoſe it chance no other Pen do join
In this Attempt, and the whole work be thine.
When the fierce fire the raſh Boy kindled, raign'd,
The whole World ſuffer'd; Earth alone complain'd:
Suppoſe that many more intend the ſame,
More taught by Art, and better known to Fame,
To that great Deluge which ſo far deſtroy'd, [ploy'd;
The Earth her Springs, as Heav'n his Show'rs em-
So may, who higheſt Marks of Honour wears,
Admit mean Partners in this Flood of Tears:
So oft the humbleſt join with loftieſt Things,
Nor only Princes weep the fate of Kings.

HYLAS.

I yield, I yield, thy Words my Thoughts have [fir'd,
And I am leſs perſwaded than inſpir'd;
Speech ſhall give Sorrow vent, and that Relief,
The Woods ſhall Eccho all the City's Grief:
I oft have Verſe on meaner Subjects made,
Should I give Preſents and leave Debts unpaid?
Want of Invention here is no Excuſe,
My Matter I ſhall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in Crowds) I only doubt,
So much would paſs, that nothing will get out,
Elſe in this Work which now my Thoughts intend
I ſhall find nothing hard, but how to end:

I then but ask fit Time to ſmooth my Lays,
(And imitate in this the Pen I praiſe)
Which by the Subject's Power embalm'd, may laſt,
Whilſt the Sun Light, the Earth doth Shadows caſt,
And feather'd by thoſe Wings fly among Men,
Far as the Fame of Poetry and BEN.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

By Mr. Henry King.

I See that Wreath which doth the Wearer arm
'Gainſt the quick ſtroaks of Thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale Dart: For (*Johnſon*) then
Thou hadſt been number'd ſtill with living Men:
Time's Sythe had fear'd thy Lawrel to invade,
Nor thee this Subject of our Sorrow made.
Amongſt thoſe many Votaries that come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tomb,
Whilſt ſome more lofty Pens in their bright Verſe,
(Like glorious Tapers flaming on thy Herſe)
Shall light the dull and thankleſs World to ſee,
How great a maim it ſuffers, (wanting thee;)
Let not thy learned Shadow ſcorn, that I
Pay meaner Rites unto thy Memory:
And ſince I nought can add but in deſire,
Reſtore ſome ſparks which leapt from thine own fire.
What Ends ſoever other Quills invite,
I can proteſt, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain Ambition to be read,
But meerly Love and Juſtice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameleſs Muſe; and caus'd her bring
Theſe Drops, as Tribute thrown into that Spring,
To whoſe moſt rich and fruitful Head we owe
The pureſt ſtreams of Language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; Thou taught'ſt the ruder Age,
To ſpeak by Grammar; and reform'dſt the Stage:

Thy Comick Sock induc'd such purged Sense,
A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring Wits that did dilate
Our *English*, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thy self was one
Helpt lift it up to such proportion,
That thus refin'd and roab'd it shall not spare
With the full *Greek* or *Latin* to compare.
For what Tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great *Tully*'s Eloquence, or *Homer*'s State?
Both which in their unblemish'd Lustre shine,
From *Chapman*'s Pen, and from thy *Catiline*.

All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy successful Toyl, and Times expence
Is only this poor boon: That those who can
Perhaps read *French*, or talk *Italian*,
Or do the lofty *Spaniard* affect,
(To shew their Skill in foreign Dialect)
Prove not themselves so unnat'rally wise
They therefore should their Mother-tongue despise:
(As if her Poets both for Stile and Wit,
Not equal'd, or not pass'd their best that Writ)
Until by studying *Johnson* they have known
The Heighth, and Strength, and Plenty of their own.
Thus in what low Earth, or neglected Room,
So e'er thou sleep'st, thy Book shall be thy Tomb,
Thou wilt go down a happy Coarse, bestrew'd
With thine own Flowers, and feel thy self renew'd,
Whilst thy immortal, never with'ring Bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy Reader's Praise.
And when more spreading Titles are forgot,
Or, spight of all their Lead and Sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own Sheets wilt lye
A Relick fam'd by all Posterity.

To the Memory of BEN. JOHNSON.

By Mr. Jaſper Mayne.

AS when the Veſtal Hearth went out, no fire
Leſs Holy than the flame that did expire
Could kindle it again: So at thy fall
Our Wit, great *Ben*, is too Apocryphal
To celebrate the Loſs, ſince 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be ſuch.
What thou wert, like th' hard Oracles of old,
Without an Ecſtaſie cannot be told.
We muſt be raviſh'd firſt, thou muſt infuſe
Thy ſelf into us both the Theam and Muſe.
Elſe, (though we all conſpir'd to make thy Herſe
Our Works) ſo that 't had been but one great Verſe,
Though the Prieſt had tranſlated for that time
The Liturgy, and bury'd thee in Rhime,
So that in Meeter we had heard it ſaid,
Poetick Duſt is to Poetick laid:
And though that Duſt being *Shakeſpear*'s thou might'ſt have
Not his Room, but the Poet for thy Grave;
So that, as thou didſt Prince of Numbers die
And live, ſo now thou might'ſt in Numbers lye,
'Twere frail Solemnity; Verſes on thee
And not like thine, would but kind Libels be;
And we, (not ſpeaking thy whole Worth) ſhould raiſe
Worſe blots, than they that envied thy Praiſe.
Indeed, thou need'ſt us not, ſince above all
Invention, thou wert thine own Funeral.
Hereafter, when Time hath fed on thy Tomb,
Th' Inſcription worn out, and the Marble dumb;
So that 'twould poſe a Critick to reſtore
Half Words, and Words expir'd ſo long before.
When thy maim'd Statue hath a ſentenc'd Face,
And Looks that are the horror of the Place,

That 'twill be Learning, and Antiquity,
And ask a *Selden* to say, This was thee, [fear
Thou'lt have a whole Name still, nor need'st thou
That will be ruin'd, or lose Nose, or Hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no Posterity [then
Can add to thy Works; th' had their whole growth
When first Born, and came aged from thy Pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives but the Reverence.
When th'art of *Homer*'s Years, no Man will say
Thy Poems are less worthy, but more gray:
'Tis Bastard-Poetry, and o'th' false Blood
Which can't without Succession be good.
Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things eternal; th'at once perfect be.
Scorn then their Censures, who gave't out, thy Wit
As long upon a Comedy did sit
As Elephants bring forth; and that thy Blots
And Mendings took more time than Fortune Plots:
That such thy Drought was, and so great thy Thirst,
That all thy Plays were drawn at th' *Mermaid* first:
That the King's yearly Butt wrote, and his Wine
Hath more right than thou to thy *Catiline*.
Let such Men keep a Diet, let their Wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a Fit.
When they've felt Tortures which out-pain the Gout,
Such, as with less, the State draws Treason out;
Though they should the length of Consumptions lye
Sick of their Verse, and of their Poem dye,
'Twould not be thy worst Scene, but would at last
Confirm their Boastings, and shew made in haste.
He that writes well, writes quick, since the Rule's true,
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
So when thy *Fox* had ten times acted been,
Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen.
And so thy *Alchymist* plaid o'er and o'er,
Was new o'th' Stage when 'twas not at the Door.

We, like the Actors did repeat, the Pit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy Wit:
Which was cast in those Forms, such Rules, such Arts,
That but to some not half thy Acts were Parts:
Since of some silken Judgments we may say,
They fill'd a Box two Hours, but saw no Play.
So that th' unlearned lost their Mony, and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
Thy Scene was free from Monsters, no hard Plot
Call'd down a God t'unty th'unlikely Knot.
The Stage was still a Stage, two Entrances
Were not two Parts o'th' World, disjoin'd by Seas.
Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
To swim a whole Scene out, then o'th' Stage drown'd;
Pitch'd Fields, as red Bull Wars, still felt thy Doom,
Thou laid'st no Sieges to the Musick-Room;
Nor would'st allow to thy best Comedies
Humours that should above the People rise:
Yet was thy Language and thy Stile so high,
Thy Sock to th' ancle, Buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both so chast, so 'bove Dramatick clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy Scene.
No foul loose Line did prostitute thy Wit,
Thou wrot'st thy Comedies, didst not commit.
We did the Vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made Judges, not bad Parts by th' Ear.
For thou ev'n Sin didst in such words array,
That some who came bad Parts, went out good Play.
Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the Age
Still acted, which grew Innocent from th' Stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some Sharpness, but thy Salt
Serv'd but with Pleasure to reform the Fault.
Men were laugh'd into Virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy Sting not Blood, but Humors draw,
So much doth Satyr more correct than Law;
Which was not Nature in thee, as some call
Thy Teeth, who say thy Wit lay in thy Gall.

That thou didſt quarrel firſt, and then, in ſpight,
Didſt 'gainſt a Perſon of ſuch Vices write:
That 'twas Revenge, not Truth; that on the Stage
Carlo was not preſented, but thy Rage:
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy Meat took Notes, and thy Diſcourſe was Net.
We know thy free Vein had this Innocence,
To ſpare the Party, and to brand th' Offence.
And the juſt Indignation thou wert in
Did not expoſe *Shift*, but his Tricks and Ginn.
Thou mightſt have us'd th' old Comick freedom, theſe
Might have ſeen themſelves plaid, like *Socrates*.
Like *Cleon*, *Mammon* might the Knight have been,
If, as *Greek* Authors, thou hadſt turn'd *Greek* ſpleen;
And hadſt not choſen rather to tranſlate
Their *Learning* into *Engliſh*, not their hate:
Indeed this laſt, if thou hadſt been bereft
Of thy Humanity, might be call'd Theft.
The other was not; whatſoe'er was ſtrange
Or borrow'd in thee did grow thine by th' change.
Who without *Latin* helps hadſt been as rare
As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shakeſpear* were:
And like them, from thy native Stock couldſt ſay,
Poets and Kings are not born every Day.

In Memory of the moſt Worthy BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

By Mr. W. CARTWRIGHT.

FAther of Poets, though thine own great Day
Struck from thy ſelf, ſcorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in luſtre with it: Yet my Flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy Name.
For in the Acclamation of the leſs
There's Piety, though from it no acceſs.

And

And though my ruder Thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose:
Yet, where the Lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some, that draws the Veil between.
And what can more be hop'd, since that Divine
Free filling Spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have Fury, but no Raptures now;
Like Witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how.
And through Distemper, grown not strong but fierce;
Instead of writing, only rave in Verse:
Which when by thy Laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd,
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.
Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew Man unto Man,
That each one finds his Twin, and thinks thy Art
Extends not to the Gestures, but the Heart?
Where one so shewing Life to Life, that we
Think thou taught'st Custom, and not Custom thee?
Manners, that were Themes to thy Scenes, still flow
In the same Stream, and are their Comments now:
These Times thus living o'er thy Models, we
Think them not so much Wit, as Prophesie:
And tho' we know the Character, may swear
A *Sibyl*'s Finger hath been busie there. [known
Things common thou speak'st proper, which tho'
For Publick, stampt by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy Thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not Discourse, but see
Language so master'd, that thy numerous Feet,
Laden with genuine Words, do always meet
Each in his Art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the Poet, like the Wiseman, all:
Thine equal Skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy Pen seem not so much to write as Trade.
That Life, that *Venus* of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd Decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the Soul, is wholly every where.

No ſtrange perplexed Maze doth paſs for Plot,
Thou always doſt untie, not cut the Knot.
Thy Lab'rinths Doors are open'd by one Thread,
That ties, and runs through all that's done or ſaid.
No Power comes down with learned Hat and Rod,
Wit only, and Contrivance is thy God.

'Tis eaſie to gild Gold: There's ſmall Skill ſpent
Where ev'n the firſt rude Maſs is Ornament:
Thy Muſe took harder Metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat and toyl'd,
Sifted the Droſs, fil'd roughneſs, then grave dreſs,
Vexing rude Subjects into Comelineſs.
Be it thy Glory then, that we may ſay,
Thou run'ſt where th' Foot was hindred by the way.

Nor doſt thou pour out, but diſpence thy Vein,
Skill'd when to ſpare, and when to entertain:
Not like our Wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can ſay, and their Friends too,
Pumping themſelves, for one Terms noiſe, ſo dry,
As if they made their Wills in Poetry.
And ſuch ſpruce Compoſitions preſs the Stage,
When Men tranſcribe themſelves, and not the Age.
Both ſorts of Plays are thus like Pictures ſhown,
Thine of the common Life, theirs of their own.

Thy Models yet are not ſo fram'd, as we
May call them Libels, and not Imag'ry:
No name on any Baſis: 'tis thy Skill
To ſtrike the Vice, but ſpare the Perſon ſtill:
As he, who when he ſaw the Serpent wreath'd
About his ſleeping Son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his Soul, did ſo the ſhoot contrive,
To kill the Beaſt, but keep the Child alive:
So doſt thou aim thy Darts, which, even when
They kill the Poiſons, do but wake the Men.
Thy Thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy Launcings better than another's Cure;
And juſtly too: for th' Age grows more unſound
From the Fool's Balſom, than the Wiſeman's Wound.

No rotten Talk brokes for a Laugh; no Page
Commenc'd Man by th' Instructions of thy Stage;
No bargaining Line there; no provoc'tive Verse;
Nothing but what *Lucretia* might rehearse;
No need to make good Count'nance ill, and use
The Plea of strict Life for a looser Muse:
No Woman rul'd thy Quill: we can descry
No Verse born under any *Cynthia*'s Eye:
Thy Star was Judgment only, and right Sense,
Thy self being to thy self an Influence.
Stout Beauty is thy Grace: Stern Pleasures do
Present Delights, but mingle Horrours too:
Thy Muse doth thus like *Jove*'s fierce Girl appear,
With a fair Hand, but grasping of a Spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy Lamp did drink
More Oil than th' Author Wine, while he did think?
We do imbrace their Slander: thou hast wr't
Not for Dispatch but Fame; no market Wit:
'Twas not thy Care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor would'st thou venture it unto the Ear,
Until the File would not make smooth, but wear:
Thy Verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the Author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer Judges rose a Strife,
To make thee read as Classick in thy Life.
Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can Poems form upon one Leg,
Write not to Time, but to the Poet's Day:
There's difference between Fame, and sudden Pay.
These Men sing Kingdoms falls, as if that Fate
Us'd the same Force t' a Village, and a State:
These serve *Thyestes* bloody Supper in,
As if it had only a Sallad been:
Their *Catilines* are but Fencers, whose Fights rise
Not to the Fame of Battel, but of Prize.
But thou still put'st true Passions on; dost write
With the same Courage that try'd Captains fight;

Giv'ſt the right bluſh and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loſs of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without ſwelling, without painting fair:
They Wretches, while they cannot ſtand to fit,
Are not Wits, but materials of Wit.
What though thy ſearching Wit did rake the Duſt
Of time, and purge old Metals of their Ruſt?
Is it no Labour, no Art, think they, to
Snatch Shipwracks from the Deep, as Divers do?
And reſcue Jewels from the covetous Sand,
Making the Seas hid Wealth adorn the Land?
What though thy culling Muſe did rob the ſtore
Of *Greek* and *Latin* Gardens, to bring o'er
Plants to thy native Soil? Their Virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy Still to their Eſſence doth refine
So many Drugs, is not the Water thine?
Theſts thus become juſt Works; they and their Grace
Are wholly thine: Thus doth the Stamp and Face
Make that the King's, that's raviſht from the Mine:
In others then 'tis Oar, in thee 'tis Coin.
Bleſt Life of Authors, unto whom we owe
Thoſe that we have, and thoſe that we want too:
Thou'rt all ſo good, that reading makes thee worſe,
And to have writ ſo well's thine only curſe.
Secure then of thy Merit, thou didſt hate
That ſervile baſe dependance upon fate:
Succeſs thou ne'er thought'ſt Virtue, nor that fit,
Which Chance, and th' Ages Faſhion did make hit;
Excluding thoſe from Life in after-time,
Who into Po'try firſt brought Luck and Rime: [Name
Who thought the Peoples breath good Air: Stil'd
What was but Noiſe; and getting Briefs for fame
Gather'd the many's Suffrages, and thence
Made Commendation a Benevolence:
Thy Thoughts were their own Lawrel, and did win
That beſt Applauſe of being crown'd within.

And though th' exacting Age, when deeper Years
Had interwoven Snow among thy Hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, cause they
Ne'er by thy Writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:
Thine Art was thine Art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong Perfumes made them not smell thee less.
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy Quill: [Age,
Though those thy Thoughts, which the now queasie
Doth count but Clods, and refuse of the Stage,
Will come up Porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more Manners, and more Sense;
'Twas Judgement yet to yield, and we afford
Thy Silence as much Fame, as once thy Word:
Who like an aged Oak, the Leaves being gone,
Wast Food before, art now Religion;
Thought still more Rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great Soul of Numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing Gold, most valu'd now th' art lost;
When we shall feed on refuse Offals, when
We shall from Corn to Akorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two Names are one,
Johnson and Poetry, which now are gone.

A SONG.

ON the Bank of a River close under the Shade,
Young *Cleon* and *Sylvia* one Evening were laid;
The Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love,
But Honour had won her his Flame to reprove. [Sun,
She cry'd, where's the Luster, when Clouds shade the
Or what is rich *Nectar*, the taste being gone? [dwell.
'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do
But if gather'd, the Rose it self loses the smell.

II.

Thou deareſt of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's ſide:
In Matters of State let grave Reaſon be ſhown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor ſhould a coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,
For Scandal can blaſt both the Chaſte and the Fair.
Moſt fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roſes are ſweeteſt when put to the Still.

A SONG.

THat beauteous Creature for whom I'm a Lover,
I cannot, I will not, I muſt not diſcover,
Yet mark well my Song, and ſome Token I'll give;
For ſhe that both kills my Heart, and makes it live,
Is either call'd *Mary*, or *Betty*, or *Ann*.
Now gueſs if you can, now gueſs if you can.

II.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is ſlender,
Her Eyes are moſt lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I ſay no more, but I ſay no more.

An AYRE *on a Ground.*

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,
But give me your Heart;
That Treaſure, that Treaſure alone, I beg for my own:
So gentle a Love, ſo frequent a Fire,
My Soul does inſpire;
That Treaſure, that Treaſure alone, I beg for my own:

Your Love let me crave, give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a Bleſſing,
That Empire is all I would have:
Love's my Petition, and all my Ambition.
If e'er you Diſcover ſo faithful, ſo faithful a Lover,
So real a Flame,
I'll die, I'll die, I'll die, ſo give up my Game.

A SONG.

THE bright *Laurinda*, whoſe hard Fate
Pt was to love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithleſs, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her Pain:
Long, long, alas! ſhe vainly ſtrove,
To free her Captive Heart from Love;
'Till urg'd too much by his Diſdain,
She broke at laſt the ſtrong-link'd Chain,
And vow'd ſhe ne'er would love again.

II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no ſoft Tale would lend an Ear,
But careleſs ſit and ſing:
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breaſt to a kind thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amynior thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus ſhe kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes
A thouſand Youths did daily die
Her Beauty's Sacrifice:
'Till Love at laſt young *Cleon* brought,
The object of each Virgin's thought,

Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her blest as those above.

A SONG.

I.

A Pox upon this needless Scorn,
Sylvia for shame the Cheat give o'er;
The end to which the Fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in store:
But lavishly dispose in haste
Of Joys, which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's past,
And who, when Beauty's past, will love?

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold Disdain,
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
By every once-admiring Swain:
And we can only Pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn;
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia*! who will make return?

III.

Then haste my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conspire;
And teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher:
And when Embracing we shall lye,
Closely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World whilst we defie,
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.

DAMON *the Mower.*

By Andrew Marvell, *Esq;*

HArk how the Mower *Damon* ſung,
With love of *Juliana* ſtung!
While ev'ry thing did ſeem to paint
The Scene more fit for his Complaint.
Like her fair Eyes the Day was fair;
But ſcorching like his am'rous Care.
Sharp like his Scythe his Sorrow was,
And wither'd like his Hopes the Graſs.

II.

Oh what unuſual Heats are here,
Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows fear!
The Graſs-hopper its Pipe gives o'er;
And hamſtring'd Frogs can dance no more.
But in the Brook the green Frog wades;
And Graſs-hoppers ſeek out the Shades.
Only the Snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its ſecond Skin.

III.

This heat the Sun could never raiſe,
Nor Dog-ſtar ſo inflames the Days.
It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the Fields and Mower both:
Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
Hotter than his own *Phaeton*,
Not *July* cauſeth theſe Extreams,
But *Juliana*'s ſcorching Beams.

IV.

Tell me where I may paſs the Fires
Of the hot Day, or hot Deſires.
To what cool Cave ſhall I deſcend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend?
Alas! I look for Eaſe in vain,
When Remedies themſelves complain.

No moisture but my Tears do rest,
Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V.

How long wilt thou, fair Shepherdess,
Esteem me, and my Presents less?
To thee the harmless Snake I bring,
Disarmed of its Teeth and Sting.
To thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
And Oak-leaves tipt with Honey dew.
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

VI.

I am the Mower *Damon*, known
Through all the Meadows I have mown:
On me the Morn her Dew distils
Before her darling Daffadils.
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
In Cowslip-water baths my Feet.

VII.

What, though the piping Shepherd stock
The Plains with an unnumb'red Flock,
This Scythe of mine discovers wide
More Ground than all his Sheep do hide,
With this the Golden Fleece I shear
Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wool more poor than they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.

VIII.

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my Scythe I looked right;
In which I see my Picture done,
As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
The deathless Fairies take me oft
To lead them in their Dances soft:
And, when I tune my self to sing,
About me they contract their Ring.

IX.

How happy might I ſtill have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thiſtles ſow'd!
But now I all the Day complain,
Joining my Labour to my Pain;
And with my Scythe cut down the Graſs,
Yet ſtill my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Scythe and Woes.

X.

While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
And, with his whiſtling Scythe, does cut
Each ſtroke between the Earth and Root,
The edged Steel by careleſs chance
Did into his own Ankle glance;
And there among the Graſs fell down,
By his own Scythe, the Mower mown.

XI.

Alas! ſaid he, theſe hurts are ſlight
To thoſe that die by Love's deſpight.
With Shepherds-purſe, and Clowns-all-heal,
The Blood I ſtanch, and Wound I ſeal.
Only for him no Cure is found,
Whom *Juliana*'s Eyes do wound.
'Tis Death alone that this muſt do:
For Death thou art a Mower too.

AMETAS *and* THESTYLIS *making Hay-Ropes.*

By Andrew Marvell, *Eſq;*

AMETAS.

THink'ſt thou that this Love can ſtand,
Whilſt thou ſtill doſt ſay me Nay?

Love unpaid does soon disband:
Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.
THESTYLIS.
Think'st thou that this Rope would twine,
If we both should turn one way?
Where both Parties so combine,
Neither Love will twist, nor Hay.
AMETAS.
Thus you vain Excuses find,
Which your self and us delay:
And Love ties a Woman's Mind
Looser than with Ropes of Hay.
THESTYLIS.
What you cannot constant hope,
Must be taken as you may.
AMETAS.
Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kiss within the Hay.

Some VERSES *sent by a Friend to one who twice ventur'd his Carcase in Marriage.*

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, she always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcase,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a hard case.
Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
And Death, only Death can sign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,
Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Measures all crost;
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
Sutes no other State or Degree in the Nation.
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?

The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beaſt, you know, can ſcarce carry double.
'Twas invented they tell you to keep us from falling,
O the Virtues and Graces of ſhrill Caterwawling!
How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks in your Incloſure?
For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, tho' a hundred have ſpit in your Porridge.
If at Night you're unactive, or fail in performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-ſhed next Morning;
Luſt's the Bane of your Shanks, O dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a Corner.
Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you muſt rally,
And labour and ſweat like a Slave in a Gally;
And ſtill you muſt charge, O bleſſed Condition!
Tho' you know, to your coſt, you've no more Ammunition:
Till at laſt the poor Tool of a mortified Man
Is unable to make a poor Flaſh in the Pan.
Fire, Flood, and Female begin with a Letter,
But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.
Your Flood is ſoon gone, and your Fire you muſt humble,
If into the Flames Store of Water you tumble;
But to cure the damn'd Luſt of your Wife's Titillation,
You may uſe all the Engins and Pumps in the Nation,
As well you may piſs out the laſt Conflagration.
And thus I have ſent you my Thoughts of the matter,
You may judge as you pleaſe, I ſcorn for to flatter;
I could ſay much more, but here ends the Chapter.

An Epitaph upon a Stumbling-Horſe.

HERE lyes a Horſe beneath this Stone,
Who living oft hath lain on one:
A noble Steed, who as he went
Proclaimed ſtill his great Deſcent.
A proudly headed Nag he was,
And hence it often came to paſs
That he his Feet not valued,
But ſtill ſtood much upon his Head.
He was no War-Horſe, yet he knew
The Art to ſquat and lye perdeu.
Yet many a Horſe long train'd in Wars
Had never half ſo many Scars;
There's only this ſmall difference in't,
Theirs were of Steel, and his of Flint.
He was no Hunter, nor did care
To follow Chaſe of Fox or Hare;
Yet had this property of Hound,
He ſtill was ſmelling on the Ground.
And tho' Dame Nature did not frame
Him for a Finder of the Game,
Yet were it loſt, none certainly
Would ſooner ſtumble on't than he.
He was no Racer, as ſome ſay,
Tho' ſome conclude the other way,
And ſay for ſwiftneſs he might run
Againſt the Horſes of the Sun:
For though full ſwift Don *Phœbus* be,
This would be ſooner down than he.
For his Opinion, Critick Wit
Does very much in gueſſing it.
Some ſay he was Conformiſt Breed,
He bow'd ſo low: but ſome this Steed
Think may for Nonconformiſt go,
At every thing he ſtumbles ſo.
Some think him Presbyter, 'cauſe he
Brings *Rider* down to Parity.

But some say no; for by this knack
He still throws *Jockey* from his Back.
Some think him Papist, 'cause so prone
He was to worshipping of Stone.
Some think again, that tripping he
Confutes Infallibility;
But most allow him, which is worse,
No more Religion than a Horse.
Well now he's dead, no wonder is't,
For Mother Earth long since he kist
And what it was, full well did know,
To turn his Heels up long ago.
If any to inquire shall please
What caus'd his Death, 'twas a Disease
Call'd Epilepse by learned Leech,
But Falling-sickness in plain Speech.
And now good Coroner, since he hath
By his own stumbling caus'd his Death,
In King's High-way pray let him rest,
With this Inscription on his Breast.

Despise me not ye passing Steeds,
Nor toss in scorn your lofty Heads:
What mine is now, may be your Lot;
For where's the Horse that stumbles not?
But since my Charity does enjoin
To wish you milder fates than mine;
When e'er it is your hap to stumble,
Oh may you trip, but never tumble.

PROLOGUE *for Sir* John Falstaff, *rising slowly to soft Musick.*

SEE *Britons*, see one half before your Eyes
Of the old *Falstaff* labouring to rise.
Curse on these straitlac'd Traps and *French* Machines,
None but a Genie can ascend these Scenes.

Once more my *Engliſh* Air I breathe again,
And ſmooth my double Ruff, and double Chin.
Now let me ſee what Beauties gild the Sphere;
Body O me! the Ladies ſtill are fair:
The Boxes ſhine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Robas* at the Bull.
But Supream *Jove*, what waſhy Rogues are here?
Are theſe the Sons of Beef and *Engliſh* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dreamt of Kine ſo lean,
This comes of meagre Soop and ſour Champaign.
Degenerate Race! Let your old Sire adviſe,
If you deſire to fill the Fair Ones Eyes,
Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aſpire to humble Bliſs,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiſs,
Till quite worn out with acting Beaux and Wits,
You're all ſent crawling to the Gravel-Pits:
Pretending Claps, there languiſhing you lye,
And let the Maids of the Green-ſickneſs die.
The Caſe was other when we rul'd the Roaſt,
We robb'd and raviſh'd, but you Sigh and Toaſt.
But here I ſee a Side-box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho' they're but Turnſpits of the Maſtiff kind.
Half bred they ſeem, mark'd with the Mungrel's Curſe,
Oons! which among you dares attempt a Purſe?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cauſe,
And let my Wit and Humour find Applauſe;
Shew your Diſdain thoſe nauſeous Scenes to taſte,
Where *French* Buffoon like leaneſt *Switzer* dreſt,
Turns all good Politicks to Farce and Jeſt.
Baniſh ſuch Apes, and ſave the ſinking Stage;
Let Mimes and ſqueaking Eunuchs fill your Rage;
On ſuch let your deſcending Curſe be try'd,
Preſerve plump *Jack*, and baniſh all beſide.

MUSICK's EMPIRE.

By *Andrew Marvell*, Esq;

FIrſt was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Winds to infant Nature plaid.
All Muſick was a ſolitary Sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II.

Jubal firſt made the wilder Notes agree;
And *Jubal* tuned Muſick's *Jubilee:*
He call'd the Ecchoes from their ſullen Cell,
And built the Organs City, where they dwell.

III.

Each ſought a Conſort in that lovely Place;
And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Baſe.
From whence the Progeny of Numbers new
Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV.

Some to the Lute, ſome to the Viol went,
And others choſe the Cornet eloquent.
Theſe practiſing the Wind, and thoſe the Wire,
To ſing Mens Triumphs, or in Heaven's Choir.

V.

Then Muſick, the Moſaique of the Air,
Did of all theſe a ſolemn Noiſe prepare:
With which ſhe gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
Including all between the Earth and Sphear.

VI.

Victorious Sounds! yet here your Homage do
Unto a gentler Conqueror than you;
Who though he flies the Muſick of his Praiſe,
Would with you Heaven's Hallelujah's raiſe.

The G A R D E N.

By Andrew Marvell, *Esq*;

HOW vainly Men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oak, or Bays;
And their unceſſant Labours ſee
Crown'd from ſome ſingle Herb or Tree,
Whoſe ſhort and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toils upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do cloſe
To weave the Garlands of Repoſe.

II.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Siſter dear!
Miſtaken long, I ſought you then
In buſie Companies of Men.
Your ſacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever ſeen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in theſe Trees their Miſtreſs' Name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far theſe Beauties hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'e'er you Barks I wound,
No Name ſhall but your own be found.

IV.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my Head;
The Luſcious Cluſters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do cruſh their Wine;
The Nectarel, and curious Peach,
Into my Hands themſelves do reach;

Stumbling on Melons, as I paſs,
Inſnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Graſs.

V.

Here at the Fountain's ſliding foot,
Or at ſome Fruit-tree's moſſy Root,
Caſting the Bodies Veſt aſide,
My Soul into the Boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it ſits, and ſings,
Then whets and claps its ſilver Wings;
And, 'till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VI.

Such was that happy Garden-ſtate,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place ſo pure, and ſweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's ſhare
To wander ſolitary there:
Two Paradiſes 'twere in one
To live in Paradiſe alone.

VII.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of Flow'rs and Herbs this Dial new!
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' induſtrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could ſuch ſweet and wholſom Hours
Be reckon'd but with Herbs and Flow'rs!

A SONG.

MUST poor Lovers ſtill be wooing,
Beauties muſt they never gain?
Muſt they always be purſuing,
Never, never, to obtain?

Can you glory in our Dying?
Bleeding Wounds ſhould Pity move;
Can you glory in denying?
Yield at laſt, and crown our Love.
Then all the little Gods of Love that are near us,
And all the ſweet Birds of the Grove that can hear us;
In the Air and on Boughs ſhall attend us around,
All the *Cupids* with Roſes ſhall cover the Ground,
Whil'ſt our am'rous Birds chanting, the Eccho's
II. [reſound.
Then with Myrtle Wreaths ſurrounded,
Underneath cool Shades we lye;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
There both killing, we'll both die.
Thy bright Eyes ſhall gently fire me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
And thy charming Looks inſpire me,
With new Themes of Poetry.
Then all the little Gods, *&c.*

A SONG.

I.

Lucinda by a ſecret Art,
Unknown to all but her;
Which ſhe has practis'd on my Heart,
Has charm'd the Wanderer:
Enjoyment, which did uſe t'abate
The vigour of Love's Heat,
Does now freſh Appetites create,
The Pleaſures to repeat.

II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At firſt his Priſon how to brook,
With difficulties taught:

But with kind tender Usage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e'er he found abroad,

A SONG

YOU I love by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a Passion far more great,
Then e'er Creature loved yet:
And yet still you cry, forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

II.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill,
Be kind or cruel, false or true;
Love I must, and none but you.

A DIALOGUE between *DAPHNEY* and *AMINTAS*.

DAPHNEY.

SO pale *Amintas* do thy Looks appear
As if thy Doom drew near;
Whence do thy Sorrows flow?

AMINTAS.

From Discontent, the Plague of Pow'r below;
I'm weary of this World, and would another know.

DAPHNET.

Can this poor World find no Relief,
To cure thy melancholy Grief,
Nor tempting Hopes of Happiness draw near,
That may contain thy Wishes here?

AMINTAS.

The World, in all its Pomp and State,
Is but a Lottery of Fate,
Where Fortune blindly does bestow
Favours on him to whom she ne'er did owe;
Where Fondlings meritless as wise,
Enjoy the Prize,
And Fate her Equity denies.

DAPHNET.

Fortune, a Cheat unto our Hopes,
Is sent to steal away the Blessing of Content,
Depending on our Fraud, renews our Care,
And brings us to Despair;

AMINTAS.

But few repine at Fate, who happy are.

DAPHNET.

Alas poor Swain! those whom you daily see,
That seem far happier than thee,
More Troubles undergo,
In all they think or do,
And to the World less happy are than we.

AMINTAS.

Then to be happy, is to be content.

DAPHNET.

'Twas so by Heaven meant,

AMINTAS.

But I am troubled.

DAPHNET.

No, it must not be,
I'll charm away thy Grief with Harmony,

All Trouble muſt be baniſh'd hence:
AMINTAS.
Then *Daphney* try thy Influence.
CHORUS.
Let Muſick be our Charm,
To keep the Mind from harm;
Let helpleſs Trouble live alone,
Let Envy make her moan;
Let helpleſs Trouble live alone,
Let Envy, make her moan,
While all thoſe Bleſſings we purſue,
Still wait on me and you,
And fall, and fall, as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

To the LORDS *aſſembled in* COUNCIL: *The Petition of* Tho. Brown,

Humbly Sheweth,

SHould you order *Tom Brown*
To be Whipt thro' the Town
For ſcurvy Lampoon,
Tate, *Southern*, and *Crown*,
Their Pens will lay down.
E'en *Durfey* himſelf, and ſuch merry Fellows,
That put their whole truſt in Tunes and Trangdillos,
May hang up themſelves, and their Harps on the Willows.
For if Poets are puniſh'd for Libelling Traſh,
Jo. Dryden, at ſixty, may yet fear the Laſh.

No Penſion nor Praiſe,
All Birch and no Bays;
Theſe are not right ways
Our Fancies to raiſe
To the writing of Plays,
And Prologues ſo witty,
That jeik at the City;

And now and then hit
Some Friend in the Pit,
So hard, and so pat,
Till he hides with his Hat
His monstrous Crevat.
The Pulpits alone
Can never preach down
The Fops of the Town:
Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
And let him write on.

But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner,
His foul railing Mouth may be stopt with a Dinner,
Give him Cloths to his Back, some Meat and much Drink,
Then clap him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

The CONFEDERATES: *Or, the first Happy Day of the* Island Princess.

YE vile Traducers of the Female Kind,
Who think the Fair to Cruelty inclin'd,
Recant your Error, and with Shame confess,
Their tender Care of *Skipwith* in Distress.
For now to vindicate this Monarch's Right,
The *Scotch* and *English* equal Charms unite;
In solemn Leagues contending Nations join,
And *Britain* labours with the vast Design:
An Opera with loud Applause is play'd,
Which fam'd *Motteux* in soft Heroicks made,
And all the sworn Confederates resort
To view the Triumph of their Sov'reigns Court;
In bright Array the well-train'd Host appears,
Supream Command brave *Darentwater* bears.

And

And next in Front *George Howard*'s Bride does shine,
The living Honour of that antient Line.
The Wings are led by Chiefs of matchless Worth,
Great *Hamilton*, the Glory of the North,
Commands the left; and *England*'s dear Delight,
The bold *F------ter*, charges on the Right.
The Prince to welcome his propitious Friends,
A Throne erected on the Stage ascends.
He said: Blest Angels for great Ends design'd,
The best (and sure the fairest) of your Kind,
How shall I praise, or in what Numbers sing
Your just Compassion of an injur'd King?
Till you appear'd, no Prospect did remain
My Crown and falling Scepter to maintain,
No noisie Beaux in all my Realm were found,
No beauteous Nymphs my empty Boxes crown'd.
But still I saw (O dire Heart-breaking Woe!)
My own sad Consort in the foremost Row:
But this auspicious Day new Empire gives,
And if by your Support my Nation lives,
For you my Bards shall tune the sweetest Lays,
Norton and *Henly* shall resound your Praise;
And I, not last of the Harmonious Train,
Will give a loose to my Poetick Vein.
To him Great *Darwentwater* thus reply'd:
Thou mighty Prince in many Dangers try'd,
Born to dispute severe Decrees of Fate,
The nursing Father of a sickly State;
Behold the Pillars of thy lawful Reign,
Thy Regal Rights we promise to maintain;
Our brightest Nymphs shall thy Dominions grace
With all the Beauties of the Highland Race;
The Beaux shall make thee their peculiar Care,
(For Beaux will always wait upon the Fair)
For thee kind *Bereton* and bold *Web* shall fight,
Lord *Scot* shall ogle, and my Spouse shall write:
Thus shall thy Court our *English* Youth engross,
And all the *Scotch* from *Drummond* down to *Ross*.

Now in his Throne the King ſecurely ſate,
But O! this Change alarm'd the Rival State;
Beſides he lately brib'd in Breach of Laws,
The fair Deſerter of her Uncle's Cauſe.
This rouz'd the Monarch of the neighbouring Crown,
A drowſie Prince, too careleſs of Renown,
Yet prompt to Vengeance and untaught to yield,
Great *Scarſdale* challeng'd *Skipwith* to the Field:
Whole Shoals of Poets for this Chief declare,
And Vaſſal Players attend him to the War.
Skipwith with Joy the dreadful Summons took,
And brought an equal Force: Then *Scarſdale* ſpoke;

Thou Bane of Empire, Foe to human Kind,
Whom neither Leagues nor Laws of Nations bind,
For Cares of high Poetick Sway unfit,
Thou Shame of Learning and Reproach of Wit;
Reſtore bright *Helen* to my longing Sight,
Or now my Signal ſhall begin the Fight.

Hold, ſaid the Foe, thy warlike Hoſt remove,
Nor let our Bards the Chance of Battel prove;
Should Death deprive us of their ſhining Parts,
What would become of all the Liberal Arts?
Should *Dennis* fall, whoſe high Majeſtick Wit
And awful Judgment like two Tallies fit,
Adieu ſtrong Odes and every lofty Strain,
The Tragick Rant, and proud Pindarick Vein.
Should tuneful *Durfey* now reſign his Breath,
The Lyrick Muſe would ſcarce ſurvive his Death:
But ſhould Divine *Motteux* untimely die,
The gaſping Nine would in Convulſions lie.
For theſe bold Champions ſafer Arms provide,
And let their Pens the doubtful Strife decide.

The King conſents, and urg'd by publick Good,
Wiſely retreats to ſave his Peoples Blood.
The moving Legions leave the duſty Plain,
And ſafe at home Poetick Wars maintain.

A LETTER *from* J. P. *to Colonel* H. *occasion'd by the Colonel's two late Letters.*

O *Harry*, canst thou find no Subject fit,
But thy best Friend, to exercise thy Wit;
No Order but the Toast to ridicule?
Why with things sacred dost thou play the Fool?
Sadly condemn'd (the Poets common Curse)
Still to be writing, and still writing worse.
Thy first Essay was with some Fancy fir'd,
Thy last was by some *Grubstreet* Muse inspir'd;
So harsh the Numbers, Raillery so gross,
Sure 'twas translated out of *Scotch* by *Ross*.
Is this thy Gratitude for all the Wine
The Knights bestow'd, who never tasted thine?
And dost thou thus our Mysteries disclose,
And in rude Rhime our President expose?
How oft hast thou with awful Silence heard
The midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard,
When with his Glass in Hand he doth unfold
What Faith the Priests of all Religions hold;
What old *Socinus*, and *Molinos* teach,
And what the modern *Philadelphians* preach;
What nice Remarks each different Tongue affords,
And curious Etymologies of Words?
Then he goes on to search Decrees of Fate,
And give strong Proofs about a future State:
Not old *Silenus* so divinely spoke
Of hidden Truths in *Virgil*'s sacred Book,
When with a load of Wine and Knowledge fraught,
The drunken God the listning Satyrs taught;
And dost thou thus his Care and Pains requite,
To make thee learned in thy own Despite?
Hard Fate of Greatness! tho' a Man should be
As wise as *Ashly*, or refin'd like thee,

Like *Fletcher* ſhould for *England*'s Glory toil,
And plot as deep as *Monmouth*, or as *Moyle*,
Yet *Barber*, *B*-----*y*, and ſuch Wits as thoſe,
Would find out ſomething in him to expoſe.
Thrice happy *B*----, who alike does prove
Succeſsful in Affairs of State and Love;
Grave as Sir *Harry* in a Council-Chair,
Yet ſmart as *Archer* to engage the Fair.
Such are his Mien, his Perſon, and his Parts,
He ſeems by Nature form'd to gain their Hearts;
And ſuch his Prudence to protect their Fame,
Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame:
None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage,
Nor ſtood recorded yet in *Walker*'s Page.
The Jealous truſt him with their Wives alone,
Who guards them from all Arrows but his own.
Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend,
He plays at once the Lover and the Friend;
But he's a Theam too loſty for thy Pitch,
Aim not at things that are above thy reach.
Mildmay ſeems fitting for a Stile like thine,
And *William Pawlet* in thy Works would ſhine;
Lord *Ratcliff*'s Poems might thy Satyr fit,
But what haſt thou to do with Men of Wit?
Reſign the Task to ſome ſublimer Muſe,
To tell what Beauties *Burl*----*n* purſues,
What powerful Charms did *Angleſea* recal,
And who now warms the Heart of gentle *Maule*;
What lovely Youth *Boyle* fondly doth careſs,
Or ſtrowling *Punk* does brawny *Granvile* bleſs;
What new Swivante *Manwaring* will clap,
And who by *Walſh* is deſtin'd to a Rape;
How *Therrold* ſtill for *Mazareen* doth burn,
And Lady *Mary* does loſt *Kingſton* mourn.
Well it becomes wife *William*'s rightful Heir
To fix his ſerious Inclinations there.
Where ſolid Prudence the fit Choice commends,
And from the Mother Chaſtity deſcends.

But groundleſs Fears oblig'd him to deſiſt,
And no bold Man will venture to be bleſt,
Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace,
Some daring Hero of the Regal Race.
But theſe are Subjects that ſurpaſs thy Rhimes,
Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times;
Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves,
Write *Popham*'s Life, or Madam *Griffin*'s Loves.
One Labour too to *Ranelagh* is due,
Who with falſe Beauty does deface the true;
And may arrive with Diligence and Care
In time to rival *Darwentwater*'s Heir.
On ſuch as theſe thy Doggrel Numbers try,
And freſh Memoirs Lord *Edward* will ſupply.
But all whoſe Beauty and whoſe Virtue ſhine,
Should be protected from ſuch Pens as thine:
From them, dear *Harry*, modeſtly abſtain,
Nor ever more immortal Charms profane.
More I could ſay, but Buſineſs muſt not wait,
And I to day muſt open a Debate.
If after all the Criticks tell us right,
Who ſay ſome other did thoſe Rhimes indite,
And ſet thy Name to what thou didſt not write;
Then pardon this Impertinence in me,
Who am thy moſt aſſured Friend *J. P.*

Cure for Green Sickneſs, 1702.

AS fair *Olinda* ſat beneath a ſhady Tree,
Much Love I did proffer to her, and ſhe the like to me;
But when I kiſs'd her lovely Lips, and preſs'd her to be kind,
She cry'd O no, but I remember, Womens words are Wind.
I hug'd her till her Breath grew ſhort, then farther I was rude.
did intrude,
She ſcratch'd and ſtruggl'd modeſtly, and told me I

I beg'd her Pardon twenty times, and some Concern did feign, [again.
But like a bold presumptuous Sinner did the same
At last I did by Dalliance raise the pretty Nymph's Desire,
Our Inclinations equal were, and mutual was our Fire.
Then in the height of Joy she cry'd, O I'm undone I fear, [quite, my Dear.
O kill me, stick me; stick me, kill me; kill me

On the Lord LOVELACE's *coming to* Oxford *from* Glocester *Goal in* December, 1688.

A Late Expedition to *Oxford* was made
By a Protestant Peer and his Brother o'th' Blade,
Who in Triumph his Lordship from *Glocester* convey'd,
Which no body can deny.

II.

Had you seen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
Equipt in their thred-bare grey Coats and high Shooes,
You'd have sworn not the Goal, but all Hell was broke loose, Which, *&c.*

III.

In rank and in file there rode many a Man,
Some march'd in the Rear, and some in the Van,
And for want of their Hats they had Head-pieces on, Which, *&c.*

IV.

Tho' Arms were not plenty, yet armed they come
With stout oaken Plants and Crabtree Sticks some,
To cudgel the Pope and the bald Pates of *Rome*, Which, *&c.*

V.

Some had two able Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted they stood stoutly to't,
But for the Name of a Horse they'd as good went on foot, Which, *&c.*

VI.

In all these gay Troops, 'mongst twenty scarce one
Had Halbert or Pistol, Sword, Carbine or Gun;
A Sign they did mean no great harm should be done,
Which, &c.

VII.

One Horse wore a Halter among all the rest,
Nor had the dull Wight half the Sense of his Beast,
And he of the two did deserve the Rope best,
Which, &c.

VIII.

Here were many Gallants, I warrant you that
Had Ribbons of Orange and Seamans Cravat,
The Defect of their Arms was made up in State,
Which, &c.

IX.

Here *Mordant* and *G*-----on their pamper'd Steeds prance,
D----- *Brab*----, *G*----- next, and *J. Willis* advance,
Who phyz'd at the *Switzer* that can'd him in *France*,
Which, &c.

X.

In this Cavalcade, for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord *Lovelace* rode first, and the next follow'd after,
They gallopt up Town first, and then down to Water,
Which, &c.

XI.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous Fashion,
Bid him welcome to Town in a fine pen'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking such Care of the Nation,
Which, &c.

XII.

His Honour the next day in Courtship exceeding,
Return'd a smart Speech to shew them his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in print will be well worth the reading,
Which, &c.

XIII.

Having thus far proceeded to ſecure the Town,
The Guards were ſtrait ſet, and the Bridges beat down,
And tho' no great Courage, yet his Conduct was ſhown,
Which, *&c.*

XIV.

Next Night's Alarum our Warriors ſurpriſe,
Drums beat, Trumpets ſound, and at Midnight all riſe
To fight the King's Army that came in diſguiſe,
Which, *&c.*

XV.

The Cits were ſtrait armed, expert Men and able,
With Prongs and with Coal-ſtaffs march'd next whooping Rabble,
In as great a Confuſion as ever was *Babel*,
Which, *&c.*

XVI.

In the midſt of the Mob two fat Draymen appear,
To guard Mr. Enſign a huge naſty Tar,
Who flouriſh'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
Which, *&c.*

XVII.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er ſcarce
So pleaſantly burleſqu'd the angry God *Mars*,
Or of Affairs warlike e'er made ſuch a Farce,
Which, *&c.*

XVIII.

At the foot of the Colours blith *Crendon* did go,
Who play'd a new Tune you very well know,
His Bagpipes ſqueak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero*,
Which, *&c.*

XIX.

And had the Dear *Joys* now but come in the nick,
I fancy they had ſhown them a ſlippery Trick,
And march'd more nimbly without their Muſick,
Which no Body can deny.

ADAM's SLEEP.

SLeep, *Adam*, sleep, and take thy Rest,
Let no sad Thoughts possess thy Breast;
But when thou wak'st, look up and see
What thy Creator hath done for thee:
A Creature from thy Side is ta'en,
Who 'till thou wake, she wants a Name;
Flesh of thy Flesh, Bone of thy Bone,
A Mate most fit for thee alone.
Wake, *Adam*, wake, to embrace thy Bride,
Who is newly risen from thy Side;
But in the midst of thy Delights, beware,
Lest her Enticements prove thy Snare.

A SONG.

FAIN would I, *Chloris*, e'er I die,
Bequeath you such a Legacy,
That you might say when I am gone,
None hath the like: My Heart alone
Were the best Gift I could bestow,
But that's already yours, you know.
So that 'till you my Heart resign,
Or fill with yours the Place of mine,
And by that Grace my Store renew,
I shall have nought worth giving you;
Whose Breast has all the Wealth I have,
Save a faint Carcase and a Grave:
But had I as many Hearts as Hairs,
As many Lives as Love has Fears,
As many Lives as Years have Hours,
They should be all and only yours.

HERO's *Complaint to* LEANDER.

NOR com'ſt thou yet, my ſlothful Love! nor yet
Leander! Oh my *Leander*! can'ſt thou forget
Thy *Hero*? *Leander*, why doſt thou ſtay,
Who holds thee? Cruel! what hath begot delay?
Too ſoon alas! the Roſey-finger'd Morn
Will chaſe the darkſome Night. Ah me! I burn
And die in this my languiſhing Deſire.
See! ſee! the Taper waſtes in his own Fire,
Like me; and will be ſpent before thou come.
Make haſte then my *Leander*, prethee come.
Behold the Winds and Seas, deaf and enrag'd,
My Imprecations have in part aſſwag'd;
Their Fury's paſt; but thou more deaf than they,
More mercileſs, torment'ſt me with delay.
If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar,
Such high Delight thou tak'ſt, why didſt thou more
Incite my hot Deſires with faithleſs Lines,
Flatt'ring me with Promiſe, that when the Winds
Became leſs high, and Shores had ſome Repoſe,
If I did but the friendly Torch expoſe
To be thy Guide, thou would'ſt not fail to come?
The Shores have Peace, the Winds and Seas are dumb,
Thy *Hero* here attends thee, and the Light
Invades the Horror of the ſable Night;
Come quickly then, and in theſe Arms appear,
That have been oft thy chiefeſt Calm, thy Sphear.
Wretch that I am! 'tis ſo, you Gods! 'tis ſo!
Whilſt here I vent to Heav'n and Seas my Woe,
He at *Abydos* in a newer Flame
Forgets that e'er he heard poor *Hero*'s Name.
Ah! lighter than Bloſſoms, or the fleeting Air
That ſheds them; How! O how can'ſt thou repair
Thy broken Faith! Is this the dear Reſpect
Thou bear'ſt to Oaths and Vows, thus to neglect

Both *Cytherea* and her *Nun*! Is this
Th' inviolable Band of *Hymen*! This
That knot, before the sacred Altar made
Of Sea-born *Venus*! Heav'ns lend your Aid,
And arm your selves in Thunder! Oh! but stay,
What vain Fear transports thee, *Hero*, away
With jealous Fury? *Leander*'s thine, thou his;
And the poor Youth at home lamenting is
The wary Eyes of his old Parents; now
Steals from them apace unto the Shoar, now
With hasty hand doth fling his Robes from him,
And even now bold Boy attempts to swim,
Parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms,
Born up alone by Love's all-powerful Charms.
You gentler peaceful Winds, if ever Love
Had Pow'r in you, if ever you did prove
Least spark of *Cupid*'s Flame, for pity's sake
With softer Gales more smooth and easie make
The troubled Flood unto my Soul's Delight.
You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests black as Night,
Retire your Fury, 'till my Love appear,
And bless these Shoars in safety, and I here
Within these Arms enfold my only Treasure;
Then all in Rage and Horror send at Pleasure
The frothy Billows high as Heaven, that he
May here be ever forc'd to dwell with me.
But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this?
Seas menace Heav'n, and the Winds do hiss,
In scorn of this my just Request. Retire,
Retire, my too too vent'rous Love, retire,
Tempt not the angry Seas. Ah me! ah me!
The Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O deadly
Night! *Neptune*, *Æolus*, ye pow'rful Deities,
Spare, O spare my Jewel! pity the Cries
And Tears of wretched *Hero*! 'Tis *Leander*
Trusts you with his Love and Life, fair *Leander*,
Beauty of these Shoars. See! see the bashful Morn,
For sorrow of my sad Laments, hath torn

Through cloudy Night a paſſage to my Aid,
And here beneath amidſt the horrid Shade,
By her faint Light, ſomething methinks I ſee
Reſembling my Soul's Joy. Woe's me! 'tis he!
Drown'd by th' impetuous Flood. O diſmal Hour!
Curſt be theſe Seas, theſe Shoars, this Light, this
In ſpite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come, [Tow'r!
Leander's Boſom ſhall be *Hero*'s Tomb.

A SONG.

I.

WHat art thou Love? whence are thoſe Charms,
That thus thou bear'ſt an univerſal Rule?
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
The King turns Slave, the Wiſeman Fool.

II.

In vain we chaſe thee from the Field,
And with cool Thoughts reſiſt thy Yoke;
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
And all thoſe high Reſolves are broke.

III.

Can we e'er hope thou ſhould'ſt be true,
Whom we have found ſo often baſe?
Cozen'd and cheated, ſtill we view
And fawn upon the treacherous Face.

IV.

In vain our Nature we accuſe,
And doat becauſe ſhe ſays we muſt.
This for a Brute were an Excuſe,
Whoſe very Soul and Life is Luſt.

V.

To get our Likeneſs, what is that?
Our Likeneſs is but Miſery:
Why ſhould I toil to propagate
Another thing as vile as I?

VI.

From Hands divine our Spirits came,
And Gods that made us did inſpire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

A New CATCH.

WOuld you know how we meet o'er our jolly full Bowls?
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls;
The Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind ſooths the Strong,
And nothing but Friendſhip grows all the Night long:
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Deſire,
Love only remains, our unquenchable Fire.

On Mr. MILTON'*s Paradiſe Loſt.*

By Andrew Marvell, *Eſq;*

WHen I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender Book his vaſt Deſign unfold,
Meſſiah Crown'd, God's reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while miſ-doubting his Intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred Truths to Fable and old Song,
(So *Sampſon* groap'd the Temple's Poſts in ſpight)
The World o'erwhelming to revenge his Sight.
Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his Project, the Succeſs did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplext the things he would explain,
And what was eaſie he ſhould render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was, that some less skilful Hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, Surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
Thou hast not miss'd one Thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.
That Majesty which through thy Work doth reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once Delight and Horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much Gravity and Ease;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft,
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on Wing.
Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of Mind?
Just Heav'n thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of Sight.
Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells.
Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to Praise thee, must commend.
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

Senec. Tragœd. ex Thyeſte Chor. 2.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Tranſlated by Andrew Marvell, *Eſq;*

CLimb at Court for me that will
Tottering Favour's Pinnacle;
All I ſeek is to lye ſtill.
Settled in ſome ſecret Neſt
In calm Leiſure let me reſt;
And far off the publick Stage
Paſs away my ſilent Age.
Thus when without noiſe, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my Span,
I ſhall die without a Groan,
An old honeſt Country-man.
Who expos'd to others Eyes,
Into his own Heart never pries,
Death to him's a ſtrange Surpriſe.

A SONG.

TAlk, *Strephon*, no more of what's honeſt and juſt,
For Friendſhip is Int'reſt, and Love is but Luſt;
To the Purſe and no farther the one does extend,
And after Enjoyment your Love's at an end.
Then no longer maintain what your Actions deny,
Your oft-broken Vows your Aſſertions belye:
When I once ſee your Words with your Actions agree,
I'll believe you the Man that you now ſeem to be.
That you once have deceiv'd me I do not complain,
But 'tis my own Fault if you cheat me again;
For none will the Fate of that Pilot deplore,
Who wrecks on that Shelf where he ſtranded before.

A PROLOGUE *design'd for* TAMERLANE, *but never spoke.*

Writtten by Dr. G——th.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bid you, *Britain*, arm.
To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons perswade;
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
Their Property is his Prerogative.
His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.
Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you possess,
In Council greatest, and in Camps no less:
Brave, but not Cruel; Wise without Deceit;
Born for an Age curs'd with a *Bajazet*.
But you, disdaining to be too secure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in dispute;
Who gives Supplies, are only Absolute.
Britain, for shame your factious Feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone
Is born to nod upon a *Spanish* Throne.
A Cause no less could on Great *Eugene* call,
Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
He shows you your lost Honour to retrieve;
Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give.
Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in spite
Of Whig and Tory in this Cause unite.
One Vote will then send *Anjou* back to *France*,
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
(E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium*'s Care)
At worst, he'll find some *Cornish* Borough here.

On the Countess of D——r *Mistress to King* J—— II. 1680.

By the Earl of D———.

TELL me *Dormida*, why so gay,
Why such Embroidery, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a way
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canst thou forget the Age and Pox?
Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I seen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Repleat with many a hellish Spark,
As wise Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine,

The GOLDEN AGE Restor'd. *A Poem in Imitation of the fourth Pastoral of* Virgil; *suppos'd to have been taken from a* Sibylline *Prophecy.*

———Paulo Majora canamus.

SIcilian *Muse, begin a loftier Flight,*
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you still pursue,
Make your Shades fit for able Statesmens View.

The time is come, by antient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degenerate, Whiggiſh Off-ſpring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven deſcends.
O learned *Oxford*, ſpare no ſacred Pains [reigns.
To nurſe the glorious Breed, now thy own *B---ley*
And thou Great *S----l*, darling of this Land,
Do'ſt foremoſt in that fam'd Commiſſion ſtand;
Whoſe deep Remarks the liſt'ning World admires,
By whoſe auſpicious Care old *Ra----gh* expires.
Your mighty Genius no ſtrict Rules can bind;
You puniſh Men for Crimes, which you want time to
Senates ſhall now like Holy Synods be, [find.
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
M-----th and *M-----n* here inſtruct the Youth,
There *B--ks* and *Kim--ly* maintain the ſacred Truth.
P---is and *H--lin* here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide *Weſt-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;
There *B---ch* and *H--per* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Biſhops in a human Way.
Now all our Factions, all our Fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious Poiſons fail, [rail:
H-----y ſhall ceaſe to trick, and *S-----ur* ceaſe to
The Lambs ſhall with the Lions walk unhurt,
And *H----x* with *H--* meet civilly at Court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant Care,
Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear,
Pacifick Admirals, to ſave the Fleet,
Shall fly from Conqueſt, and ſhall Conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at *William*'s Coſt,
And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.
Br---ton and *Bur--by* the Court ſhall grace,
And *H----* ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a Place.
Forgotten *Molineux* and *Maſon* now
Revive and ſhine again in *F----* and *H---*.
But as they ſtronger grow and mend their Strain,
By choice Examples of King *Charles*'s Reign;

Bold *Bel---fis* and Patriot *Da--nant* then,
One shall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The Tool of Faction shall to Peace invite, [unite.
And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to
Yet still some Whigs among the Peers are found,
Like Brambles flourishing in barren Ground.
Som--rs maliciously imploys his Care
To make the Lords the Legislature share.
Bu---t declares how *French* Dragooning rose,
And Bishops Persecuting Bills oppose:
Till *Ro---r*'s cool Temper shall be fir'd, [mir'd.
And *N--th*'s and *Not---m*'s strong Reas'nings be ad-
But when due Time their Counsels shall mature,
And fresh Removes have made the Game secure;
When *Som----et* and *Dev---ire* give Place
To *Windham*'s *B----d*, and to *R-----d*'s Grace,
Both Converts great; when Justice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
Then Passive Doctrines shall with Glory rise,
Before them hated Moderation flies,
And Antichristian Toleration dies.
Gr---ile shall seize the long expected Chair,
Go----in to some Country-Seat repair;
P----ke from all Employments be debar'd, [Reward.
And *Mar---gh* for antient Crimes receive his just
France, that this happy Change so wisely has begun,
Shall bless the great Design, and bid it smoothly run.
Come on, young *J*----'s Friends, this is the Time,
come on;
Receive just Honours, and surround the Throne.
Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
H---s now rules the State, and *R*- -- the Main.
Gr---es is at hand the Members to reward,
And Troops are trusted to your own *Gr----rd*.
The faithful Clubs assemble at the *Vine*,
And *French* Intrigues are broach'd o'er *English* Wine.
Freely the S---te the Design proclaims,
Affronting *W----m*, and applauding *J----es*,

Good antient Members with a ſolemn Face,
Propoſe that Safety give to Order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
E'en *F---ch* and *Mu---ve*, whom the Court careſs,
Exalt its Praiſes, but its Power depreſs;
And that Impartial Juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Biſhops who moſt advanc'd Good *J*----'s Cauſe
In Church and State, now reap deſerv'd Applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
Are ſtil'd Unchriſtian by the Nation's Voice.
Avow'dly now St. *David*'s Cauſe thy own,
And *J*----*es*'s Votes for Simony atone.
Archbiſhop *K--n* ſhall from *Longleat* be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind ſtand crowding
for the Lawn.
And thou, great *W*-----*th*, to reward thy Charge,
Shalt ſail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.
See by baſe Rebels *J*----*es* the Juſt betray'd,
See his Three Realms by vile U----rs ſway'd;
Then ſee with Joy his lawful H--- reſtor'd,
And erring Nations own their injur'd L----.
O would kind Heaven ſo long my Life maintain,
Inſpiring Raptures worthy ſuch a Reign!
Not *Thracian St. J*----*ns* ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet Lays harmonious *Ha---nd* mend:
Not tho' young *Davenant St. J*---*ns* ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor *Ha---nd*'s Lines correct.
Nay ſhould *Tr---am* in St. *Maws* compare his Songs
to mine; [reſign.
Tr----*am*, tho' St. *Maws* were Judge, his Laurel ſhould
Prepare, Auſpicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
Sir *G*---- already has prepar'd the Fleet.
Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
In times of Danger ſtill this Chief confin'd)
Now ſend the Gout, the Hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt *G*--- *Ch*---- may ſupply his Place.

A SONG by Sir George Ethridge.

I.

CEase, anxious World, your fruitless Pain,
To grasp forbidden Store;
Your study'd Labours shall prove vain,
Your Alchymy unblest;
Whilst Seeds of far more precious Ore
Are ripen'd in my Breast:

II.

My Breast, the Forge of happier Love,
Where my *Lucinda* lives;
And the rich Stock does so improve,
As she her Art employs;
That ev'ry Smile and Touch she gives,
Turns all to Golden Joys.

III.

Since then we can such Treasures raise,
Let's no Expence refuse;
In Love let's lay out all our Days;
How can we e'er be Poor,
When ev'ry Blessing that we use
Begets a thousand more?

A SONG by Sir George Ethridge.

IN some kind Dream upon her, Slumber, steal,
And to *Lucinda*, all I beg, reveal;
Breath gentlest Words into her Ears,
Words full of Love, but full of Fears;
Such Words as may prevail, like Pray'rs
From a Poor dying Martyr's Tongue,
By the sweet Voice of Pity sung.
Touch with the Voice the more inchanting Lute,
To make the Charms strike all Repulses mute:

These may insensibly impart,
My tender Wishes to her Heart,
And by a Sympathetick Force,
So tune its Strings to Love's Discourse;
That when my Griefs compel a Groan,
Her Sighs may Eccho to my Moan.

A SONG by Mr. John How.

HOW can they taste of Joys or Grief,
Who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?
Love's all our Torment, our Relief,
Our Fate depends alone on Love:

II.

Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neæra's Smiles would ease that State;
Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, could bless my Mind,
Curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate.

III.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,
The fragrant Myrtle does surpass;
No Flow'r so gay, that does not yield
To blooming Roses gaudy Dress.

IV.

No Star so bright that can be seen,
When *Phœbus* Glories gild the Skies;
No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,
But yields to fair *Neæra's* Eyes.

V.

The Amorous Swains no Off'rings bring,
To *Cupid's* Altar as before;
To her they play, to her they sing,
And own in Love no other Pow'r.

VI.

If thou thy Empire wilt regain,
On thy Conqu'ror try thy Dart;
Touch with Pity for my Pain
Neæra's cold disdainful Heart.

Part of VIRGIL's IVth *Georgick*.

By Mr. CREECH.

Ariſtæus, *having loſt his Bees, goes by his Mother's Direction to* Proteus. *to know why the Gods had ſent this Plague*; Proteus *tells him they ſent it to revenge the Injury he had done* Orpheus. *in being the Cauſe of his Bride's Death, and ſo goes on with the Story of his Paſſion.*

NOW ſcorching *Sirius* burnt the thirſty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their naked Shores;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring ſupply'd his Flood,
And mid-day Rays boil'd up the Streams to Mud:
When *Proteus* coming to his uſual Cave,
The Sea-Calf following ſpouts the brackiſh Wave:
Spread o'er the Sand the ſcatter'd Monſters lay,
He (like a Shepherd at the cloſe of day,
When Heifers ſeek their Stalls, and round a Rock
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke)
Sits mid'ſt the Beach, and counts the ſcaly Flock.
Scarce was he laid, ſcarce Sleep had ſeal'd his Eyes,
When *Ariſtæus*, eager to ſurpriſe,
Invades and binds him: Strait he ſtarts and roars,
And with ſhrill Noiſes fills the ecchoing Shoars:
He flies to his old Arts, and ſtrives to 'ſcape
By frequent Change, and varying of his Shape:
All monſtrous Forms put on, he would appear
A Flame, a Flood, a Lion, or a Bear:
When nought avail'd, he turn'd himſelf again;
And thus ſpoke with the Accent of a Man:
By whoſe Advice haſt thou ſo raſhly preſt,
Bold Youth, on me? And what do'ſt thou requeſt?
You know, great God, you know, the Swain reply'd,
For who can cheat you? who his Wants can hide?

But ſtrive to change no more: I humbly come,
And by the Gods commands, to know my Doom:
For what I'm puniſh'd, whence theſe Plagues aroſe,
And by what means I may retrieve my Loſs:
This ſaid, the angry God with fury ſhook,
His Eyes ſhot flame, and horror chang'd his Look,
He gnaſh'd his Teeth, and thus at laſt he ſpoke.
No common Gods, no common Gods purſue,
Thou ſuffer'ſt what to thy great Crimes is due;
At wretched *Orpheus* ſuit theſe Plagues commence,
Tho' (Fate being kind) too ſmall for thy Offence.
To Heaven's ſtrict Juſtice he his Wrongs apply'd,
And call'd down Vengeance for his periſh'd Bride:
She, while ſhe fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
By heedleſs Fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
Ne'er ſaw the Snake glide o'er the graſſie Ground,
But e'er ſhe knew the Foe, ſhe felt the Wound:
Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In Groans the ſoften'd *Rhodope* replies;
Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* ſtreams lament,
Forget their Fury, and in Grief conſent:
While he to doleful tunes his Strings does move,
And ſtrove to ſolace his uneaſie Love:
Thee, thee, dear Bride, on deſart ſhoars alone
He mourn'd at riſing, and at ſetting Sun:
His reſtleſs Love did natural Fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He ſaw the Grove, where gloomy horrors ſpread,
The Ghoſts and ghaſtly Tyrant of the dead;
With thoſe rough Pow'rs, that there ſeverely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor Men complain:
He ſtrook his Harp, and ſtrait a numerous Throng
Of airy People fled to hear the Song,
Thither vaſt Troops of wretched Lovers came,
And ſhriekt at the Remembrance of their Flame;
With heavy Grief and gloomy Thoughts oppreſt,
Meagre each Shape, and Wounds in every Breaſt;

(How

(How deep, ah me! and wide muſt mine appear,
If ſo much Beauty can be ſo ſevere!)
With theſe, mixt Troops of Fathers, Husbands, Wives,
As thick as ſwarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Evening cloſe, or when a Tempeſt drives:
With Ghoſts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whoſe dying Eyes their Mothers clos'd.
Which now the dull unnavigable Flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid Weeds and Mud
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels ſpread, confine.
The wondrous Numbers ſoft'ned all beneath,
Hell, and the inmoſt flinty ſeats of Death;
Snakes round the Furies Heads did upward rear,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the pleaſing Air;
While fiery *Styx* in milder Streams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel ſtood ſtill, all Tortures ceaſt,
And Hell amaz'd knew an unuſual Reſt.
All Dangers paſt beyond the reach of fear,
Reſtor'd *Eurydice* breath'd the upper Air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his Complaint
Hell added this Condition to the Grant)
When fury ſoon the heedleſs Lover ſeiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell could be appeas'd)
For near the Confines of Æthereal Air,
Unmindful, and unable to forbear,
He ſtopt, look'd back, (what cannot Love perſuade?)
To take one view of the unhappy Maid:
Here all his Pains were loſt, one greedy Look
Defeats his Hopes, and Heil's Conditions broke,
Thrice *Styx* reſounded, thrice *Avernus* ſhook:
A fatal Meſſenger from *Pluto* flew,
And ſnatch'd the Forfeit from a ſecond View:
Backward ſhe fell; Ah me! too greedy Youth,
(She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both!
Death ſummons me again, cold Fates ſurpriſe,
And Icy Sleep ſpreads o'er my nodding Eyes:

Wrapt up in Night I feel the *Stygian* Shore,
And ſtretch my Arms to thee in vain, ah thine no more!
This ſcarce pronounc'd, like Smoke diſperſt in Air,
So vaniſh'd the twice-loſt unhappy Fair;
And left him catching at the flying Shade:
He ſtood diſtracted, much he would have ſaid,
In vain; for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o'er,
Once he had paſs'd, and now muſt hope no more.
What ſhould he do? Where ſhould he ſeek Repoſe?
Where fly the trouble of his ſecond Loſs?
In what ſoft Numbers ſhould the Wretch complain,
And beg his dear *Eurydice* again!
She now grew cold in *Charon*'s Boat beneath,
And ſadly ſail'd to the known Seats of Death:
But while nine circling Months in order turn'd,
Beneath bleak Rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd;
By freezing *Strymon*'s unfrequented Stream,
Eurydice, his loſt *Eurydice*, his Theme;
And while he ſang this ſad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move:
With ſuch ſoft Tunes, and ſuch a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their raviſht young,
Which ſome hard-hearted Swain hath born away
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the eaſie Prey;
Reſtleſs they ſit, renew their mournful ſtrains,
And with ſad Paſſion fill their neighb'ring Plains.
No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd move,
He fled the heinous Thoughts of ſecond Love:
In vain the *Thracians* woo'd; Wit, Wealth, Eſteem,
Thoſe great Enticers, loſt their Force on him:
Alone he wander'd thro' the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows;
Thro' Fields ſtill white with Froſt, or beat with Hail,
Conſtant to Grief, and eager to bewail:
Eurydice, the Gods vain Gift, employs
His Thoughts, and makes him Deaf to other Joys.
The ſlighted *Thracians* Heat this Scorn increaſt,
They breath'd Revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* Feaſt,

(For what so soon as Wine makes Fury burn?
And what can wound a Maid so deep as Scorn!)
Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his Limbs, and drank his reeking Gore:
His Head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along,
Eurydice fell from his dying Tongue.
His parting Soul, when flying thro' the Wound,
Cry'd, Ah *Eurydice*; the Floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the Banks resound.

The Fourteenth ODE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

I.

AH! Friend, the posting Years how fast they fly?
Nor can the strictest Piety
Defer incroaching Age,
Or Death's resistless Rage:
If you each Day
A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,
The smoaking Host cou'd not subdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From *Geryon*'s Head he snatch'd the triple Crown,
Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.
The Prince, and Peasant of this World, must be
Thus wafted to Eternity.

II.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempestuous Sea,
In vain they take such care
To shield their Bodies from autumnal Air.
Dismal *Cocytus* they must ferry o'er,
Whose languid Stream moves dully by the Shore.
And in their Passage we shall see
Of tortur'd Ghosts the various Misery.

III.

Thy ſtately Houſe, thy pleaſing Wife
And Children, (Bleſſings dear as Life,)
Muſt all be left, nor ſhalt thou have,
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree;
Unleſs the diſmal *Cypreſs* follow thee,
The ſhort-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
But the impriſon'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir ſhall ſtraight ſet free.
Releas'd from Lock and Key, the ſparkling Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken Pavement ſhine.

The Firſt Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh.*

THYRSIS.

Goat-Herd, the Muſick of yon' whiſtling Pine,
Tho' ſweet, yet is not half ſo ſweet as thine;
Thou, when the ſound of thy ſhrill Pipe is heard,
Art next to our great Maſter *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unqueſtion'd Due:
If he a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to you.
And Kids you know, until the ſwelling Teat
Yields Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

GOAT-HERD.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
Than that fair lovely Stream, which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently riſing Side
Pours the ſmooth Current of its eaſie Tide.
If a white Ewe the Muſes Off'ring be,
A ſpotleſs Lamb ſhall be thy ſecond Fee:
If their's a Lamb; the Ewe's reſerv'd for thee.

THYRSIS.

And wilt thou, *Goat-Herd*, on yon rising Ground,
With Streams refresh'd, and spreading Mirtles crown'd,
Say, wilt thou one sweet charming Song rehearse?
I'll feed thy Flock, and listen to thy Verse.

GOAT-HERD.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground!
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the Sound.
Weary'd with Sport, he there lyes down to rest:
And 'tis an angry God when at the best.
But, *Thyrsis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
And understand the rural Numbers well.
Let us retire then to the Sylvan Shade,
By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
Where an old Seat stands rear'd upon the Green:
Hard by *Priapus*, and the Nymphs are seen.
There if thou sing one of thy noblest Lays,
And thy loud Voice in such sweet Accents raise,
As when you baffled *Chrome*, and won the Bays,
Thrice shalt thou milk my Goat; come, pr'ythee do:
Two Pails she fills, although she suckles Two.
Besides a brave large Goblet shall be thine;
New made, new turn'd, and smelling wond'rous fine.
Sweet wholsom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
And two neat Handles grace the well wrought sides.
About the brim a creeping Ivy twines,
Thro' whose brown Leaves the brighter *Crocus* shines.
Within, a Woman's lovely Image stands:
(A noble Piece! not wrought by mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes:
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By her two blooming Youths by turns complain,
Each striving who shall the blest Conqueft gain:
Both eagerly contend, but both in vain.
She now on This her wanton Glances throws,
And now on That a careless Smile bestows:
Whilst they their big swol'n Eye-lids hardly tear,
And silently accuse the cruel Fair.

Next on a Cliff a Fisher-man you'll view,
Who his lov'd Sport does eagerly pursue.
His gather'd Net just hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Cast on his half bended Knee.
You'd swear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, so fitted for the Throw.
His Neck enlarg'd with swelling Veins appears:
Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
Not far from hence a seeming Vineyard grows,
The Vines all neatly set in graceful Rows,
Whose weighty Clusters bend the yielding Boughs.
And a young Lad on a Tree's neighb'ring Root
Sits idlely by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
By him, two Foxes unregarded steal:
Each craftily designs a diff'rent Meal.
One tow'rds the Vineyard casts a longing Eye;
Looks to, and fro; and then creeps softly by:
Whilst t'other couch'd in a close Ambuscade
To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
Resolves not first to quit the destin'd Prey,
'Till he has sent the Younker Supperless away.
Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flies.
With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Surveys it, and applauds his own Designs:
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
The Cup besides a Wood-bine does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreaths its leafie Train,
Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain!
I know, you'll say your self, 'tis strangely fine!
The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine!
I bought it when I croft th' *Ætolian* Seas,
The Price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk Cheese;
Unus'd it lyes, unsully'd, neat and trim:
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shining Brim.
With this I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'st thou but sing those my beloved Strains.
Nor envy I thy Skill: No---- envious Death
Too soon (alas!) will stop that charming Breath:

Come on then, Sing, dear Shepherd, while you may.

THYRSIS.

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

'Tis *Thyrsis* sings, *Thyrsis* on *Ætna* born:
The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.
Where were the Nymphs? Where, in that fatal Day,
When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away?
Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* stray?
(For sure ye were not by *Anapus* side,
Nor *Ætna*'s Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:
They came, they saw; and with swoln Eyes return'd.
Lions themselves did uncouth Sorrows bear,
Their Savage Fierceness softning to a Tear.
Close by his Feet the Bulls and Heifers lay;
The Calves forgot their Feeding, and their Play;
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Swift *Hermes* first came down to his Relief:
Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this foolish Grief?
What Nymph, what Goddess steals thy Heart away?
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Next him the Shepherds, and the Goat-herds came:
All ask'd the Reason of so strange a Flame.
Priapus came too-----
He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,
Why all this Grief? Ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?
While the false Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,
Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o'er the Plains,
Where-e'er blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Ah! foolish and impatient of the Smart,
With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!
An * Herdsman thou wert thought; a Goat-herd
sure thou art.
The Goat-herd, when from some old craggy Rock
He views the sportful Pastimes of his Flock,

* Βούτας μὲν ἐλέγευ· γυῖ δ' αἰπόλε αὐδρὶ ἐοικας,

And sees 'em how they frisk, and how they play,
Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
And you too, when you see the Nymphs advance
Their nimble Feet in a well-order'd Dance, [smile,
And hear 'em how they talk, and see 'em how they
Are griev'd that you must stand neglected all the while.
All this, without an Answer, heard the Swain;
Still he went on, and nourish'd still the Pain.
He found his Love increase, and Life decay:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head:
Forc'd an insulting Smile, and thus she said.
You thought, fond Swain, that you could Love subdue:
But Love, it seems, at last has conquer'd you.
Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his Sway:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
She spake-----And thus the mournful Swain reply'd,
Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beside!
Ah! cruel Goddess! spare thy Taunts at last;
Nor urge a Death that's drawing on so fast.
Too well I know my fatal Hour is come,
My † Sun declining to its Western Home.
Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Hence, *Cyprian* Queen, to *Ida*'s Tops repair,
Anchises, lov'd *Anchises* waits you there.
There spreading Oaks will cover you around:
Here humble Shrubs scarce peep above the Ground;
And busie Bees are humming all the Day.
The noise is great, 'twill spoil your am'rous Play:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Adonis too!----the Boy is lovely fair!
He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare;
And boldly chases ev'ry Beast of Prey:
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

† Ἤδη γὰρ ἐρέουσι πάνυ' ἄλιος ἄμμι δεδύκειν.

Ye Panthers, Lions, and ye Wolves adieu!
Who now shall traverse the thick Woods with you?
No more shall you be chas'd, no more shall I pursue.
Hail *Arethusa*, lovely Fountain hail! [Vale!
Farewel ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber*'s flow'ry
Farewel!----The Gods forbid my longer Stay:
Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Pan, Pan, where-e'er your wandring Footsteps
Whether on *Lyce*'s airy Tops you rove, [move;
Or sporting in the vast *Menalian* Grove:
Haste, quickly haste; leave the high Tomb, that nods
O'er *Helice*'s Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!
And to fair *Sicily* thy Steps convey:
Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well join'd, and fit;
An useless Pipe to me! and I to it!
For Love and Fate have summon'd me away:
Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And op'ning Roses blush on ev'ry Thorn:
Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dies, what can be strange, or new?
Hounds now shall fly, and trembling Fawns pursue;
Screech-Owls shall sing, and Thrushes yield the Day:
Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* spake, and more he would have sung:
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.
Fair *Venus* strove to raise her drooping Son:
In vain she strove, for his last Thread was spun.
Black *Stygian* Waves surround the darling Boy
Of every Nymph, and every Muse's Joy.
Lifeless he lies, and still as harden'd Clay,
Who was so Young, so Lovely, and so Gay:
Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuse:
I'll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muse.

All hail, ye Muſes, that inſpire my Tongue!
A better Day ſhall have a better Song.

GOAT-HERD.

May dropping Combs on thoſe ſweet Lips diſtil,
And thy lov'd Mouth with *Attick* Honey fill.
For much, much ſweeter is thy tuneful Voice,
Than, when on ſunny Days with chearful noiſe,
The Vocal Inſects of the Spring rejoice.
Here, take the promis'd Cup: How bright the look!
How fine the Smell! ſure from ſome fragrant Brook,
The bath of ſmiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took!
Here* *Ciſſy*, hitherward,---Come, milk her now:
My Kids, forbear to leap: for if you do,
The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

The REAPERS.

The Tenth Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

Engliſhed by Mr. William Bowles, *of* King's *College in* Cambridge.

MILO. BATTUS.

M. ARE you grown lazy, or does ſome Diſeaſe,
Oh *Battus*, bind your Hands, and Sinews ſeize,
That like a Sheep prickt by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lag at ev'ry Turn?
What in the Heat and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter ſo?

B. Milo, thou piece of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'ſt never yet an abſent Friend bemoan?

M. Who, but ſuch Fools as thou, the Abſent mind?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

B. Did Love ne'er yet thy Senſes waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep?

* Κισσαίθα, *the Name of the Goat.*

M. The Gods preserve me from that restless Care.
Oh Reapers all, the gilded Bait beware!
B. But I nine Days the Passion Love have felt,
With inward fires consume, and slowly melt.
See! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.
She who pip'd lately at *Hippocoon*'s Feast,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Guest!
M. The Gods for some old Sins have sent this Evil,
And shame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil.
B. Beware, insulting *Cupid* has a Dart,
And it may one Day reach thy stubborn Heart.
M. Come, you're a Poet, sing some am'rous Song,
'Twill ease your Toil, and make the Day less long.
B. Oh Muse! assist my Song, and make it flow,
For you fresh Charms on all you sing bestow.
Bombyce (Oh my dearest) do not frown,
They call thee Tawny, but I call thee Brown.
Yet blush not, Dear: Black is the Violet,
And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'erwrit;
Yet both are sweet, and both for Garlands fit.
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids pursue,
And *Battus*, sweet *Bombyce*, follows you.
Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich *Crœsus* Wealth and mighty Store,
In *Venus* Temple should our Statues stand;
Thou with thy Pipe and Tabor in thy Hand,
I in a Dancer's Posture, gay, new shod,
Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is most soft and sweet,
But who can praise enough thy humour, and thy Silver Feet?
M. Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
What Verse is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
How just the Rhymes, how equally they meet,
The Numbers how harmonious, and how sweet!
Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,
'Twas by immortal *Lytierses* penn'd.

Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres!* bless the Field,
May the full Ears a plenteous Harvest yield.
Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind,
See how they're blown, and scatter'd by the Wind:
Haste, lest some jeering Passenger should say,
Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.
Reapers observe, and to the Southwest turn
Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and swell the Corn.
Threshers at Noon, and in the burning Heat,
(Then the light Chaff flies out) should toil and sweat;
But Reapers should with the sweet Wood-Lark rise,
And sleep when *Phœbus* mounts the Southern Skies.
Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!
They suck in Drink for Air, and proudly swell.
Oh niggard Bayliff! we could dine on Beans,
And spare your windy Cabbage, and your Pains.
Such Songs at once delight us, and improve;
But thy sad Ditty, and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus*, I advise,
When stretch'd and yawning in her Bed she lyes.

AITHΣ. *Or, the Twelfth* Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

SCarce three whole Days, my lovely Youth, had past
Since thou and I met here, and parted last,
And yet so sluggishly the Minutes flew,
I thought it Ages till we met anew.
Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,
Already envious Time began to shed
A snowy White around my drooping Head.
As to Spring's Brav'ry rugged Winter yields;
The hoary Mountains to the smiling Fields;
As by the faithful Shepherd new-yean'd Lambs
Are much less valu'd than their fleecy Dams;

As to wild Plumbs the Damſcen is preferr'd;
As nimble Does out-ſtrip the duller Herd;
As Maids ſeem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Than thoſe who *Hymen*'s Joys have often try'd;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excels the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove;
So much doſt thou all other Youths excel:
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half ſo well!
Sweeter thy Face! more raviſhing thy Charms!
No Gueſt ſo welcome to my longing Arms!
When firſt I view'd thoſe much lov'd Eyes of thine
At diſtance, and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th' expected Boy
With all the tranſports of unruly Joy.
Not with ſuch eager haſte, ſuch fond Deſires,
The Traveller, when ſcorch'd by *Syrian* Fires,
To ſome well-ſpreading Beach's Shade retires.
O! that ſome God would equal Flames impart!
And ſpread a mutual Warmth thro' either Heart!
'Till Men ſhould quote our Names for loving well;
And Age to Age the pleaſing Story tell.
Two Men there were (criesſome well meaning Tongue)
Whoſe Friendſhip equal on Love's Ballance hung:
(*Eſpnilus* one, *Aites* t'other Name,
Both ſurely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
Of honeſt ancient Make and heav'nly Mould,
Such as in good King *Saturn*'s Days of Old
Flouriſh'd, and ſtamp'd the Age's Name with Gold.
Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a Day,
While we amidſt th' *Elyſian* Valleys ſtray,
Some welcome Ghoſt may this glad Meſſage ſay,
Your Loves, the copious Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
Ev'n now with laſting Praiſe are daily ſung;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.
But Pray'rs are vain! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
Whate'er I aſk, can grant, or can deny.
In the mean time thee my due Songs ſhall praiſe,
Thee, the glad matter of my tuneful Lays: ſraiſe.
Nor ſhall the well meant Verſe a tell-tale Bliſter

Nay should you chide, I'll catch the pleasing sound,
Since the same Mouth that made, can heal the Wound.
Ye *Megarensians*, who from *Nisa*'s Shoar
Plow up the Sea with many a well-tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Success attend:
You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours and becoming Reverence pay:
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day,
Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth resort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport:
And he, whose pointed Kiss is sweetest found,
Returns with Laurels, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away!
Happy, I grant: But O far happier they,
Who, from the Seats of their much envy'd bliss,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiss!
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
He would their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To those which in the faithful Stone reside:
Whose Touch apply'd, the Artist can explore
The baser Metal from the shining Ore.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ: *Or the Nineteenth* Idyllium *of* Theocritus.

Cupid, the slieſt Rogue alive,
One Day was plundring of a Hive:
But as with too eager Haste
He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,
A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy;
Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy.
The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain!
The rubbing ſtill increas'd the Pain.
Straight to his Mother's Lap he hies,
With ſwelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
Cries ſhe-----What does my *Cupid* ail?
When thus he told his mournful Tale.
A little Bird they call a Bee,
With yellow Wings; ſee, Mother, ſee
How it has gor'd, and wounded me!
And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
For all the World juſt ſuch another?
Juſt ſuch another angry thing,
Like in Bulk and like in Sting.
For when you aim a pois'nous Dart,
Againſt ſome poor unwary Heart,
How little is the Archer found!
And yet how wide, how deep the Wound!

A SONG.

I.

IN a dark ſilent ſhady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on *Corinna*'s Breaſt I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *&c. cætera*,

II.

A thouſand Words and amorous Kiſſes
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſport of *&c. cætera*.

III.

She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd,
And the ſmall Oppoſition ſhe had made,
Yet hug'd me cloſe, and with a Sigh did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more *&c. cætera*.

IV.

But O the Power to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt,
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day
The Proſecution of *&c. catera.*

The Complaint of ARIADNA. *Out of* CATULLUS.

By Mr. *WILLIAM BOWLES.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium *of* Peleus *and* Thetis, *deſcribes the Genial Bed on which was wrought the Story of* Theſeus *and* Ariadne, *and on that occaſion makes a long Digreſſion, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.*

THere on th' extreameſt Beach, and fartheſt Sand
Deſerted *Ariadna* ſeem'd to ſtand,
New wak'd, and raving with her Love, ſhe flew
To the dire Shoar, from whence ſhe might purſue
With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
The winged Bark o'er the tempeſtuous Main;
For bury'd in fallacious Sleep ſhe lay
While thro' the Waves falſe *Theſeus* cut his way,
Regardleſs of her Fate who ſav'd his Youth;
Winds bore away his Promiſe and his Truth.
Like ſome wild *Bacchanal* unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
And with fix'd Eyes ſurvey'd the raging Flood.
There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
Nor leſs the Tempeſts that diſtract her Soul;
Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
Rage in her Soul expreſt, and wild Deſpair:
Her riſing Breaſts with Indignation ſwell,
And her looſe Robes diſdainfully repell,

The shining Ornaments that drest her Head,
When with the glorious Ravisher she fled,
Now at their Mistress Feet neglected lay,
Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
But she nor them regards, nor Waves that beat
Her snowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet:
On *Theseus* her lost Senses all attend,
And all the Passions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Sense contend in vain,
She sunk at last beneath the mighty Pain:
With various Ills beset, and stupid grown,
She lost the Pow'r those Ills ev'n to bemoan:
But when the first Assault and fierce Surprize
Were past, and Grief had found a Passage at her Eyes,
With cruel Hands her snowy Breast she wounds,
Theseus, in vain, through all the Shoar resounds.
Now urg'd by Love she plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again:
Thrice she repeats the vain Attempt to wade,
Thrice Fear and Cold her shiv'ring Limbs invade.
Fainting at last she hung her beauteous Head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, she said,
Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou wast all to me)
And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid?
Oh Cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd, and betray'd!
Betray'd to Mischiefs of which Death's the least,
And plung'd in Ills too great to be expresst.
Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
With Vengeance thy devoted Ship pursue,
O'ertake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breast,
And with new Plagues th' ill-omen'd Flight infest.
But tho' no Pity thy stern Breast could move,
Nor angry Gods, nor ill requited Love,
Yet sense of Honour sure should touch thy Heart,
And shame from low, unmanly Flight divert,

With other Hopes my easie Faith you fed,
A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed;
But all those Joys with thee, alas! are fled.
Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
They only with more Form and Pomp deceive:
To compass their lewd ends the Wretches swear,
Of Oaths profuse, nor Gods nor Temples spare;
But when enjoy'd---
Nor broken Vows, nor angry Heav'n they fear.
But, O ye Women! warn'd by me, be wise,
Turn their false Oaths on them, their Arts, their Lies;
Dissemble, fawn, weep, swear when you betray,
Defeat the Gamesters at their own foul Play.
Oh banisht Faith! But now from certain Death
I snatcht the Wretch, and sav'd his perjur'd Breath,
His Life with my own Brother's Blood I bought,
And Love by such a cruel Service sought.
By *Me* preserv'd, yet *Me* he does betray,
And to wild Beasts expose an easie Prey!
Nor thou of Royal Race, nor Human Stock [Rock;
Wast born, but nurs'd by Bears, and issu'd from a
Too plain thou dost thy dire Extraction prove,
Who Death for Life return'st, and Hate for Love.
Yet he securely Sails! and I in vain
Recal the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
Unmov'd they stand; yet could they see and hear,
More human would than cruel Man appear.
But I-----
Must the sad Pleasure of Compassion want,
And die unheard, and lose my last Complaint.
Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
Hadst thou, O charming Stranger, ne'er arriv'd;
Dissembl'd Sweetness in thy Look does shine,
But ah! th' inhuman Monsters lurk within.
What now remains; Or whom shall I implore
In a wild Isle, on a deserted Shoar?
Shall I return, and beg my Father's Aid?
My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled!

But, *Theseus*, *Ariadna*'s Constant, Kind,
Kind as the Seas, and Constant as the Wind.
See! wretched Maid, vast Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the resounding Shoar,
Cut off thy Hopes, and intercept thy Flight,
No Ship appears to bless thy Longing Sight.
The dismal Isle no human Footstep bears,
But a sad Silence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature scarce maintains the strife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e'er I die, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curse him first, and then contented fall.
Ascend ye Furies then, ascend, and hear
My last Complaints, and grant my dying Pray'r,
Which Grief and Rage for ill-rewarded Love,
And the deep Sense of his Injustice move:
Oh suffer not my latest Words to fly
Like common Air, and unregarded die!
With Vengeance his dire Treachery pursue,
For Vengeance, Goddesses, attends on you,
Terror with you, Despair and Death appear,
And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
May his proud Ship by furious Billows tost,
On Rocks, or some wild Shoar like this, be lost;
There may he fall, or late returning see,
(If so the Gods, and so the Fates decree)
A mournful House, polluted by the Dead,
And Furies ever wait on his * Incestuous Bed.
Jove heard, and did the just Request approve,
And nodding shook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant
Lights above.

* *He carried away her Sister* Phædra.

The Twentieth Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

By Mr. W. BOWLES.

PROUD *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kiſs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, How ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips ſuch as theſe, and ſuch a Mouth prophane?
No: To prevent your ruſtick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with ſuch as you:
But your ſoft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fiſt,
All charming, and all ſuing to be kiſt,
Your matted Hair, and your ſmooth Chin invite,
Conſpire to make you Lovely to the ſight.
Oh how you look, how prettily you play,
How ſoft your Words, and what fine things you ſay!
Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gone,
Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
Vaniſh, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
He ſmells of the rank Goats from which he came!
This ſaid, with Indignation thrice ſhe ſpit,
Survey'd me with Diſdain from Head to Feet;
Then was fierce Rage, and conſcious Beauty ſeen
In all her Motions, and her haughty Meen.
She pray'd, as if ſhe ſome Contagion fear'd,
Caſt a diſdainful Smile, and diſappear'd.
My boiling Blood ſprang with my Rage, and ſpread
O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red; [ſhed.
So Roſes bluſh, when Night her kindly Dew has
I rage, I curſe the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
My graceful Perſon, and my comely Beard.
Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
Has any God caſt my old Form anew?
How am I chang'd? For once a matchleſs Grace
Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'ergrow,
And my long Hair in untaught Curls did flow,

My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white,
My ſparkling Eyes ſhot forth a radiant Light;
In ſweeteſt Words did my ſoft Language flow,
As Honey ſweet, and ſoft as falling Snow;
When with loud Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpir'd,
The liſt'ning Shepherds all my Skill admir'd;
Me all the Virgins on our Mountains love,
They praiſe my Beauty, and my Flames approve.
Such tho' I am, yet me, becauſe a Swain,
(How nice theſe Town-bred Women are, how
Gay *Eunica* rejected with Diſdain. [vain!)
And ſhe, it ſeems, has never heard, or read
How *Bacchus*, now a God, a Flock once fed.
Venus her ſelf did the Profeſſion grace,
By Love transform'd into a Country Laſs:
The *Phrygian* Fields and Woods her Flames can tell,
And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.
How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon deſcend
From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* Friend,
And abſent from the Sky whole Nights with him
did ſpend?
To ſhining in her Orb prefer her Love,
Stoop and deſert her glorious Seat above?
And was not he a Shepherd? Sure he was;
Yet did not ſhe diſdain his low Embrace.
The Gods great Mother too, and greater *Jove*,
Their Majeſty laid by, could Shepherds love:
The *Phrygian* Groves, and conſcious *Ida* know
What She for *Atys*, He for *Ganymed* could do.
But prouder *Eunica* diſdains alone
What Gods, and greateſt Goddeſſes have done:
Fairer it ſeems by much, and greater ſhe,
Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne'er find one
Worthy your Love, in Country, or in Town,
But to a Virgin Bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

To LESBIA. *Out of* CATULLUS.

LET's live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and love,
The little time that Nature lends improve;
In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the day,
Nor care a farthing what old Dotards say;
The Suns may rise again that once are set,
Their usual Labour, and old Course repeat;
But when our Days once turn'd have lost their Light,
We must sleep on one long eternal Night:
A thousand Kisses, Dear, a hundred more,
Another hundred *Lesbia*, I am poor:
Another thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every Touch surprize, and pressing Charm:
And when repeated thousands numerous grow
We'll kis out all again, that none may know
How many you have lent, and what I owe:
While I'll in gross with eager haste repay,
And kiss a long Eternity away.

To *LESBIA*.

MY *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her Bed;
True, this she swears by all the Pow'rs above,
But she's a Woman speaking to her Love:
That single Thought my growing Faith defeats,
'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:
They must be false, they must their Oaths forget,
So pleasing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What Women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And should be writ in Air, or running Streams.

The Seventh ODE *of the Fourth Book of* HORACE.

By an unknown Hand.

WInter's diſſolv'd, behold a World's new Face!
How Graſs the Ground, how Leaves their Branches grace. [yield,
That Earth which would not to the Plough-ſhare
Is ſofter now and eaſie to be till'd.
And frozen Streams, thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whiſp'ring Murmurs in their Channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flowry Meadows nimbly bound.
The Months that run on Time's immortal Wheels,
The Seaſons treading on each others Heels,
The winged Hours that ſwiftly paſs away,
And ſpightfully conſume the ſmiling Day,
Tell us, that all things muſt with them decay.
The Year rowls round us in a conſtant Ring,
And ſultry Summer waſtes the milder Spring:
Whoſe hot Meridian quickly overpaſt,
Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haſte
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but ſuddenly is croſt,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage with a Froſt.
The Moon renews its Orb to ſhine more bright;
But when Death's Hand puts out our mortal Light,
With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!
With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we ſhall be,
And the brave Souls of vaniſh'd *Heroes* ſee.
Who knows if Gods above, who all things ſway,
Will ſuffer thee to live another Day?
Then pleaſe thy Genius, and betimes take care,
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.
When among crouds of Ghoſts thou ſhalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal Sentence hear,

Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canst plead can the past Doom recal,
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
Her chaste *Hippolytus* from *Lethe*'s Lake.
Perithous bound in Fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his Adamantine Chain.

The Tenth ODE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

Rectius vives Licini, &c.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell;
He sure doth best, who a true mean can keep,
Nor boldly sails too far into the Deep,
Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
Who to that happy *Medium* can attain,
" Who neither seeks for nor despises Gain,
" Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,
He shuns th' unwholsome Ills of Poverty;
And is secure from Envy, which attends
A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose,
To the rude blasts of ev'ry Wind that blows.
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
Are near their Ruin as they're near the Sky;
And when they fall, what was their Pride before,
Serves only then t'increase their fall the more.
Who wisely governs and directs his Mind
Never despairs, though Fortune be unkind;
He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
He bears it patiently, and hopes again.
And if at last a kinder Fate conspires,
To heap upon him more than he desires;

He

He then ſuſpects the kindneſs he enjoys,
Takes it with thanks, but with ſuch care employs,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once reſume what it beſtow'd before.
He finds Man's Life, by an Eternal Skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate ſhapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's Fears;
And 'tis by an unerring Rule decreed,
That this ſhall that alternately ſucceed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wiſe,
And bear its Ills without the leaſt ſurpriſe.
The more you are oppreſs'd, bear up the more,
Weather the Tempeſt 'till its rage be o'er.
But if too proſperous and too ſtrong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than juſt fill your Sail,
Leſſen it; and let it take but ſo much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the courſe deſign'd;
" For 'tis the greateſt part of human Skill,
" To uſe good Fortune, and to bear our ill.

The Eighteenth Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of HORACE.

Si bene te novi, &c.

DEAR Friend, for ſurely I may call him ſo,
Who doth ſo well the Laws of Friendſhip know;
I'm ſure you mean the Kindneſs you profeſs,
And to be lov'd by you's a Happineſs;
Not like him who with Eloquence and Pains,
The ſpecious Title of a Friend obtains;
And the next day, to pleaſe ſome Man of Senſe,
Breaks Jeſts at his deluded Friend's expence;
As Jilts, who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.

There is another failing of the Mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind;
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which some have got of using all Men ill;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of Freedom, and a virtuous Innocence;
Who, 'cause they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
Think they may push and justle all they meet,
And blame whate'er they see, complain, and brawl,
And think their Virtues make amends for all;
They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
But think their virtuous Nastiness a grace.
Whenas true Virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a Vice.
Others there are, who too obsequious grown,
Live more for others pleasure than their own;
Applauding whatsoe'er they hear or see,
By a too nauseous Civility:
And if a Man of Title or Estate,
Doth some strange Story, true or false, relate;
Obsequiously they cringe, and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall:
As School Boys follow what the Masters say,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.
Some Men there are so full of their own Sense,
They take the least Dispute for an Offence;
And if some wiser Friend their heat restrains,
And says the Subject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, What I have said is true,
And I'll defend it against him and you;
And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll die,
Rather than not maintain he says a Lie.
Now, would you see from whence these heats arise,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know, if, when a Client's prest,
Sawyer or *Williams* pleads his Cause the best:
Or if to *Windsor* he most minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Staines*;

Who spends his Wealth in Pleasure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well-cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought necessitous and poor:
Him his rich Kinsman is afraid to see,
Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
And rails at Vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himself perhaps hath many more:
Or tells him wisely, Cousin have a care,
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a small Estate,
Your Pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.
I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Cousin, my Wealth supports my Vanity.
But they, who've Wit, and not Estate enough,
Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t'affect Equality,
Forget you've such a foolish Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who to punish those,
Who, though below him, he believed his Foes;
And more effectually to vent his Rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the foolish Sparks courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bullies of the Town;
Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
'Till at the last, their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their Fortune chang'd, their Appetite the same,
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim,
They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their Pleasures at a cheaper rate;
And 'midst their dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken Lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden Secrets of another's Mind,
For when you've torn one Secret from his Breast,
You run great risque of losing all the rest;

And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret Thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,
Let not your Drinking, Anger, Pride or Lust,
Ever invite you to betray the Trust.
First never praise your own Designs, and then
Ne'er lessen the Designs of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To set a Partridge, or to chase a Hare,
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home, and study all the Day.
So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no Pleasures but his own;
Was fore'd to give his Brother's Friendship o'er,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He chose the safest and the wisest way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self-same End,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the Plain,
Quit your untimely Labours of the Brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal Pleasure on the Prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable Sport,
Lov'd in the Country, and esteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility:
Who see you love the Pleasures they admire,
Will equally approve what you desire;
Such Condescension will more Friendship gain,
Than the best Rules which your wise Books contain.
Talk not of others Lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all Mankind; who will expect the same.
Shun all inquisitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a loose Tongue to utter all he hears;

And Words, like th' moving Air of which they're
When once let loose, can never be reclaim'd. [fram'd,
Where you've access to a rich pow'rful Man,
Govern your Mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your foolish Lust betray'd,
To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid:
Left with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family ally'd,
He gives you either; with which Bounty blest,
You must quit all Pretensions to the rest;
Or left, incens'd at your Attempt, and griev'd
You should abuse the Kindness you receiv'd;
He coldly thwarts your impotent desire,
'Till you at last chuse rather to retire,
Than tempt his Anger any more; and so
Lose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
Next have a care, what Men you recommend
To th' Service or Esteem of your rich Friend;
Left for his Service or Esteem unfit,
They load you with the Faults which they commit.
But as the wisest Men with all their Skill
May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendship ill:
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own Crimes accuse.
But if through Envy of malicious Men
They be accus'd, you must protect them then,
And plead their Cause your self; for when you see
Him you commend, attack'd with Infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbour's House is set on Fire,
You must his Safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden Fires, though in the Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.
They who don't know the Dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich pow'rful Friend;
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they make but a Leg amongst the rest;

But they who've try'd it, and with prudent Care
Do all its Honours, and its Ills compare,
Fear to engage, leſt with their Time and Pain,
They loſe more Pleaſure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your Veſſel's under Sail,
You make your beſt Advantage of the Gale;
Leſt the Wind changes, and ſome ſtormy Rain
Should throw you back to your firſt Port again.
You muſt endeavour to diſpoſe your Mind
To pleaſe all Humours of a different kind;
Whoſe Temper's ſerious, and their Humour ſad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whoſe Humour's free,
Abhor a ſad and ſerious Gravity;
They who are ſlow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendſhip of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the buſie active Men,
And are deteſted by the ſame again.
They whoſe free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day,
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuſe;
Though his untimely Virtue to excuſe,
He ſwears that one ſuch merry drinking Feaſt,
Would make him Sick for a whole Week at leaſt.
Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modeſt Men are thought obſcure and low;
And they, who an affected Silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, ſower and deep.
Amongſt all other things, do not omit
To ſearch the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the Converſation of the Wiſe,
In what true Happineſs and Pleaſure lyes;
Which are the ſafeſt Rules to live at eaſe,
And the beſt way to make all Fortunes pleaſe;
Leſt through the craving Hopes of gaining more,
And fear of loſing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unſatisfy'd miſguided Mind,
To needy Wiſhes, and falſe Joys confin'd,

Puts its free boundless searching Thoughts in Chains,
And where it sought its Pleasure, finds its Pains.
If virtuous Thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be giv'n by Nature, or obtain'd by Art;
What lessens Care, the Mind's uneasie Pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again;
Which doth the truest Happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour, or a great Estate;
Or a safe private Quiet, which betrays
It self to ease, and cheats away the Days.
When I am at-----where my kind Fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate Estate,
Where Nature's care hath equally employ'd
Its inward Treasures, and its outward Pride;
What Thoughts d'ye think those easie Joys inspire?
What do you think I covet and desire?
'Tis, That I may but undisturb'd possess
The little' I have, and, if Heaven pleases, less;
That I, to Nature and my self, may give
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Books, in which I some new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my Mind;
Some Horses, which may help me to partake
The lawful Pleasures which the Seasons make;
An easie Plenty, which at least may spare
The frugal Pains of a Domestick Care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love such an idle Life, and me;
Then, Heav'n, give me but Life and Health, I'll find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

A SONG.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

Freedom is a real Treasure,
Love a Dream, all false and vain,
Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the Pain.

II.

A sincere and tender Passion
Some ill Planet over-rules;
Ah how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women dote on Fools.

Answer'd by Mr. WHARTON.

When Wits from Sighing turn to Railing,
Ill Success pleads some Excuse;
Always trying, ever failing,
Will provoke the dullest Muse.

II.

Cupid a revengeful God is,
Woe be to the Poet's Heart,
Flannel Shirts and Whale-bone Bodice
Are not proof against his Dart.

Another ANSWER.

WHY this talking still of Dying,
Why this dismal Look and Groan,
Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing,
Let these fruitless Arts alone.
Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,
Born of Beauty, nurst with Wit,

Much amiss you take your Measure,
This dull whining way to hit.

II.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,
By th' effect they see in you;
If you would be truly moving,
Eagerly the Point pursue.
Brisk and gay appear in Woing,
Pleasant be if you would please;
All this Talking, and no Doing,
Will not Love, but Hate, increase.

The Eighth Satyr of the First Book of HORACE.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was, at first, a piece of Fig-tree Wood,
And long an honest Joiner pond'ring stood,
Whether he should employ his shaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Joint-stool;
Each Knob he weigh'd, on every Inch did plod,
And rather chose to turn me to a God:
As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
The fear of ev'ry Thief, and ev'ry Bird.
The Raskals from their pilfring Tricks desist,
And dread each wooden Finger of my Fist.
The Reeds stuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my Sight.
When any of the Rabble did decease,
They brought 'em to this place to stink in Peace.
Unnoisom here the Snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common Grave for all the Rout.
Loose *Nomentanus* left his Riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

Nor in these Pit-holes might they put a Bone,
Could lye beneath a Dunghil of its own.

But now the Ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:
Myrtle and Orange Groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghastly Sight.

While here I stand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the Grievances,
As are those Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poys'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrifie;
But ev'ry Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their Shrieks and Groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs, and human Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous howlings shook the trembling Ground,
A Paleness, casting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haste.
A cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore:
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax, and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling Fool:
A chidden Image ready still to skip,
Whene'er the Woollen one but snapt his Whip.
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldame calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.

May every Crow and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they fly:
And never miss a Dab tho' ne'er so high,

May villain *Julius*, and his raskal Crew,
Use me with just such Ceremony too.
But how much time and patience would it cost,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, and Teeth of Snakes;
While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.
Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
My Fig-tree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for Revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd, like fifty Bladders, from behind.
Scar'd with the Noise they scudd away to Town,
While *Sagana*'s false Hair comes dropping down:
Canidia tumbles o'er, for want of Breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their Labours crost,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

An O D E. *Sung before King* CHARLES II. *on* New-Years-Day.

By Mr. J. Alleſtry.

ARiſe, Great Monarch; ſee the joyful Day,
Dreſt in the glories of the Eaſt,
Preſumes to interrupt your ſacred Reſt.
Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New-born Year.

II.

Bleſt be that Sun, who in Time's fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embaſſie deſign'd,
To Head the Golden Troops of Days to come,
Nor lagg'd ingloriouſly behind,

Ignobly in the last Years Throng to rise and set.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a Day.

CHORUS.

Oh may the happy Days encrease,
With Spoils of War, and Wealth of Peace.
Till Time and Age shall swallow'd be,
Lost in vast Eternity.
May Charles *never quit his sacred Throne,*
Himself succeed himself alone.
And to lengthen out his Time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That so each World a Charles *may know,*
Father above and Son below.

III.

Hark, the Jocund Sphears renew
Their chearful and melodious Song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy Days, in their fair order march along.
Move on, ye prosperous Hours, move on,
Finish your Course so well begun;
Let no ill Omen dare prophane
Your beauteous and harmonious Train,
Or Jealousies or foolish Fears disturb you as you run.

IV.

See, mighty *Charles*, how all the Minutes press,
Each longing which shall first appear;
Since in this renowned Year,
Not one but feels a secret Happiness,
As big with new Events and some unheard Success:
See how our Troubles vanish, see
How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
Propitious Winds bear all our Griefs away,
And Peace clears up the troubled Day.
Not a Wrinkle, not a Scar
Of Faction or dishonest War,
But Pomps and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

A SONG.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Sylvia the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green;
She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast;
She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah! she cry'd; ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close!
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
He saw the sad Wound, and in pity drew near,
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close.
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

The Episode *of the Death of* CAMILLA.

Translated out of the Eleventh Book of *Virgil's Æneids.*

By Mr. STAFFORD.

ON Death and Wounds *Camilla* looks with joy,
Freed from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy.
Now, thick as Hail, her fatal Darts she flings;
The two-edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings.
Her Shoulders bore *Diana's* Arms and Bow:
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a Foe,
Her Shafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the Rash, who durst pursue the Fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her side.
These above all *Camilla's* Breast did share;
For Faith in Peace, and Gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* Bands,
When first they dy'd with Blood *Thermodoons* Sands,
Such Troops *Hippolyta* her self did head,
And such the bold *Penthesilea* led,
When Female shouts alarm'd the trembling Fields,
And glaring Beams shot bright from Maiden Shields.
Who, gallant Virgin, who by thee were slain?
What gasping Numbers strew'd upon the Plain?
Thy Spear first through *Eumenius* passage found;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his Mouth and Wound;
With gnashing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his Gore.
Then hapless *Pagasus*, and *Lyris* bleed:
The latter reining up his fainting Steed;
The first as to his Aid he stretch'd his Hand,
Both at an instant, headlong, struck the Sand;
Her Arm *Amastrus* next, and *Tereas* feel.
Then follows *Chromis* with her listed Steel,

Of all her Quiver not a Shaft was loſt,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghoſt.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battle an *Apulian* Courſer bore.
His brawny Back wrapt in a Bullock's Skin,
Upon his Head a Wolf did fiercely grin,
Above the reſt his mighty Shoulders ſhow,
And he looks down upon the Troops below:
Him (and 'twas eaſie, while his Fellows fled)
She ſtruck along, and thus ſhe triumph'd while he bled,
Some Coward Game thou didſt believe to chace,
But, Hunter, ſee a Woman ſtops thy Race.
Yet to requiring Ghoſts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla*'s Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her Lance,
(While Breaſt to Breaſt the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his Armour's joints it rung,
While on his Arm his uſeleſs Target hung.

Then from *Orſilochus* in Circle runs,
And follows the Purſuer, while ſhe ſhuns.
For ſtill with craft a narrow Ring ſhe wheels,
And brings her ſelf up to the Chaſer's Heels.
Her Ax, regardleſs of his Prayers and Groans,
She craſhes thro' his Armour and his Bones.
Redoubled Stroaks the vanquiſh'd Foe ſuſtains,
His reeking Face beſpatter'd with his Brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the Place:
Who ſtopping ſhort, ſtar'd wildly in her Face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* Fraud imparts,
While Fate allow'd that fraud, he was of ſubtleſt Arts;
Who, when he ſaw he cou'd not ſhun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin by his ſleight;
And cries aloud, What Courage can you ſhow,
By cunning Horſemanſhip to cheat a Foe?
Forego your Horſe, and ſtrive not to betray,
But dare to combat, a more equal way:
'Tis thus we ſee who merits Glory beſt.
So brav'd, fierce Indignation fires her Breaſt;

Dismounted from her Horse, in open Field,
Now, first she draws her Sword, and lifts her Shield.
He, thinking that his Cunning did succeed,
Reins round his Horse, and urges all his speed,
His golden Rowels hidden in his Sides:
When thus his useless Fraud the Maid derides:
Poor Wretch, that swell'st with a deluding Pride,
In vain thy Country's little Arts are try'd.
No more the Coward shall behold his Sire;
Then plies her Feet, quick as the nimble Fire,
And up before his Horse's Head she strains;
When seizing, with a furious Hand, his Reins,
She wreaks her Fury on his spouting Veins.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk soars high above,
And in a Cloud with ease o'ertakes a Dove;
His Pounces so the grappled Foe assail,
And Blood and Feathers mingle in a Hail.
Now *Jove*, to whom Mankind is still in sight,
With more than usual Care beholds the Fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inspires
The furious Deeds to which his Blood he fires.
He spurs through Slaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his Voice lifts every Arm that droops.
He shouts his Name in every Soldiers Ears:
Reviling thus the Spirits which he chears.
Ye sham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this Terror, and your Souls so base?
When tender Virgins triumph in the Field,
Let every brawny Arm let fall his Shield,
And break the coward Sword he dare not wield.
Not thus you fly the daring She by Night;
Nor Goblets, that your drunken Throats invite.
This is your Choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,
Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when it calls.
Thus having said----
He Spurs, with headlong Rage, among his Foes,
As if he only had his Life to lose.
And meeting *Venulus*, his Arms he clasps;
The Armour dints beneath the furious Grasps.

High from his Horſe the ſprawling Foe he rears,
And thwart his Courſers Neck the Prize he bears.
The *Trojans* ſhout, the *Latines* turn their Eyes;
While ſwift as lightning airy *Tarchon* flies.
Who breaks his Lance, and views his Armour round,
To find where he might fix the deadly Wound;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the Horſe,
And to defend his Throat oppoſes force to force.
As when an Eagle high his courſe does take,
And in his griping Tallons bears a Snake,
A thouſand Folds the Serpent caſts, and high [Sky,
Setting his ſpeckled Scales, goes whiſtling thro' the
The fearleſs Bird but deeper gores his Prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy Way.
So from the midſt of all his Enemies,
Triumphant *Tarchon* ſnatch'd and bore his Prize.
The Troops that ſhrunk, with Emulation preſs
To reach his Danger now, to reach at his Succeſs.
Then *Aruns*, doom'd in ſpight of all his Art,
Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his Dart.
And, ſlily watching for his Time, would try
To join his Safety with his Treachery.
Where-e'er her Rage the bold *Camilla* ſends,
There creeping *Aruns* ſilently attends.
When, tir'd with conquering, ſhe retires from fight,
He ſteals about his Horſe, and keeps her in his ſight.
In all her Rounds from him ſhe cannot part,
Who ſhakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart.
Chloreus, the Prieſt of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whoſe hanches caſe,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and Braſs.
He, clad in foreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* Arrows from a *Lycian* Bow.
Gold was that Bow, and Gold his Helmet too:
Gay were his upper Robes, which looſely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o'er with ſomething rare,
And as he fought he gliſter'd ev'ry where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or elſe to ſhine her ſelf in *Trojan* Gold;
Him the fierce Maid purſues thro' all her Foes;
Regardleſs of the Life ſhe did expoſe:
Him Eyes alone, to other Dangers blind,
And manly Force employs, to pleaſe a Virgin's Mind.
His Dart now *Aruns*, from his Ambuſh, throws;
And thus to Heav'n he ſends his coward Vows.
Apollo, oh thou greateſt Deity!
Patron of bleſt *Soractis*, and of me;
(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of Pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory ſhine;
And when we trample on the Fire, our Soles,
By thee preſerv'd, contemn the glowing Coals;)
My mighty Patron make me wipe away
The ſhame of this diſhonourable Day.
Nor Spoils nor Triumph from the Deed I claim,
But truſt my future Actions with my Fame.
This raging Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home.
Apollo heard, to half his Pray'r inclin'd:
The reſt he mingles with the fleeting Wind,
He gives *Camilla*'s Ruin to his Pray'r:
To ſee his Country, that was loſt in Air.
As ſinging o'er the Field the Jav'lin flies,
Upon the Queen the Army turn their Eyes.
But ſhe, intent upon her golden Prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hiſſing way,
'Till in her Side it takes its deadly reſt;
And drinks the Virgin Purple of her Breaſt.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her Aid,
And in their Arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightned *Aruns* flies,
And feels a Terror mingled with his Joys.
He truſts no more his Safety to his Spear;
Ev'n her expiring Courage gives him fear.
So runs a Wolf ſmear'd with ſome Shepherd's Blood,
And ſtrives to gain the ſhelter of a Wood,

Before the Darts his panting sides assail,
And claps between his Legs his shiv'ring Tail;
Conscious of the audacious bloody Deed,
As *Aruns* seeks his Troops stretch'd on his speed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his Friends.
She strives to draw the Dart, but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the Wound the Weapon clung;
Then fainting rouls in Death her closing Eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful Beauty flies.
To *Acca* thus she breaths her last of Breath:
Acca that shar'd with her in all, but Death:
Ah Friend! you once have seen me draw the Bow,
But Fate and Darkness hover round me now.
Make haste to *Turnus*, bid him bring with speed
His fresh Reserves, and to my Charge succeed,
Cover the City, and repel the Foe.
Thus having said, her Hands the Reins forego;
Down from her Horse she sinks, then gasping lies
In a cold Sweat, and by degrees she dies:
Her drooping Neck declines upon her Breast,
Her swimming Head with Slumber is oppress;
The lingring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,
And murm'ring with Disdain, the beauteous Body leaves.

To my HEART.

WHAT ail'st thou, oh thou trembling Thing,
To Pant and Languish in my Breast,
Like Birds that fain wou'd try the callow Wing,
And leave the downy Nest?
Why hast thou fill'd thy self with Thought,
Strange, new, fantastick as the Air?
Why to thy Peaceful Empire hast thou brought
That restless Tyrant, Care?

But oh! alas, I ask in vain;
Thou answer'st nothing back again,
But in soft Sighs *Amyntor*'s Name.

Oh thou Betrayer of my Liberty,
Thou fond Deceiver, what's the Youth to thee?
What has he done, what has he said,
That thus has conquer'd or betray'd?
He came and saw, but 'twas by such a Light
As scarce distinguisht Day from Night;
Such as in thick-grown Shades is found,
When here and there a piercing Beam
Scatters faint spangl'd Sun-shine on the Ground,
And casts about a melancholy Gleam;
But so obscure, I cou'd not see
The charming Eyes that wounded thee;
But they, like Gems, by their own Light
Betray'd their value through the Gloom of Night.

I felt thee heave at every Look,
And stop my Language as I spoke.
I felt thy Blood fly upward to my Face,
While thou unguarded lay,
Yielding to every Word, to every Grace,
Fond to be made a Prey.
I left thee watching in my Eyes,
And list'ning in my Ear,
Discovering Weakness in thy Sighs,
Uneasie with thy Fear:
Suffering Imagination to deceive,
I found thee willing to believe,
And with the treacherous Shade conspire,
To let into thy self a dangerous Fire.

Ah foolish Wanderer, say, what would'st thou do,
If thou should'st find at second View,
That all thou fancies now were true?
If thou should'st find by Day those Charms,
Which thus observ'd threaten undoing Harms;

If thou should'ſt find that awful Mien
Nor the Effects of firſt Addreſs,
Nor of my Converſation diſeſteem,
But noble native Sullenneſs;
If thou should'ſt find that ſoft good-natur'd Voice
(Unus'd to Inſolence and Noiſe)
Still thus adorn'd with Modeſty,
And his Mind's Virtues with his Wit agree;
Tell me, thou forward laviſh Fool,
What Reaſon cou'd thy Fate controul,
Or ſave the Ruin of thy Soul?

Ceaſe then to languiſh for the coming Day,
That may direct his wand'ring Steps that way,
When I again ſhall the lov'd Form ſurvey.

CATO's *Anſwer to* LABIENUS, *when he adviſ'd him to conſult the Oracle of* Jupiter Ammon.

Being a Paraphraſtical Tranſlation of part of the Ninth Book of Lucan, beginning at

——*Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes,* &c.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

WHAT ſhou'd I ask my Friend, which beſt wou'd [be,
To live inſlav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any Force can Honour's Price abate?
Or Virtue bow beneath the Blows of Fate?
If Fortune's Threats a ſteady Soul diſdains?
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the Pains?
If it our Happineſs at all import
Whether the fooliſh Scene be long or ſhort?

If when we do but aim at noble Ends
Th' Attempt alone immortal Fame attends?
If for bad Accidents, which thickeſt preſs
On Merit, we ſhou'd like a good Cauſe leſs;
Or be the fonder of it for Succeſs?
All this is clear, wove in our Minds it ſticks,
Nor *Ammon*, nor his Prieſts, can deeper fix;
Without the Clergy's venial Cant and Pains
God's never-fruſtrate Will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act but what th' All-wiſe ordains:
Who needs no Voice, nor periſhing Words, to aw
Our wild Deſires, and give his Creatures Law.
Whate'er to know, or needful was or fit,
In the wiſe Frame of Human Souls 'tis writ;
Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
He, once for all, did at our Births declare.
But never did he ſeek out Deſart Lands,
To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a corner of the World withdrew,
Head of a Sect, and partial to a few.
Nature's vaſt Fabrick is his Houſe alone, [Throne.
This Globe his Foot-ſtool, and high Heav'n his
In Earth, Air, Sea, and in whoe'er excels,
In knowing Heads and honeſt Hearts he dwells.
Why ſeek we then among theſe barren Sands,
In narrow Shrines, and Temples built with Hands,
Him, whoſe dread Preſence does all Places fill?
Or look but in our Reaſon for his Will?
All we e'er ſaw is God! in all we find
Apparent Prints of the eternal Mind.
Let floating Fools their Courſe by Prophets ſteer,
And always of the future live in fear;
No Oracle, or Dream the Croud is told,
Can make me more or leſs reſolv'd and bold:
But ſurer Death, which equally on all,
Both on the Coward and the Brave muſt fall.
This ſaid, and turning with diſdain about,
He left ſcorn'd *Ammon* to the vulgar Rout.

A Letter to Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

By Mr. PRYOR.

SIR,

AS once a Twelve-Month to the Prieſt,
Whom ſome call Pope, ſome Antichriſt,
The *Spaniſh* King preſents a Gennet,
To ſhow his Love;-----That's all that's in it:
For if his Holineſs wou'd thump
His rev'rend Bum 'gainſt Horſe's Rump,
He might be equipt from his own Stable,
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with Gondola's and Men, his
Good Excellence, the Duke of *Venice*,
(I wiſh for Rhime 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State he wiſely maintains
Keeps Kindneſs up 'twixt old Acquaintance;
For elſe, in honeſt Truth, the Sea
Has much leſs need of Gold than he.
Or, not to Rove, and pump ones Fancy
For Popiſh Similes beyond Sea;
As Folks, from Mud-wall'd Tenement,
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent,
Preſent a Turkey, or an Hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them Ten;
Ev'n ſo, with all Submiſſion, I
(For firſt Men inſtance, then apply;)
Send you each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Reſpect, and not ſhow Wit;
Nor look a-skew at what it ſaith:
There's no Petition in it---Faith.
Here ſome wou'd ſcratch their Heads, and try
What they ſhou'd write, and how, and why:

But I conceive such Folks are quite in
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head;
I argue thus: The World agrees
That he writes well who writes with Ease;
Then he, by Sequel Logical,
Writes best who never thinks at all.
Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light,
Meer Human Pains can ne'er come by't:
The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell Folks what he speaks.
Hence, when Anatomists discourse
How like Brutes Organs are to ours,
They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit.
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.
Memnon, tho' Stone, was counted Vocal,
But 'twas the God mean while that spoke all:
Rome oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
With prompting Priest behind the Hanging;
The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question,
While you and *Pettys* helpt the Jest on.
Your crabbed Rogues that read *Lucretius*
Are against Gods, you know, and teach us,
The God makes not the Poet, but
The *Thesis*, *vice-versâ* put,
Shou'd *Hebrew-wise* be understood,
And means, *the Poet makes the God.*
Ægyptian Gard'ners thus are said, to
Have set the Leeks they after pray'd to;
And *Remish* Bakers praise the Deity,
They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety;
That when you Poets swear and cry,
The God inspires, I rave, I die;
If inward Wind does truly swell you
'T must be the Cholick in your Belly.

That

That Writing is but just like Dice,
And lucky Mains make People wise;
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall well as *Dryden* form a Poem;
Or make a Speech correct and witty,
As you know who——at the Committee.
So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge made all things at a venture.
But granting Matters shou'd be spoke
By Method, rather than by Luck,
This may confine their younger Stiles,
Whom *Dryden Pedagogues* at *Will*'s;
But never cou'd be meant to tie
Authentick Wits, like you, and I:
For as young Children, who are ty'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding,
When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
Make use of such Machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On Horse call'd *Hobby*, or without:
So when, at School, we first declaim,
Old *Busby* walks us in a Theme,
Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain;
But when our Souls their force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate,
In Verse or Prose we write or chat,
Not Sixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an Author says,
But 'tis how much that gathers Praise.
T-----*n*, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each shou'd down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread to fill up Chinks.
Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you,
I hope you're well, so God be wi' you,
Was all I thought at first to write;
But Things since then are alter'd quite:

Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high,
So God knows when my Clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half-hour.
So at pure Barn of loud *Non-Con*,
Where with my Granam I have gone,
When *Lobb* had ſifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.
For your Religion firſt, of her
Your Friends do ſav'ry things aver;
They ſay ſhe's honeſt as your Claret,
Not ſour with Cant, nor ſtum'd with Merit:
Your Chamber is the ſole Retreat
Of Chaplains every *Sunday* Night;
Of Grace no doubt a certain ſign,
When Lay-man herds with Man Divine.
For if their Fame he juſtly great,
Who wou'd no *Popiſh Nuncio* treat:
That his is greater we muſt grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Proteſtant.
One ſingle Poſitive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a ſcore.
In Politicks I hear you're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the *French*,
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden Shooe;
Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The publick Welfare in your private:
And will for *England*'s Glory try,
Turks, *Jews*, and *Jeſuits* to defie,
And keep your Places 'till you die.
For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and you,
Let me juſt tell you how my Time is
Paſt in a Country Life.----*Imprimis*,
As ſoon as *Phœbus* Rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfaſt;

So on, 'till 'foresaid God does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat:
Thus of your Heroes, and brave Boys,
With whom old *Homer* makes such Noise,
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are that they did their Work, and din'd.
The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilome con'd,
That treat of *China*'s Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in *Golconda*,
Of High-way Elephants at *Ceylan*
That rob in Clanns, like Men o' th' *Highland*;
Of Apes that storm or keep a Town,
As well almost, as Count *Lauzune*;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other stranger Matters.
Which though they're Things I've no concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.
Criticks I read on other Men,
And Hypers upon them again;
From whose Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your Wits that flear and sham,
Down from *Don Quixot* to *Tom. Tram*;
From whom I Jests and Punns purloin,
And slily put 'em off for mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit.
The rest----when Fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottled Ale, and neighbouring Vicar:
Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,
----*Squire* Shepherd's *Health*-----With all my Heart.
Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an Idle Life,
'Till *Shadwell* from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires)

To bless the Wood with peaceful Lyrick;
Then hey for Praise and Panegyrick;
Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,
And Wreaths round *William*'s glorious Head.

Burleigh, May 14. 1689.

SONG of BASSET.

By Sir George Etheridge.

LET Equipage and Dress despair,
Since *Basset* is come in,
For nothing can oblige the Fair
Like Money and Morine.

Is any Countess in distress
She flies not to the Beau,
'Tis only *Cony* can redress
Her Grief with a *Rouleau*.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and sold:
And that which should be a free Trade,
Is now ingross'd by Gold.

Ev'n Sense is brought into disgrace,
Where Company is met;
Or silent stands, or leaves the Place,
While all the Talk's *Basset*.

Why, Ladies, will you stake your Hearts,
Where a plain Cheat is found?
You first are rookt out of those Darts
That gave your selves the Wound.

The Time, which ſhould be kindly ſent
To Plays and witty Men,
In waiting for a Knave is ſpent,
Or wiſhing for a Ten.

Stand in defence of your own Charms,
Throw down this Favorite,
That threatens with his dazling Arms
Your Beauty and your Wit.

What Pity 'tis, thoſe conquering Eyes,
Which all the World ſubdue,
Should, while the Lover gazing dies,
Be only on *Alpue*.

A PROLOGUE *to* SATYR.

TO that prodigious height of Vice we're grown,
Both in the Court, the Theatre, and Town,
That 'tis of late believ'd, nay fix'd a Rule,
Whoever is not vicious, is a Fool:
Hiſs'd at by old and young, deſpis'd, oppreſt,
If he be not a Villain like the reſt.
Virtue and Truth are loſt: Search for good Men,
Among ten Thouſand you will ſcarce find Ten.
Half Wits, conceited Coxcombs, Cowards, Braves,
Baſe Flatt'rers, and the endleſs fry of Knaves,
Fops, Fools, and Pimps, we ev'ry where may find;
And not to meet 'em is to ſhun Mankind.
The other Sex too, whom we all adore,
When ſearch'd we ſtill find rotten at the Core,
An old dry Bawd, or a young juicy Whore:
Their Love all falſe, their Virtue but a Name,
And nothing in 'em conſtant, but their Shame.
What Satyriſt then that's honeſt can ſit ſtill,
And unconcern'd ſee ſuch a Tide of Ill,

With an impetuous Force o'erflow the Age,
And not ſtrive to reſtrain it with his Rage;
On Sin's vaſt Army ſeize, Wing, Rear, and Van,
And, like impartial Death, not ſpare a Man?
For where, alas! where is that mighty He,
That is from Pride, Deceit, and Envy free,
Or rather is not tainted with all three?
Mankind is criminal, their Acts, their Thoughts;
'Tis Charity to tell 'em of their Faults,
And ſhow their Failings in a faithful Glaſs:
For who wont mend who ſees himſelf an Aſs?
And this Deſign 'tis that employs my Muſe,
That for her daily Theam ſhe's proud to chuſe
A Theam that ſhe'll have daily need to uſe.
Let other Poets flatter, fawn, and write,
To get ſome Guineas and a Dinner by't:
Such mercenary Wretches, ſhould they ſtarve,
They meet a kinder Fate than they deſerve.
But ſhe cou'd ne'er cringe to a Lord for Meat,
Or praiſe a proſperous Villain, tho' he's great:
Quite contrary her Practice ſhall appear,
Unbrib'd, impartial, pointed, and ſevere:
That way my Nature leads, compos'd of Gall,
I muſt write ſharply, or not write at all.
Tho' THYRSIS wings the Air in tow'ring Flights,
And to a wonder Panegyrick writes,
Tho' he is ſtill exalted and ſublime,
Scarce to be match'd by paſt or preſent Time;
Tho' ſmooth and lofty all his Lines appear,
The Thoughts all noble, the Expreſſion clear,
With Judgment, Wit, and Fancy, ſhining ev'ry where;
Yet what Inſtruction can from hence accrue?
'Tis Flatt'ry all; too fulſome to be true.
Urge not, for 'tis to vindicate the Wrong,
It cauſes Emulation in the Young,
A Thirſt to Fame, while ſome high Act they read,
That prompts 'em to the ſame Romantick Deed,

As if some pow'rful Magick lay in Rhimes,
That made 'em braver than at other times.
'Tis false and fond; Hero's may huff and fight;
But who can merit so as he can write?
To say a Glow-worm is the Morning Star,
And that it may with ease be seen as far,
Were most ridiculous; so far from Truth,
It justly wou'd deserve a sharp Reproof.
That Slave is more to blame, whose hireling Pen
Calls Knaves and Coxcombs wise deserving Men;
Says the rank Bawds are all with Sweetness grac'd,
Courtiers all just, and all Court-Strumpets chaste.
If to be prais'd does give a Man pretence
To Glory, Learning, Honesty and Sense,
Cromwell had much to say in his Defence:
Who, tho' a Tyrant, which all Ills comprize,
Has been extoll'd and lifted to the Skies.
Whilst Living, such was the Applause he gave,
Counted High, Princely, Pious, Just, and Brave;
And with Encomiums waited to his Grave.
Who then wou'd give this for a Poet's Praise,
Which rightly understood does but debase,
And blast the Reputation it wou'd raise?
Hence 'tis, and 'tis a Punishment that's fit,
They are contemn'd and scorn'd by Men of Wit.
'Tis true some Sots may nibble at their Praise,
And think it great to stand i'th' Front of Plays;
Tho' most to that Stupidity are grown,
They wave their Patron's Praise to write their own:
And yet they never fail of their Rewards;
And faith in that I cannot blame the Bards.
If Coxcombs will be Coxcombs, let 'em rue;
If they love Flatt'ry let 'em pay for't too.
'Tis one sure Method to convince the Elves,
They spare my Pains, and Satyrize themselves.
In short, nought helps like Satyr to amend,
While in huge Volumes Motley Priests contend,
And let their vain Disputes ne'er have an end:

They plunge us in those Snares we else shou'd shun;
Like Tinkers, make ten Holes in mending one.
Our dearest Friends too, tho' they know our Faults,
For Pity or for Shame conceal their Thoughts;
While we, who see our Failings not forbid,
Loosely run on in the vain Paths we did.
'Tis Satyr then that is our truest Friend;
For none, before they know their Faults, can mend:
That tells us boldly of our foulest Crimes,
Reproves ill Manners, and reforms the Times.
How am I then to blame, when all I write
Is honest Rage, not Prejudice or Spite?
Truth is my Aim, with Truth I shall impeach;
And I'll spare none that comes within its reach.
On then, my Muse, the World before thee lyes,
And lash the Knaves and Fools that I despise.

The FORSAKEN MISTRESS:

A Dialogue between PHYLLIS *and* STREPHON.

By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

PHYLLIS.

TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly?
Does my Love thy Love destroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.
Stay, O stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my Heart) Disdain;
But lest I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.
And if in vain I court thy Love,
Let mine, at least, thy Pity move:
Ah! while I scorn, vouchsafe to woo,
Methinks you may dissemble too.

STREPHON.

Ah! *Phyllis*, that you would contrive
A way to keep my Love alive;
But all your other Charms muſt fail,
When Kindneſs ceaſes to prevail.
Alas! no leſs than you, I grieve,
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court, be kind,
One Beauty able to renew
Thoſe Pleaſures I enjoy'd in you;
When Love and Youth did both conſpire
To fill our Breaſts and Veins with fire.
'Tis true, ſome other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Diſdain;
But ſecond Love has ſtill allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay.
Then blame me not for loſing more
Than Love and Beauty can reſtore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

The NATURE of WOMEN;

A Tranſlation of Part of the Fourth Eclogue *of* Mantuan.

A SATYR.

Fœmineum ſervile genus, crudele ſuperbum.

YE ſacred Nymphs of *Lebethra* be by,
While you, *Polymnia*, prompt my Memory;
And all the reſt inſpire my weaker Tongue,
Leſt Woman ſhould complain I do her Wrong.

WOMAN, that Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Juſt or Good delight.
In vain would Man preſcribe Laws to the Fool,
Whoſe Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule;
Who ne'er conſiders what is wrong or right,
But all ſhe does is pure Deſign and Spite.
When ſhe ſhou'd Run, ſhe's apteſt to ſit ſtill,
Ready to Fly to contradict your Will:
Her Temper ſo extravagant we find,
She hates, or is moſt troubleſomly kind.
Wou'd ſhe be grave, ſhe then looks like a Devil;
And like a Fool, or Whore, when ſhe'd be civil.
Can ſmile or weep, be fooliſh or ſeem wiſe,
Or any thing, ſo ſhe may tyrannize.
What ſhe will now, anon ſhe will not do;
Had rather croſs her ſelf, than not croſs you.
She has a prattling, vain, and double Tongue,
Inconſtant, roving, and loves nothing long:
Imperious, bloody, ſo made up of Paſſion,
She is the very Firebrand of a Nation:
Covetous, wicked, and not fit to truſt;
And covetous to ſpend it on her Luſt.
Her Paſſions are more fierce than Storms of Wind,
The heavy Yoke and Burden of Mankind.
Where-e'er ſhe comes, ſhe Strife with her does bring;
Her Life is but one entire Goſſipping;
At which with endleſs Talking drunk ſhe grows,
And round about her Lies and Slanders throws.
When ſhe is young, ſhe whores her ſelf for Sport,
And when ſhe's old, ſhe bawds for her Support;
And in her Bawding no Exception makes,
But a good Price for her own Daughter takes:
Who well inſtructed in her Mother's Tricks,
Make her but Miſtreſs of a Coach and Six,
Of the demureſt Saint ſhe'll turn a Bitch,
Deny you nothing, to be Great and Rich.
Philters and Charms, the Devil himſelf employ,
Rather than not, what ſhe deſires, enjoy.

She is a Snare, a Shambles, and a Stews;
Her Meat and Sauce she does for Leachery chuse;
And does in Lazineſs delight the more,
Becauſe by that ſhe is provok'd to whore.
Her Beauty and her Tongue ſerve both one end,
Firſt to inſnare, and then betray her Friend.
She may defer the Puniſhment ſhe gives,
But ne'er forget an Injury ſhe receives.
Ungrateful, treach'rous, enviouſly enclin'd:
Wild Beaſts are tam'd, Floods eaſier far confin'd,
Than is her ſtubborn and rebellious Mind.
Sh' exclaims, reproaches one Friend to another,
And ſpares not her own Father or her Mother.
Delights in all the Miſchiefs ſhe can do;
Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too.
Falſe to her Promiſes and her beſt Friends,
Oblig'd by nothing but her own baſe Ends.
Deludes, defames you with her ſubtle Tricks,
'Till ſomething on your Reputation ſticks.
Theſe are her Virtues; and her only Fears
Are that ſhe ſhall not ſet you by the Ears:
'Tis to that purpoſe her falſe Tongue's employ'd;
If whiſp'ring will not do't, ſhe talks aloud:
Will ſpare no Pains to ſpeak in your Diſpraiſe,
And can a Mole-hill to a Mountain raiſe;
Hide Miſchiefs where they are, find 'em where's none,
And as Time ſerves, alter her Looks and Tone.
Would'ſt thou on Quick-ſand for thy ſafety walk?
Converſe with Woman, and believe her Talk.
Would'ſt thou a Serpent in thy Boſom bear?
Then hug the Sorcereſs, entertain her there.
If all her Arts and Induſtry ſhou'd fail
To ruin thee, her Malice wou'd prevail.
If poſſible, thy Senſes ſhe'll ſurpriſe,
And even cuckold thee before thy Eyes;
And yet with Modeſty the fact would paint;
Has at her Beck the Devil and the Saint. [true,
When't ſerves her turn, ſhe'll make things falſe ſeem
And Truths for Falſhoods will impoſe on you;

And by the Serpent taught, when *Adam* fell,
Has learnt t' out-do the blackeſt Arts of Hell.
Theſe ſad Examples which I here produce
Serve to confirm they will no Crimes refuſe;
And that ſuch Deeds as Cruelty wou'd ſhun,
Have by their Hands, or for their ſakes been done.
Tempted by Bracelets which King *Tullus* wore,
(Beſides an itching which ſhe had to whore)
Tarpeia once the Capitol did ſell
To the proud Foe, by whoſe own Sword ſhe fell,
And for her Treaſon was rewarded well.
Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,
'Twixt *Greece* and *Troy* fomented laſting War:
For twice five Years the deadly Feud had burn'd,
When conquer'd *Troy* was into Aſhes turn'd.
Semiramis, whoſe Hands in Blood were cloy'd,
With murdering all the Men ſhe had injoy'd,
To ſet her petty Luxuries off the more,
For *Ninus* burn'd, who ſtabb'd th' inceſtuous Whore.
The cruel *Bellides* at Night did ſlay
Th' unhappy Bridegrooms in their Boſoms lay.
But here a Miracle I may declare,
The only Mercy of the Sex we hear,
One of the fifty did her Husband ſpare.
Such are their Mercies which we are to truſt;
So dangerous is a Woman's Hate and Luſt.
Rebecca did with Venſon *Iſaac* treat,
Women ſeem kindeſt when they mean to cheat,
And ſo the poor dim-ſighted Man deceiv'd,
And *Eſau* of the Bleſſing ſhe bereav'd.
Our Mother *Eve*, to pleaſe her liquoriſh Taſte,
Did out of Paradiſe old *Adam* caſt:
And they'll all help to damn us at the laſt.

Shepherds, I do conjure you by my Love,
And by the Rural Gods of ev'ry Grove,
As you deſire your tender Flocks ſhou'd thrive,
Or you your ſelves in Peace and Safety live,
That theſe looſe Cattle from your Herds you drive.

Theftylis, *Phyllis*, and inconſtant *Cloris*,
Neara, *Galatea*, and *Lycoris*;
Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng,
No more the Subject of your Verſe and Song;
On whoſe Injuſtice you in vain exclaim'd:
What Woman e'er had Grace to be reclaim'd?
I now grown old, by long Experience wiſe,
Can ſet things paſt, to come before your Eyes,
And from their Cheats can pluck off the Diſguiſe.
If leſſer Birds the Eagle's Tallons ſhun,
If Stags thoſe Gins by which they are undone,
If Sheep their Enemy the Wolf avoid,
And Deer the Hounds by which they are deſtroy'd;
Shepherds, why do you not with Horror fly
From Woman, your more mortal Enemy?
In her the *Crocodile* you may diſcern;
Of her the *Hyena* may Subtlety learn.
When ſhe intreats you gently with her Eyes,
And to make ſurer of you, fawns and cries,
Perdition lurks beneath the fair Diſguiſe.
With theſe Decoys deluded Man ſhe takes,
And to her boundleſs Will a Vaſſal makes.
No Reſolution, Virtue, Strength or Power
Truſt, to ſecure thee from a dangerous Whore.
Although in *Perſeus* Armour thou wert clad,
Didſt thou come near her, I ſhou'd think thee mad;
She has more Charms than e'er *Meduſa* had:
And dangles on her Breaſt no Lock of Hair,
But what's more fatal than thoſe Serpents were.
Some have kill'd Monſters, others Giants ſlain,
Some Cities ſack'd, and ſome beſtrid the Main,
And pointed Hills have level'd with the Plain;
Yet all theſe Heroes have, as Stories tell,
To Woman's Pride and Luſt a Trophy fell.
Wiſe *David*, and his yet much wiſer Son,
And mighty *Sampſon* who ſuch Fame had won,
Were all by theſe baſe Proſtitutes undone.
A Woman's Luſt is harder far ſubdu'd,
Than ſtubborn Fires by boiſterous Winds made rude.

The Sword, the Plague, the Rocks and angry Seas,
Are to our Lives more merciful than these.
For they, whose Looks by Nature kill before,
With Art do strive to make 'em kill the more:
Their Heads are shaded, not a Hair awry,
And tempting Curles upon their Foreheads lye;
Whilst glist'ring Jewels set in Gold do grace,
And give a Lustre to their painted Face:
As brighter Beams upon some River play,
And gild its Surface on a Sun-shine Day.
When in this order, this exactness dress'd,
They then consult what Look becomes 'em best;
And round about their Dressing-Room they stalk,
To see what Gate becomes 'em as they walk.
If they are courted, they to Corners fly,
As if they were made up of Modesty,
But 'tis to give you Opportunity;
Where they still hope, although they bid you go,
You have more Manners than to leave 'em so:
And with inviting and lascivious Eyes,
They grant you faster than their Tongue denies.
Thus North-west Winds, as Naturalists rehearse,
Attract those Clouds which they again disperse.
So have we often seen such flatt'ring Weather,
When Rain and Sun-shine both contend together,
Let me advise, I say, b' Experience taught,
How to preserve thee e'er thou yet art caught.
They conquer both by Kindness and Disdain;
Know how to lessen, how increase the Pain.
As subtle Surgeons with their Patients deal,
Now apply Caustick, and now Balm to heal:
Study to make themselves, tho' foul, look fair;
In Bed or up, 'tis their continual Care.
See 'em undrest, the Spectacles will fright,
And poison you like Basilisks at sight.
Pomatums, Washes, Paints, Perfumes they use,
And never think they can be too profuse.
False Skins, false Shapes, false colour'd Locks they wear,
False Smiles, and Looks more false than is their Hair.

Thus they, like Actors 'till the Play is done,
Have nothing on that they can call their own.
Consult their Glasses how to move their Lips,
To thrust their Breech out, and to shake their Hips;
Then look again, and turn their Eyes aside,
Practise to laugh, to fawn, and to deride.
What means their naked Breasts, that open way
For wand'ring Thoughts to enter at and stray,
But to inflame our Hearts into Desire,
And kindle in our Bloods a wanton Fire.
These are the Dangers which all Youth do run;
These are the Rocks and Gulphs I'd have 'em shun.
Thus much we do in learned *Umber* find,
What in his Days he thought of Womankind:
That they were vicious then, we must allow,
But we all know they're much less vicious now.

Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE *to the Earl of* MIDDLETON.

SINCE Love and Verse, as well as Wine,
Are brisker where the Sun does shine,
'Tis something to lose two Degrees,
Now Age it self begins to freeze:
Yet this I patiently cou'd bear,
If the rough *Danube*'s Beauties were
But only two degrees less fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle *Thames*,
Who warm me hither with their Beams:
Such Power they have, they can dispence
Five hundred Miles their Influence.
But Hunger forces Men to eat,
Though no Temptation's in the Meat.
How would the ogling Sparks despise
The darling Damsel of my Eyes;
Should they behold her at a Play,
As she's trick'd up on Holy-day:

When the whole Family combine
For publick Pride to make her ſhine?
Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
Are on this Day comb'd out and plaited:
A Diamond Bodkin in each Treſs,
The Badges of her Nobleneſs.
For ev'ry Stone, as well as ſhe,
Can boaſt an ancient Pedigree.
Theſe form'd the Jewel erſt did grace
The Cap of the firſt *Grave* o'th' Race,
Preferr'd by *Graffin Marian*
T' adorn the Handle of her Fan,
And as by old Record appears,
Worn ſince in *Renigunda*'s Years,
Now ſparkling in the Frokin's Hair,
No Rocket breaking in the Air
Can with her ſtarry Head compare.
Such Roaps of Pearl her Arms incumber,
She ſcarce can deal the Cards at *Ombre*.
So many Rings each Finger freight,
They tremble with the mighty weight.
The like in *England* ne'er was ſeen,
Since *Holben* drew *Hal* and his Queen.
But after theſe fantaſtick Flights,
The Luſtre's meaner than the Lights.
The Thing that bears this glitt'ring Pomp
Is but a tawdry ill-bred Romp,
Whoſe brawny Limbs and martial Face
Proclaim her of the *Gothick* Race,
More than the mangled Pageantry
Of all the Father's Heraldry.
But there's another ſort of Creatures,
Whoſe ruddy Look and Groteſque Features
Are ſo much out of Nature's way,
You'd think 'em ſtamp'd on other Clay;
No lawful Daughters of old *Adam*.
'Mongſt theſe behold a City Madam,
With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
A dapper Cloak and rev'rend Ruff:

No Farce ſo pleaſant as this Maukin,
And the ſoft Sound of *High-Dutch* talking.
Here unattended by the Graces,
The Queen of Love in a ſad Caſe is.
Nature, her active Miniſter,
Neglects Affairs, and will not ſtir;
Thinks it not worth the while to pleaſe,
But when ſhe does it for her Eaſe.
Ev'n I, her moſt devout Adorer,
With wand'ring Thoughts appear before her.
And when I'm making an Oblation,
Am fain to ſpur Imagination
With ſome ſham *London* Inclination.
The Bow is bent at *German* Dame,
The Arrow flies at *Engliſh* Game.
Kindneſs, that can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm,
Has in the very tendereſt Hour
Over my Gentleneſs a Power.
True to my Country-women's Charms,
When kiſs'd and preſs'd in foreign Arms.

A Letter from Mr. DRYDEN *to Sir* GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

TO you who live in chill Degree,
As Map informs, of Fifty three,
And do not much for Cold attone,
By bringing thither Fifty one;
Methinks all Climes ſhou'd be alike,
From Tropick ev'n to Pole Artique;
Since you have ſuch a Conſtitution
As no where ſuffers Diminution.
You can be old in grave Debate,
And young in Love-affairs of State:

And both to Wives and Husbands show
The Vigour of a Plenipo------.
Like mighty Missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium.
A Work of wondrous Merit sure,
So far to go, so much t'indure.
And all to Preach to *German* Dame,
Where sound of *Cupid* never came
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as *Drake* or *Pinto* went,
For Cloves or Nutmegs to the Line *a*,
Or even for Oranges to *China*.
That had indeed been Charity;
Where Love-sick Ladies helpless lye,
Chapt, and for want of Liquor dry.
But you have made your Zeal appear
Within the Circle of the *Bear*.
What Region of the Earth's so dull,
That is not of your Labours full?
Triptolemus, so sung the Nine,
Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine.
But spite of all these Fable-Makers,
He never sow'd on *Almain* Acres:
No, that was left by Fate's Decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease
As the *French* King thro' Articles.
In grand Affairs thy Days are spent,
In waging weighty Complement,
With such as Monarchs represent.
They who such vast Fatigues attend,
Want some soft Minutes to unbend,
To show the World that now and then
Great Ministers are mortal Men.
Then *Rhenish* Rummers walk the round,
In Bumpers ev'ry King is crown'd,
Besides three Holy miter'd Hectors,
And the whole College of Electors.

No Health of Potentate is ſunk
That pays to make his Envoy drunk.
Theſe *Dutch* Delights I mention'd laſt,
Suit not I know your *Engliſh* Taſte:
For Wine to leave a Whore or Play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this Title give Offence,
For here you were your Excellence,
For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the ſour Sauce to the ſweet Meat,
The Fine you pay for being great.
Nay here's a harder Impoſition,
Which is indeed the Court's Petition,
That ſetting worldly Pomp aſide,
Which Poet has at Font deny'd,
You wou'd be pleas'd in humble way
To write a Trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation
Next to your wiſe Negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high Degree; your Friends will ſay
The Duke *St. Agnon* made a Play.
If *Gallick* Wit convince you ſcarce,
His Grace of *Bucks* has made a Farce.
And you, whoſe Comick Wit is Terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no *George*, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten Years warning.

Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE's *second Letter to the Lord* MIDDLETON.

FROM hunting Whores, and haunting Play,
And minding nothing elſe all Day,
And all the Night too, you will ſay;
To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
Converſe with Fools, and write dull Letters;
To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
And ſleep away my precious Time,
In ſuch a ſneaking idle Place,
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face,
And in a troubleſome Diſguiſe,
The Wife ſeems honeſt, Husband wiſe.
For Pleaſure here has the ſame Fate
Which does attend Affairs of State,
The Plague of Ceremony infects,
Even in Love, the ſofter Sex;
Who an Eſſential will neglect,
Rather than loſe the leaſt Reſpect.
In regular Approach we ſtorm,
And never viſit but in form;
That is, ſending to know before
At what a Clock ſhe'll play the Whore.
The Nymphs are conſtant, Gallants private;
One ſcarce can gueſs what 'tis they drive at.
This ſeems to me a ſcurvy Faſhion,
Who have been bred in a free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Paſſion.
Yet I cannot forbear to ſpark it,
And make the beſt of a bad Market.
Meeting with one by chance kind-hearted,
Who no Preliminaries ſtarted,
I enter'd beyond Expectation
Into a cloſe Negotiation:
Of which hereafter a Relation.

Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I ſtill was pleas'd with what ſhe gave;
And with a firm and cheerful Mind
I ſteer my Courſe with ev'ry Wind,
To all the Ports ſhe has deſign'd.

On the Death of Mr. OLDHAM.

ON the Remains of an old blaſted Oak,
Unmindful of himſelf, *Menalcas* lean'd;
He ſought not now in Heat the ſhade of Trees,
But ſhunn'd the flowing River's pleaſing Bank.
His Pipe and Hook lay ſcatter'd on the Graſs,
Nor feed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themſelves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting ſtate young *Corydon*
(His Friend and dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cauſe.

CORYDON.

Thee have I ſought in ev'ry ſhady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place
Where we have us'd to ſit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blaſted, and by Thunder rent?
What curſed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind,
And why wilt thou have Woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend;
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a part.

MENALCAS.

Young *Aſtrophell* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophell*,
He that cou'd tune ſo well his charming Pipe;
To hear whoſe Lays, Nymphs left their cryſtal Spring,
The Fawns and Dryades forſook the Woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd-----ſwifteſt Streams
With-held their Courſe to hear the Heav'nly Sound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on;

The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
Oft the fierce Wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the Purſuit, rather than loſe the ſound
Of his alluring Pipe. The harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature, and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf, and liſten'd to the Sound.
He cou'd command a general Peace, and Nature
wou'd obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead! The ſame Diſeaſe
That carry'd ſweet *Orinda* from the World
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophell.*----Oh let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Tears.

CORYDON.

Weep on, *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind; general the Loſs,
And general be the Grief. Except by Fame,
I knew him not; but ſurely this is he
Who ſung learn'd * *Colin*'s and great † *Ægon*'s Praiſe;
Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.
Did he not mourn lamented ‡ *Bion*'s Death,
In Verſes equal to what *Bion* wrote?

MENALCAS.

Yes this was he, (oh that I ſay he was!)
He that cou'd ſing the Shepherds Deeds ſo well,
Whether to praiſe the good he turn'd his Pen,
Or laſh'd th' egregious Follies of the bad,
In both he did excel,----
His happy Genius bad him take the Pen,
And dictated more faſt than he cou'd write:
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verſe, and Nature ſhew'd they were her own;
Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd uſeful be,
And ſweated not to be correctly dull.

* *Spencer.* † *Johnſon.* ‡ *Rocheſter.*

CORYDON.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer Thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous fraught
Of youthful Vigour, how wou'd he have wrote!
Equal to mighty * *Pan*'s Immortal Verse;
He that now rules with undisputed sway,
Guide of our Pens, crown'd with eternal Bays.

MENALCAS.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares;
I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend:
But for himself he dy'd in the best Hour,
And carry'd with him ev'ry Man's Applause.
Youth meets not with Detraction's blotting Hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have seen the World
Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face;
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen,
And ignorant Youths who wou'd for Criticks pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jests upon his Verse,
And censur'd what they did not understand.
Such was not my Dear *Astrophell*: He's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him. What's Death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion.

CORYDON.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Astrophell* in Tears.
Thy Sheep, return'd from straying, round thee gaze,
And wonder at thy Mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled Mind with easing Sleep;
To Morrow's chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

* *Dryden.*

CHEVY-CHASE,

By Order of the Bishop of London.

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Hunting once there did
In *Chevy-Chase* befal.

II.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Piercy* took his way;
The Child may rue that is unborn
The Hunting of that Day.

III.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods
Three Summers Days to take;

IV.

The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chase*
To kill and bear away.
These Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In *Scotland*, where he lay.

V.

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
He would prevent his Sport:
The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
Did to the Woods resort.

VI.

With Fifteen hundred Bow-men bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their Shafts aright.

VII.

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow Deer;
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear.

LUCUS CHEVINUS,

Jussu Episcopi *Londinensis.*

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit,
Venatus, olim flebilis,
Chevino Luco *sit.*

II.

Cane, feras ut abigat,
Percæus *abiit,*
Vel embruo elugeat,
Quod hodie accidit.

III.

Comes ille Northumbriæ,
Votum vovit Deo,
Lusus, in sylvis Scotiæ
Habere triduo;

IV.

E primis Cervis Cheviæ,
Cæsos abripere,
Duglasium, *hæ notitiæ,*
Adibant properè.

V.

Qui ore tenus delegat,
Se Ludum perdere,
At Percæus *non hæsitat*
Ad sylvas tendere.

VI.

Quingenis ter teliferis,
Virtutis bellicæ,
Qui nôrunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.

VII.

Curritur à Venatico,
Damas propellere,
Die Lunæ diluculo,
Ad rem accingunt se.

VIII.

And long before High-noon, they had
An hundred fat Bucks ſlain:
Then having din'd, the Drovers went
To rouze them up again.

IX.

The Bow-men muſter'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure;
Their Back-ſides all with ſpecial Care
That Day were guarded ſure.

X.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly through the Woods,
The nimble Deer to take;
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho ſhrill did make.

XI.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer:
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promiſed
This Day to meet me here.

XII.

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young Gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay:

XIII.

Lo, yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright,
Full twenty hundred *Scotiſh* Spears,
All marching in our Sight.

XIV.

All Men of pleaſant *Tividale*,
Faſt by the River *Tweed*.
Then ceaſe your Sport, Earl *Piercy* ſaid,
And take your Bows with ſpeed.

XV.

And now with me, my Country-men,
Your Courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

VIII.

Centúmque Cervi sunt cæsi,
Ante Meridiem,
Tunc redeunt, Cibis impleti,
Ad venationem.

IX.

De monte sagittarii
Apti militiæ,
Prodiérunt Armarii,
Hodie à Tergore.

X.

Per sylvas celerant Canes,
Ut Cervos capiant;
Ac simul montes, & valles
Latrata resonant.

XI.

Fodinam Comes adiit,
Ferinam visere,
Duglas *minatus est (inquit)*
Hic mecum affore.

XII.

Congressum autem desperans,
Mora non dabitur.
Quo dicto, Tyro Elegans,
Illum alloquitur.

XIII.

En! En Duglasius *eminus!*
Armis cum splendidis,
Bis mille cum militibus,
Visui obviis.

XIV.

Cunctis de valle Tiviæ,
Ad Ripas Tuesis,
Ludos (ait) intermittite,
Arcubus habitis.

XV.

Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates,
Tollatur animus;
Haud præstò fuit Athletes,
Gallus *vel* Scoticus,

XVI.

That ever did on Horſe-back come,
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

XVII.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

XVIII.

Shew me, he ſaid, whoſe Men you be
That hunt ſo boldly here,
That without my Conſent do chaſe
And kill my fallow Deer.

XIX.

The Man that firſt did Anſwer make
Was noble *Piercy*, he,
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe Men we be.

XX.

Yet we will ſpend our deareſt Blood,
The chiefeſt Harts to ſlay.
Then *Douglas* ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
And thus in rage did ſay;

XXI.

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, ſo am I.

XXII.

But truſt me, *Piercy*, Pity 'twere,
And great Offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill.

XXIII.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And ſet our Men aſide:
Accurſt be he, Lord *Piercy* ſaid,
By whom it is deny'd.

XVI.

Mihi, Equestris Obvius
Quin postulante re,
Eocum vellem Cominùs,
Vi, hasti-ludere.

XVII.

Equisessor Duglasius,
Audax ille Baro,
Præfuit aliis omnibus,
Aurato Clypeo.

XVIII.

Cujates (ait) ostendite,
Hic ausi pellere,
Ac, me invito, impetè
Feras Occidere.

XIX.

Qui primus verbum edidit,
Percæus *nomine,*
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit
Vobis ostendere.

XX.

At sanguinem absumemus,
Cervos destruere.
Juravit, tunc Duglasius,
Dixitque temere;

XXI.

E nobis pereat unus,
Antequam devincar:
Tu Comes es, bene notus,
Egóque tui par.

XXII.

At (si qua fides) est scelus,
(Miserum!) perdere
Ullos, de his insontibus,
Immunes scelere.

XXIII.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
Viris absentibus:
Depereat (inquit) Percæus,
Huic adversarius.

XXIV.

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
Who ſaid, he would not have it told
To *Henry* our King, for ſhame,

XXV.

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on:
You be two Earls, ſaid *Witherington*,
And I a Squire alone.

XXVI.

I'll do the beſt that do I may,
While I have pow'r to ſtand;
While I have pow'r to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

XXVII.

Our *Engliſh* Archers bent their Bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of Arrows ſent
Full threeſcore *Scots* they ſlew.

XXVIII.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Douglas* had the bent;
A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
The Spears to Shivers ſent.

XXIX.

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the Ground.

XXX.

O Chriſt! it was great Grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

XXXI.

At laſt theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great might;
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
And made a cruel Fight.

XXIV.

Tunc Armiger exiluit,
Witherington *nomine,*
Regem (ait) scire noluit
Hoc, pra dedecore,

XXV.

Quod Dux pugnaverat pede,
Me stante obiter :
Vos duo estis comites,
Ego (ait) Armiger.

XXVI.

Obnixè omne faciam
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare macharam,
A me pugnabitur.

XXVII.

Angligenæ tendunt Arcus,
Quam Cordatissimi.
Decies sex à missilibus,
Caduntur Scotici.

XXVIII.

Adversus feras sectantes,
Misit Duglasius
Torvum ducem, Dimicantes,
Tractis hastilibus.

XXIX.

Incincti sunt celeriter,
Parum Pigritiæ;
Multúsque jacet belliger
Inanis animæ.

XXX.

Pol ! Dolor erat visere,
Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique,
Perfusos sanguine.

XXXI.

Comites tandem coibant,
Multo magnanimè.
Instar Leonum feribant,
Truci Certamine.

XXXII.

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood, like drops of Rain,
They trickling down did feel.

XXXIII.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
By *James* our *Scotiſh* King.

XXXIV.

Thy Ranſom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious Knight
That ever I did ſee.

XXXV.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy Proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*
That ever yet was born.

XXXVI.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an *Engliſh* Bow,
Which ſtruck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow.

XXXVII.

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe:
Fight on my merry Men all;
For why my Life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* ſees my fall.

XXXVIII.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
The dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
Wou'd I had loſt my Land.

XXXIX.

O Chriſt! my very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Such miſchance ne'er did take.

XXXII.

Pugnárunt vel in ſudore
Diſtrictis enſibus,
Ac maduerunt Cruore
Æquè ac imbribus.

XXXIII.

Vt dedas (*ait* Duglaſius)
Te ducam ſubito,
Vbi eris præpoſitus
A Rege Jacobo.

XXXIV.

Proh gratis redimam captum,
Et celebrabo te,
Equitem quàm magnificum
Et ſine compare.

XXXV.

Cui Tercæus *ait, minime!*
Quod offers, reſpuo;
Nollem unquam me dedere
Viventi Scotico!

XXXVI.

Tunc eſt emiſſus calamus,
Ab arcu Anglico,
Quo fixus eſt Duglaſius,
Heu! tenus corculo.

XXXVII.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat,
Viri contendite!
Quòd mi mors mea propinquat,
Spectante Comite.

XXXVIII.

Tum Tercæus *Exanimi*
Manum it prendere,
Dicens, cauſa Duglaſii,
Se terras perdere.

XXXIX.

Vel cor (*ait*) *fundit ſanguinem,*
Præ tui gratiâ,
Nam nunquam talem equitem
Cognovit noxia.

XL.

A Knight amongſt the *Scots* there was
Which ſaw Earl *Douglas* die,
And in his Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy*.

XLI.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who with a Spear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely through the Fight,

XLII.

And paſt the *Engliſh* Archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy*'s Body then
He thruſt his hateful Spear.

XLIII.

With ſuch a vehement Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went through the other ſide
A large Cloth-yard and more.

XLIV.

So thus did both theſe Nobles die,
Whoſe Courage none cou'd ſtain.
An *Engliſh* Archer then perceiv'd
The Noble Earl was ſlain:

XLV.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

XLVI.

Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The grey Gooſe-wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.

XLVII.

This Fight did laſt from break of Day,
'Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rung the ev'ning Bell
The Battle ſcarce was done.

XL.

Miles discernens Scoticus,
Duglasium *emori,*
In Percæum *mortem ejus*
Devovit ulcisci.

XLI.

Hugo de monte gomeri,
Hasta cum splendidâ,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per Agmina.

XLII.

Præteriens sagittarios
Anglos impavidè,
Percæios *Ventriculos*
Foravit Cuspide.

XLIII.

Tanta cum violentiâ
Fodit Corpuscula,
Plus tres pedes per ilia
Transivit hastula.

XLIV.

Sic ceciderunt Comites
Quàm invictissimi.
Quàm sagittariò subdit res
Percæum *occidi:*

XLV.

Arcum intensum dexterâ,
Factum insigniter;
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ,
Implevit fortiter.

XLVI.

Hugonem Gomeri versus
Sic telum statuit,
Vel Anserinus-calamus
In corde maduit.

XLVII.

Ad vesperam ab Aurorâ,
Duravit prælium,
Octavâ scilicet horâ,
Vix est prostritum.

XLVIII.

With the Earl *Piercy* there was ſlain
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron.

XLIX.

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
Both Knights of good account,
Good Sir *Ralph Raby* there was ſlain,
Whoſe Proweſs did ſurmount.

L.

For *Witherington* needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful Dumps;
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.

LI.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was ſlain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One foot would never fly.

LII.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
His Siſter's Son was he;
Sir *David Lamb*, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

LIII.

And the Lord *Markwel* in like wiſe
Did with Earl *Douglas* die:
Of twenty hundred *Scotiſh* Spears,
Scarce fifty five did fly.

LIV.

Of fifteen hundred *Engliſh* Men,
Went home but fifty three;
The reſt were ſlain in *Chevy-Chaſe*,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

LV.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail,
They waſht their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.

XLVIII.

Cum Percæo *est peremptus,*
Dominus Ogerton,
Johannes Ratcliffe, Robertus,
Et Jacobus *Baron.*

XLIX.

Jacobus, *&* Georgius,
Equestris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby *Dominus,*
Periit magnanimis.

L.

Pro With'rington *sit gemitus,*
Ac si in tristibus,
Qui pugnavit de Genibus,
Truncatis Cruribus.

LI.

Perierunt cum Duglasio,
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currel *à Campo*
Nunquam discessurus.

LII.

De Ratcliff Murrel Carolus,
Nepos à Sorore;
David Lamb *bene habitus*
Exangui Corpore.

LIII.

Ac etiam Matkwell *Dominus*
Deditus est neci,
Vix è duobus millibus,
Fugerunt Sexdeni.

LIV.

E tèr quingenis Anglicis,
Vix tot abiêre,
In Luco *casis cæteris*
Sub fagi tegmine.

LV.

A plurimis cras viduis
Lugetur miserè,
Vulnera lota lacrymis,
Nec prævalucre.

LVI.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſt them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

LVII.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland*'s King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* ſuddenly
Was with an Arrow ſlain.

LVIII.

O heavy News, King *James* did ſay,
Scotland can witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of ſuch account as he.

LIX.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was ſlain in *Chevy-Chaſe*.

LX.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm
Five hundred good as he.

LXI.

Yet ſhall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* ſay,
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl *Piercy*'s ſake.

LXII.

This Vow full well the King perform'd,
After on *Humble-Down*,
In one Day fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great Renown.

LXIII.

And of the reſt of ſmall account
Did many hundreds die:
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chaſe*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

LVI.

Cruentata Corpuſcula,
Secum abſtulere,
Millies dederunt Oſcula,
Defunctis funere.

LVII.

Fertur apud Edinburghum,
Regnante Jacobo,
Duglaſium *ſubitò caſum*
Fuiſſe jaculo.

LVIII.

O Lamentabile! *dixit,*
Scotia *ſit teſtis,*
Haud alius Dux ſuperfuit,
Æqualis ordinis.

LIX.

Henrico *tradidit Fama,*
Pari intervallo:
Perceium *de* Northumbriâ
Occiſum in Luco.

LX.

Quum Rex edixit, valeat,
Rebus ſic ſtantibus,
Spero quod Regnum abundat
Quingenis talibus.

XLI.

Aſt ſentient me ulciſcentem
Scoti *&* Scotia,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percei *Gratia.*

LXII.

Quod eſt à Rege præſtitum,
Cæſis in montibus,
Quinquies denis Militum,
Nec non Baronibus.

LXIII.

Ac de plebe perierunt
Centeni plurimi,
Venatum ſic finierunt
Percæi *Domini.*

LXIV.

God save the King, and bless the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noble-Men may cease.

A SONG.

ALL Joy to Mortals! Joy and Mirth
Eternal Io's sing,
The Gods of Love descend to Earth
Their Darts have lost the sting.
The Youth shall now complain no more
Of *Silvia*'s needless scorn,
But she shall Love, if he Adore;
And melt when he shall burn.

II.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the jilting Road;
And *Daphne* now no more shall fly
The wounded panting God!
But all shall be serene and fair,
No sad complaints of Love
Shall fill the gentle whispering Air;
No Ecchoing Sighs the Grove.

III.

Beneath the Shades young *Strephon* lyes,
Of all his Wish possest,
Gazing on *Silvia*'s charming Eyes,
Whose Soul is there confest.
All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With Looks that know no Art;
And tho' she yield with trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.

LXIV.

Sit Rex & Grex beatulus
Pace, & Copiâ,
Ac abſit à magnatibus,
Malevolentia.

SONG.

AS wretched, vain, and indiſcreet
Thoſe Matches I deplore,
Whoſe Bartering Friends in Counſel meet,
To huddle in a Wedding Sheet
Some miſerable Pair that never met before.

Poor Love of no account muſt be,
Tho' ne'er ſo fixt and true,
No Merit but in Gold they ſee,
So Portion and Eſtate agree,
No matter what the Bride and Bridegroom do.

Curſt may all covetous Husbands be
That Wed with ſuch Deſign,
And Curſt they are! For while they ply
Their Wealth, ſome Lover by the By
Reaps the true Bliſs, and digs the richer Mine.

REMEDY *of* LOVE.

By Mr. EVELYN.

WOuld you be quite cur'd of Love?
From your Miſtreſs's ſight remove.
To the open Fields repair;
Cool'd with Abſence, and with Air,
You will ſoon be eas'd of Care.
Seek out in another Place,
Something fit for your Embrace:
Perhaps in a leſs charming Face
You may find a pleaſing Grace,
Wit, or Motion, Dreſs, or Art,
Thouſand things that may divert
The Torments of your throbbing Heart.
If in this no Eaſe you find,
But conſtant Love ſtill plagues your Mind,
To your former Flame return,
See if ſtill her Eyes do burn
With equal force; you'll find, perchance,
Leſs warmth in ev'ry am'rous Glance:
Seeing oft what we deſire
Makes us leſs and leſs admire,
And will in time put out the Fire.
Viſit her betimes each Morn,
Stand by her when ſhe does adorn
Her Head, perhaps ſome borrow'd Hair,
Some ill-contriv'd, affected Snare,
Lewd Song on Table found, or Pray'r
Nonſenſical, may let you ſee,
That what you thought Divinity
Is but a piece of Puppetry.
If ſtill thy Paſſion does remain,
And unſeen Charms thy Heart inchain,
If ſhe break thy Sleep by Night,
Fly again the Witche's ſight;
Opium take, that may invite

The gentle God to calm thy Soul;
Peaceful Slumbers Love controul.
Have a care of purling Brooks,
Of silent Groves, and awful Shade,
They but to thy Torment add,
Love does there with ease invade;
No Musick hear, no dying Looks
Behold, read no romantick Books;
Books and Musick turn the Head,
Fools only sing, and Madmen read:
They with false Notions fill the Brain,
Are only fit to entertain
Women, and Fops that are more vain.
Love and Folly still are found
In those to make the deepest Wound,
Who think their Passions to allay,
By giving of them leave to sway
A while; but they like Winter Torrents grow,
And all our Limits overflow.
Never trust thy self alone,
Frequent good Company and Wine.
In gen'rous Wines thy Passion drown,
That will make thee all divine.
Better 'tis to drink to death,
Than sigh and whine away our Breath.
In Friends and Bottles we may find
More Joys than in Womankind.
A far Enjoyment Women pall,
Intolerable Plagues they're all,
Vain, foolish, fond, proud, whimsical,
Dissembling, hypocritical.
Wines by keeping them improve,
And real Friends more firmly love.
If one Vintage proves severe,
We're doubly recompenc'd next Year.
If our deareſt Friends we lose,
Others may succeed to those.
Women only, of all things,
Have nothing to assuage their Stings.

Curs'd is the Man that does pursue
The short-liv'd Pleasures of their Charms;
There is no Hell but in their Arms:
For ever damned, damning Sex adieu.

An ODE *written by Mr.* Abraham Cowley, *for Her Majesty, Queen to King* CHARLES I.

COME *Poetry*, and with thee bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of noblest Words into my Song;
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
Soft, and smooth, and thick as Snow,
And turn the Numbers 'till they prove
Smooth as the smoothest Sphear above,
And like a Sphear harmoniously move.

II.

Little dost thou, mean Song, the Fortune know
That thou art destin'd to;
Or what thy Stars intend to do.
Among a thousand Songs, but few can be
Born to the Honour promis'd thee;
Urania's self shall thee rehearse,
And a just Blessing to thee give;
Thou in her sweet and tuneful Breath shalt live.

III.

Her pleasing Tongue with thee shall freely play,
Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
And dance upon that rosie way;
What Prince alive, that would not envy thee!
And think thee higher far than he!
And how wilt thou thy Author Crown,
When fair *Urania* shall be known
To sing my Words, when she but speaks her own.

On VIRTUE.

By Mr. EVELYN.

FAIR Virtue, should I follow thee
I shou'd be naked, and alone,
For thou art not in Company,
And scarce art to be found in one.

Thy Rules are too severe, and cold,
To be embrac'd by vig'rous Youth;
And Fraud and Av'rice arm the old
Against thy Justice and thy Truth.

He who, by light of Reason led,
Instructs himself in thy rough School,
Shall all his Life-time beg his Bread,
And when he dies, be thought a Fool,

Though in himself he's satisfy'd
With a calm Mind and chearful Heart,
The World will call his Virtue Pride,
His holy Life, Design and Art.

The Reign of Vice is absolute,
While good Men vainly strive to rise;
They may declaim, they may dispute,
But shall continue poor, and wise.

Honours and Wealth were made by Fate
To wait on fawning Impudence,
To give insipid Coxcombs weight,
And to supply the want of Sense,

Mighty *Pompey*, whose great Soul
Design'd the Liberty of *Rome*;

In vain did *Cæsar*'s Arms controul,
And at *Pharsalia* was o'ercome.

His Virtue, constant in Distress,
In *Ptolemy* no Pity bred,
Who barely guided by Success,
Secur'd his Peace with his Friend's Head.

Brutus, whom the Gods ordain'd
To do what *Pompey* would have done,
The gen'rous Motion entertain'd,
And stab'd the Tyrant on his Throne.

This god-like *Brutus*, whose delight
Was Virtue, which he had ador'd,
Haunted by Spectres over Night,
Fell the next Day on his own Sword.

If, when his hope of Vict'ry lost,
This noble *Roman* could exclaim,
Oh Virtue, whom I courted most,
I find she's but an empty Name!

In a degen'rate Age like this,
We with more reason may conclude,
That Fortune will attend on Vice,
Mis'ry on those who dare be good.

The COMPLAINT.

A SONG *to a* Scotch *Tune*.

By Mr. THO. OTWAY.

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er cou'd be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind.

For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
I ask relief from ſmart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

My Rivals, rich in Worldly Store,
May offer heaps of Gold,
But ſurely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be ſold;
Can *Sylvia* ſuch a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Deſert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears deſpiſe?
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like ſome panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliſs contend,
And plead the Cauſe of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah, *Sylvia!* thus in vain you ſtrive
To act a Healer's part,
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, penſive Bed,
I lay me down to reſt,
In hope to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breaſt,
Her Cruelty all Eaſe denies,
With ſome ſad Dream I ſtart,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then riſing, through the Path I rove
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where to the ſenſeleſs Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells;
With Sighs I dew and kiſs the Door,
'Till Morning bids depart;

Then vent ten thouſand Sighs and more:
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conqueſt's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid,
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curſe thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

A SONG.

NO more will I my Paſſion hide,
Tho' too preſuming it appear,
When long Deſpair a Heart has try'd,
What other torment can it fear?
Unlov'd of her I would not live,
Nor die till ſhe the Sentence give.

Why ſhou'd the Fair offended be,
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dreſs:
If where ſo much divine I ſee,
My open Vows the Saint confeſs?
Awak'd by wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I deſpiſe.

The WISH.

I.

AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down
Are scorch'd and shrivel'd by the Sun;
Or Lillies which the Virgins crop
Contract their Beauty, die and drop:
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I strait am with a Lightning strook;
But if I gaze a while and stay
I melt insensibly away.

II.

But then as soft and gentle Showers,
Renew old Life in dying Flowers;
Or Dew shed on the Womb of Earth
Does give the Early Blossoms birth:
So if *Dorinda* sheds a Tear
New strength and motion does appear
But if she balmy Kisses gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore, my Dear, since Life and Death
Depend at once upon your Breath;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kisses heal and do revive;
Kill and destroy me as you please,
For only then my Mind's at ease,
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often Die and Live.

PROLOGUE,

By Major ACTON.

GEntle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
Men but deſpiſe us while we but complain:
Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong ſide,
A weak reſiſtance ſtill provokes their Pride;
And cannot ſtem the fierceneſs of the Tide.
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Inſult in every corner: Want of Senſe,
Confirm'd with an outlandiſh Impudence,
Among the rude Diſturbers of the Pit,
Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and falſe Wit;
To boaſt their Lewdneſs here young Scourers meet,
And all the vile Companions of a Street,
Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
Who beat the Bawd laſt Night, who bilk'd the Whore:
They ſnarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing,
A Play-houſe is become a meer Bear-garden;
Where every one with Inſolence enjoys,
His Liberty and Property of Noiſe.
Should true Senſe, with revengeful Fire, come down,
Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to ſave the Town:
Each Pariſh is infected: to be clear
We muſt loſe more than when the Plague was here:
While every little Thing perks up ſo ſoon,
That at Fourteen it hectors up and down [Town,
With the beſt Cheats and the worſt Whores i'th'
Swears at a Play, who ſhould be whipt at School,
The Foplings muſt in time grow up to rule,
The Faſhion muſt prevail to be a Fool.
Some powerful Muſe, inſpir'd for our defence,
Ariſe, and ſave a little common Senſe:
In ſuch a Cauſe, let thy keen Satyr bite,
Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:

Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
And single out the Beast and hunt him down;
Hang up his mangl'd Carcass on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On the Death of Mr. WALLER.

THO' ne'er so Base, or never so Sublime,
All Human things must be the Spoil of Time:
Poet and Heroe with the rest must go;
Their Fame may mount, their Dust must lie as low.
Thus mighty *Waller* is, at last, expir'd,
With *Cowley*, from a vicious Age retir'd,
As much Lamented, and as much Admir'd,
Long we enjoy'd him; on his tuneful Tongue
All Ears and Hearts with the same Rapture hung,
As his on lovely *Chloris* while she Sung!
His Style does so much Strength and Sweetness bear,
Hear it but once, and you'd for ever hear!
Various his Subjects, yet they jointly warm,
All Spirit, Life, and every Line a Charm:
Correct throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,
What he had finish'd nothing else could mend.
Now, in soft Notes, like dying Swans, he'd Sing,
Now tow'r aloft, like Eagles on the Wing;
Speak of adventrous Deeds in such a Strain,
As all but *Milton* would attempt in vain;
And only there, where his rap't Muse does tell
How in th' Æthereal War th' Apostate Angels fell.
His Labours, thus, peculiar Glory claim,
As writ with something more than Mortal Flame:
Wit, Judgment, Fancy, and a heat Divine, [shine:
Throughout each part, throughout the whole does
Th' Expression clear, the Thought sublime, and high,
No flutt'ring, but with even wing he glides along the Sky.

Here the two bold contending Fleets are found,
The mighty Rivals of the watery Round;
In Smoak and Flame involv'd, they could not Fight
With so much Force and Fire as he does Write.
Here *Galatea* mourns; in such sad Strains
Poor *Philomel* her wretched Fate complains.
Here *Fletcher* and Immortal *Johnson* shine,
Deathless, preserv'd in his Immortal Line.
But where, O mighty Bard, where is that He,
Surviving now, to do the same for Thee?
At such a Theam my conscious Muse retires,
Unable to attempt thy Praise, she silently admires.

Whether for Peaceful *Charles*, or Warlike *James*,
His Lyre was Strung, the Muses deareſt Theams:
Whether of Love's Success, when in the Eyes
Of the kind Nymph the conscious Glances rise,
When, blushing, she breaths short, and with constraint denies;

Whether he paint the Lover's restless Care,
Or *Sachariſſa*, the disdainful Fair;
(Relentless *Sachariſſa*, Deaf to Love,
The only She his Verse could never move;
But sure she stopt her Ears, and shut her Eyes,
He could not else have miss'd the Heav'nly Prize.)
All this is manag'd with that Strength of Wit,
So happily, so smoothly, courtly writ,
As nothing but himself could e'er have done;
And we no more must hope now he (great King of Verse) is gone.

Nor did Old Age damp the Poetick Flame,
Loaded with Fourscore Years, 'twas still the same.
Some we may see, who in their Youth have writ
Good Sense, at fifty take their leave of Wit,
Chimæra's and incongruous Fables feign,
Tedious, Insipid, Impudent, and Vain:
But he knew no Decay; the sacred Fire,
Bright to the last, did with himself expire.

Such was the Man, whose Loss we now deplore,
Such was the Man, but we should call him more.

Immortal in himself, we need not strive
To keep his sacred Memory alive.
Just, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Gen'rous, Kind;
The *English* he has, to the height refin'd, [hind.
And the best Standard of it leaves (his Legacy) be-

PROLOGUE, *to the University of* Oxon, *spoken by Mr.* Hart, *at the Acting of the* Silent Woman.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WHAT *Greece*, when learning flourish'd, only [knew,
(*Athenian* Judges,) you this day renew.
Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,
And here Poetick Prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with Olives sit,
And strike a sacred Horrour from the Pit.
A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,
Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: [see.
A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have wish'd to
Here they who long have known the useful Stage,
Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.
As your Commissioners our Poets go,
To cultivate the Virtue which you sow:
In your *Lyceum*, first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to Human-kind.
But as Embassadors, when long from home,
For new Instructions to their Princes come;
So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and Faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your Manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate Writer, Emperick like, applies
To Minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies:
The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first began,
Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;

Sees Virtue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause,
And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws.
So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
An Art, in *London* only is a Trade.
There haughty Dunces, whose unlearned Pen
Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading Men.
Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
So many huddled Atoms make a Play;
And if they hit in Order by some Chance,
They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,
And their gay Nonsense their own Citts admire.
Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here
Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* Bands,
But knows that Right is in the Senate's Hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,
Low at the Muses Feet his Wreath he lays,
And where he took it up, resigns his Bays.
Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your Suffrage makes authentick Wit.

EPILOGUE, *spoken by the same.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

NO poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his Fear,
Flies with more haste, when the *French* Arms draw near,
Than we with our Poetick Train come down
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;
Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.
A *French* Troop first swept all things in its way,
But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to stay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.
For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new-born Monster shewn you for a Play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb,
Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,
And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be laid:
Art Magick is for Poetry profest,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast
To which *Egyptian* Dotards once did bow,
Upon our *English* Stage are worship'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown
Macbeth, and *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's despis'd, your *Johnson* out of Fashion,
And Wit the only Drug in all the Nation.
In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,
By you those Staple Authors worth is known,
For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

PROLOGUE *to the University of* Oxford, 1674. *Spoken by Mr.* Hart.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

POets, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd
T'unbend, and to divert their Sov'reign's Mind:
When tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool Shades of Wit,

And from the ſweet Retreat, with Joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here free your ſelves, from Envy, Care and Strife,
You view the various Turns of human Life:
Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
As in Mechanick Operations wrought;
And Man the little World before you ſet,
As once the Sphere of Chryſtal, ſhew'd the Great:
Bleſt ſure are you above all Mortal kind,
If to your Fortunes you can ſuit your Mind.
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe Ills we ſhow,
And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:
With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their Wit. [Claim
That *Shakeſpear*'s, *Fletcher*'s, and great *Johnſon*'s
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living Poets dare appear,
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipt here;
That conſcious of their Faults they ſhun the Eye,
And as Prophane, from ſacred Places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and die.
We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
Such Faults as made, are by the Makers ſhown.
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt Judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our Pit,
Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
Diſdaining that, which yet they know, will take,
Hating themſelves, what their Applauſe muſt make:
But when to Praiſe from you they would aſpire
Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is higher.
So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r tranſcends,
As what *ſhould* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE *spoken at* Oxford, *by Mrs.* MARSHALL.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

OFT has our Poet wisht, this happy Seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last Retreat:
I wonder'd at his Wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet, and content of Mind;
Which noiseful Towns, and Courts can never know,
And only in the shades like Laurels grow.
Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies Rest,
And Age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we show,)
Your Peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
For Patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd:
His Learning, and untainted Manners too
We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
Such ancient Hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,
Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests.
Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
As had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our Protector here.
Converse so chast, and so strict Virtue shown,
As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.
Till our return we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

Prologue *to the Univerſity of* Oxford.

Diſcord, and Plots, which have undone our Age,
With the ſame ruin, have o'erwhelm'd the Stage.
Our Houſe has ſuffer'd in the common Woe,
We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
Our Brethren are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
And of our Siſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
With Bonny Blewcap there they act all Night
For *Scotch* half Crown, in *Engliſh* Three-pence hight.
One Nymph, to whom fat Sir *John Falſtaff*'s lean,
There with her ſingle Perſon fills the Scene.
Another, with long uſe, and Age decay'd,
Div'd here old Woman, and roſe there a Maid.
Our Truſty Door-keepers of former time,
There ſtrut and ſwagger in Heroick Rhime:
Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget Suit,
And there's a Heroe made without diſpute.
And that which was a Capon's Tail before,
Becomes a Plume for *Indian* Emperor.
But all his Subjects, to expreſs the Care
Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;
Lac'd Linnen there would be a dangerous thing,
It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring;
The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be choſen King.
But why ſhou'd I theſe Renegades deſcribe,
When you your ſelves have ſeen a lewder Tribe.
Teague has been here, and to this learned Pit,
With *Iriſh* Action ſlander'd *Engliſh* Wit.
You have beheld ſuch barb'rous *Mac*'s appear,
As merited a ſecond Maſſacre.
Such as like *Cain* were branded with diſgrace,
And had their Country ſtampt upon their Face:
When Stroulers durſt preſume to pick your Purſe,
We humbly thought our broken Troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our Action may deſerve,
Oxford's a Place, where Wit can never ſtarve.

Prologue *to the Univerſity of* Oxford.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THO' Actors cannot much of Learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt,
We love the Praiſes of a learned Pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We ſpeak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
Like thoſe who touch upon the Golden Shore:
Betwixt our Judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our Poems take.
Mark if the Fools, or Men of Senſe, rejoice,
Whether th' Applauſe be only Sound or Voice.
When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that Scene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their Ignorance contemn their Praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſly, but this nicer Pit
Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit:
The ready Finger lays on every Blot,
Knows what ſhou'd juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhou'd not.
Nature her ſelf lyes open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where out-lines Falſe, and Colours ſeem too faint,
Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets Paint.
But by the ſacred Genius of this Place,
By every Muſe, by each Domeſtick Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
As Nations ſu'd to be made free of *Rome*.
Not in the ſuffragating Tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial Band.

If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue,
Who with Religion loves your Arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer Name shall be,
Than his own Mother University.
Thebes did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,
He chuses *Athens* in his riper Age.

The PROLOGUE *at* Oxford, 1680.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Thespis, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart.
To prove this true, if *Latin* be no Trespass,
Dicitur & Plaustris, vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But *Æschylus*, says *Horace* in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage:
Yet *Athens* never knew your learned Sport,
Of tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*;
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation:
And few Years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his Throne.
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells:*
Nor should we scape the Sentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.
No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
To maul us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan:*
Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppreſt,
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown;

And *Ariſtotle*'s for deſtruction ripe,
Some ſay he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,
Which by ſome little help of Derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inſpiration.

The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

TO ſay this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, Gentlemen, your Anceſtors had wit;
When few Men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And *Johnſon* (of thoſe few the beſt) choſe this
As the beſt Model of his Maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
That Alchymiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe,
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the Cloaths.
But *Ben* made nobly his, what he did Mould,
What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold:
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,
Yet Rules that well, which he unjuſtly Gains.
But this our Age ſuch Authors does afford,
As make whole Plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all;
And what's their Plunder, their Poſſeſſion call.
Who, like bold Padders, ſcorn by Night to prey,
But rob by Sun-ſhine, in the Face of Day.
Nay ſcarce the common Ceremony uſe,
Of Stand Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
Mount *Pegaſus* before the Owner's Face.
Faith, if you have ſuch Country *Toms* abroad,
'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid
They ſtrip the Living, but theſe rob the Dead:

Dare with the Mummies of the Muſes play,
And make Love to them the *Ægyptian* way:
Or as a Rhiming Author would have ſaid,
Join the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
Such Men in Poetry may claim ſome Part,
They have the Licenſe, tho' they want the Art.
And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats
Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand. [ſtand
They make the Benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*,
Whoſe diſh to challenge, no Man has the Courage,
'Tis all his own when once h'has ſpit i'th' Porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs.
For they their Thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,
They ſhou'd refund, but that can never be.
For ſhould you Letters of Repriſal ſeal,
Theſe Men write that which no Man elſe would ſteal.

Prologue to AVIRAGUS *Reviv'd*:

Spoken by Mr. HART.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WITH ſickly Actors and an old Houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious Theatres and new, [worn,
And with our Ale-houſe Scenes, and Cloaths bare
Can neither raiſe old Plays, nor new adorn.
If all theſe Ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play.

Or see some serious Piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable Plume;
And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,
Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.
We dare not on your Privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em? they are *French*.
Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their Breeding.
Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the Jest:
Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us *English* where to clap the Play:
Civil *Igad*: Our Hospitable Land,
Bears all the Charge for them to understand:
Mean time we languish, and neglected lye,
Like Wives, while you keep better Company;
And wish for our own sakes, without a Satyr,
You'd less good Breeding, or had more good Nature.

Prologue spoken the first Day of the King's House Acting after the Fire.

Writ by Mr. DRYDEN.

SO shipwreckt Passengers escape to Land,
So look they, when on the bare Beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting Famine on a Desart Shore.
From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,
Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled,
Our Stage does human Chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true.
You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to see,
Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.
Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts,
While you the Founders make your selves the Guests;

Of all Mankind beſide Fate had ſome Care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare.
'Tis left a Rent-Charge to the Brave and Fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
Which ſpar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.
But as our new built City riſes higher,
So from old Theatres may new aſpire,
Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
Our Great Metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,
And, like a King, ſhou'd in a Palace dwell.
But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your Preſence here (for which we humbly ſue)
Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when they Acted at the old* Theatre *in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WEre none of you, Gallants, e'er driven ſo hard,
As when the poor kind Soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome By-ſtreet
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our Caſe, we can't appoint our Houſe,
The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvouz:
But hither to this truſty Nook remove,
The worſe the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug
Is ſtol'n in Garrets on the humble Rugg.

Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midſt may ſit.
And ſo the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches ſtride:
Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow,
All that keep Coaches muſt not ſit below.
There Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have ſomething to admire:
We who look up, can your Addreſſes mark;
And ſee the Creatures coupled in the Ark:
So we expect the Lovers, Braves, and Wits,
The gaudy Houſe with Scenes, will ſerve for Cits.

A PROLOGUE *ſpoken at the opening of the New Houſe*, March 26, 1674.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

A Plain built Houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find
A bare Convenience only is deſign'd.
You who each Day can Theatres behold,
Like *Nero*'s Palace, ſhining all with Gold,
Our mean ungilded Stage will ſcorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, diſdain the Chear.
Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
And a plain Suit (ſince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They who are by your Favours wealthy made,
With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade:
We, broken Bankers, half deſtroy'd by Fire,
With our ſmall Stock to humble Roofs retire,
Pity our Loſs, while you their Pomp admire.
For Fame and Honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live.

Unable to support their vast Expence,
Who build, and treat with such Magnificence;
That like th' ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
They give the Law to our provincial Stage:
Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess,
While they impose their Splendor on the less.
But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,
Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.
Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our Plainness may be justly proud:
Our Royal Master will'd it should be so,
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
That sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
And, like his Stamp, makes basest Metals pass.
'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise,
To build a Play-house while you throw down Plays.
Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera*'s reign,
And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain.
While Troops of famish'd *Frenchmen* hither drive,
And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live:
Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place
To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;
More tamely than your Fathers you submit,
You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit:
Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance
The mighty Merits of these Men of *France*,
Keep time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence:
Well, please your selves, but sure 'tis understood,
That *French* Machines have ne'er done *England* good:
I wou'd not propheſie our Houses Fate:
But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd-----
That as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,
Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

EPILOGUE, *by the same Author.*

THough what our Prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
Tho' she's no Lady, you may think her such,
A strong Imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig,
Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)
Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul,
Yet you, like him, have neither Heat nor Soul;
So may your Hats your Foretops never press,
Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to old Age advance,
And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance.
So may Fop corner full of Noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive Train;
So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not *France* your warlike Hands recal,
But leave you by each others Swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights;
The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.
The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff
Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff,
Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
We hope we may presume their Wits are here.

The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
To please, we'll find you abler Men who may.
If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed
A Troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed:
(You know the *French* sure Cards at time of need.)

An EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WERE you but half so wise as y'are severe,
Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear:
To his green Years your Censures you would suit,
Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.
The Sex that best does pleasure understand,
Will always chuse to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's awkard in delight,
But clap the young Rogue's Cheek, and set him right.
Thus heart'nd well and flesh'd upon his Prey,
The Youth may prove a Man another Day.
Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight,
Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.
But hopp'd about, and short Excursions made
From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
And each were guilty of some *slighted Maid*.
Shakespear's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:
'Tis miracle to see a first good Play,
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.
A slender Poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst,
But no Man can be *Falstaff* fat at first.
Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd Essays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praise.
That he may get more bulk before he dies,
He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

An Epilogue for the King's House.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning Men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked, change their Senſe,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore.
Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* could Divine,
He might have ſpar'd his Dream of ſeven lean Kine,
And chang'd his Viſion for the Muſes Nine.
The *Comet*, that they ſay portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-houſe* Earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt Fire, and *Lilly* ſays,
Foreſhews our change of State, and thin *Third-days*.
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printer's Preſs would ſuffer more.
Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom ſpit,
They thrive by Treaſon, and we ſtarve by Wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid [*Looking*
Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid? *above.*
Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.
Such are the Authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
Yet theſe are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhimes,
Y' abuſe your ſelves more dully than the Times.
Scandal, the Glory of the *Engliſh* Nation,
Is worn to Raggs, and ſcribbled out of Faſhion.
Such harmleſs Thruſts, as if, like Fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their Play before their Prize:
Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows,
'Tis juſt like Children when they box with Pillows.

Then put an end to Civil Wars for ſhame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can,
The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princeſs of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

LAdies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your Ear:
A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
There's Treaſon in the Play againſt our Sex.
A Man that's falſe to Love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets!
A Rogue in Mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very Bawd.
Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beaſt,
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt;
None of 'em ſtick at mark: They all deceive,
Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
There *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths and tear:
Now tho' we lye, we're too well bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
But Men are dipt for Soul and Body too.
And when found out excuſe themſelves, Pox cant 'em,
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
I'm not Book learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
I'm ſure I never heard that Scritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd Villains e'er be ſaved,
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to *David*.
With Vows and ſoft Expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like Foremen of a Shop, demure:
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new Face ride out a padding.

Yet, by their Favour when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready Mony miſſing:
Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our Parts,
To trump their Diamonds, and they trump our Hearts.

Epilogue to the Princeſs of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

A Qualm of Conſcience brings me back again
To make amends to you beſpatter'd Men!
We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
By growling, ſqualing, and a hideous Noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
Never was Man worſe thought on for high-flying
The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part,
And ſquandring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble Heart.
I've heard of Men, who in ſome lewd Lampoon,
Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.
That Accuſation ſtraight, this queſtion brings,
What is the Man that does ſuch naughty things?
The Spaniel Lover, like a ſneaking Fop,
Lies at our Feet: He's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, ſuch Hero's in a Play go far,
But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar.
When Men ſuch vile, ſuch feint Petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since Modeſty's the Virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.
When Men uſurp it from the Female Nation,
'Tis but a Work of Supererogation-------
We ſhow'd a Princeſs in the Play. 'Tis true,
Who gave her *Caſar* more than all his due.
Told her own Faults; but I ſhou'd much abhor,
To chuſe a Husband for my Confeſſor.

You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.
True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

The FABLE *of the* POT *and* KETTLE, *as it was told by Colonel* Titus *the Night before he Kiss'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Brass Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,
Slily bespoke the lighter Vessel's aid;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly said,
Come, Brother, why should we divided lose
The Strength of Union, and our selves expose
To the Insults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with United Forces we can stem?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendship understood,
And made this Answer; Tho' I wish for Ease
And Safety, this Alliance does not please;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Constitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I against you am tost,
Of you to me, I equally am lost;
And fear more Mischief from your hardned side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days, and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and serve your end,
To perish by the *Rigor* of my Friend.

CYNISCA: *Or, the Fourteenth* Idyllium *of* Theocritus *imitated.*

By W. Bowles, *Fellow of Kings-Coll.* Cambr.

THYONICUS ÆSCHINES.

OH, how does my dear *Æschines!* Oh how!
Some Care, my Friend, sits heavy on thy Brow.

ÆSCHINES.

Cynisca, Friend, has shown the Fiend confest,
And Peace and Joy are banish'd from my Breast.

THYONICUS.

Hence this wild Look, and this distracted Air,
Staring your Eyes, your Face o'ergrown with Hair.
Just such a *Rosie-Crucian* here arriv'd,
Some new Enthusiast sure, or Flood reviv'd;
With such a Mien he came, with such a Grace,
So long his Beard, so dry, so pale his Face.

ÆSCHINES.

You, Sir, are merry; but alas! I find
No Cure, no Ease, to my distemper'd Mind.
I rave, am by a thousand Furies tost,
And call in vain my Reason in my Passion lost.

THYONICUS.

I always knew you jealous and severe;
But does *Cynisca*'s Falshood plain appear?

ÆSCHINES.

'Twas my ill fate, or chance, some Friends to treat
With richest Wines, the Board was crown'd with choicest Meat;
But fair *Cynisca* most adorn'd the Feast,
In all the Charms of Art and Nature dress't.
Cynisca all our ravish'd Senses fed,
We gaz'd, and we ador'd the lovely Maid:
With Wine and Beauty all our Hearts were fir'd,
And fair *Cynisca* still new Joys inspir'd.

Now Healths we drank, and as the Glasses came,
(Such was the Law) each did his Mistress name:
Charming *Cynisca* too at last was prest
To name the Lover in her Favour blest.
A Woman, sure, she hop'd might be excus'd!
The more they urg'd her, she the more refus'd.
Refus'd, oh Friend, and I her Lover by!
Guess if my Rage, with Wine enflam'd, grew high.
Silent she sat, and with her Eyes deny'd;
Lycus is handsom, tall, and young, they cry'd!
When *Lycus* Name but touch'd her guilty Soul,
How down her Cheeks the liquid Globes did roul!
Confus'd her Look, while Shame and Guilt apace
Shifted the whole Complexion of her Face.
Gods! with what rage was my rack'd Soul surpriz'd!
My Curse, my Ruin, am I then despis'd?
Ingrateful and inhuman thou! begone,
Go hug the Man whose Absence you bemoan:
No more will I, deluded by your Charms,
Cherish an absent Mistress in my Arms.
Swiftly, as Swallows to their Nest, she fled,
When unfletch'd Young lye gaping, and unfed.
Swiftly she fled, with my Embraces cloy'd;
Lycus she long had lov'd, and long enjoy'd.
A publick Jest, and known to all alas!
(The Cuckold last perceives his own Disgrace)
Yet once a Friend accus'd the guilty Maid,
And to my Ears th' unheard of News convey'd:
For I, a much abus'd, deluded Sot,
The matter ne'er examin'd, or forgot.
Now, undisturb'd, unrival'd *Lycus* reigns,
Enjoys his Conquest, and derides my Pains.
Two Months are past, since unregarded I
In a deserted Bed, and hopeless lye.
Long with the mighty Pain oppress, I strove;
But ah! what Remedy for injur'd Love!
In vain I struggle with the fierce Disease,
The fatal Poison does my Vitals seize.

Yet *Damon* did from Travel find Relief,
And Abſence ſoon remov'd the raging Grief.
In Fires like mine ſucceſsleſs *Damon* burn'd,
Diſeas'd he parted, and he ſound return'd.
I too th' uncertain Remedy will try,
And to leſs cruel Seas and Rocks will fly.

THYONICUS.

For *Flanders* then, ſince you're reſolv'd, prepare;
Flanders, the Scene of Glory and of War!
Or, if a better Choice and nobler Fire
Does greater Arms, and greater Thoughts inſpire,
Hungarian Rebels, and unchriſtian Foes,
('Tis a vaſt Field of Honour, Friend,) oppoſe.
By God-like *Poland* born, and *Lorrain* ſoon
The Croſs ſhall triumph o'er the waning Moon.
There you the cruel Ravage may admire;
And *Auſtria*, deſolate by Barb'rous Fire,
May curſe the dire Effects of civil Rage;
Oh in what Ills Religion can engage!
There ſure with Horror your diverted Mind
Some Truce may with this ſmaller Paſſion find.

ÆSCHINES.

Cyniſca, oh unkind! farewel, I go,
By thee condemn'd to diſtant Countries; know,
I go, where Honour, and where Dangers call,
From a leſs barb'rous Foe to tempt a nobler Fall.

Written May 23, 1684.

PROTEUS: Being the Fourth *Eclogue* of *Sannazarius*.

Inscribed to Ferdinand *of* Arragon, *Duke of* Calabria, *Son of* Frederick *King of* Naples.

By W. Bowles, *Fellow of King's-College*, Cambr.

NOW first with bolder Sails I tempt the Main,
Parthenope deserves a loftier strain;
To fair *Parthenope*, O Nymphs, we must,
And our dear Country's Honour, now be just.
O then ye Nymphs, who in these Floods delight,
Indulge one Labour, and direct my Flight.
But thou, great hope of thy illustrious Line,
Thy Country's Pride, sprung from a Race divine,
Whether o'er *Pyrenean* Frosts thou go,
And Mountains cover'd with eternal Snow,
And the wild Tempests of the warring Sky
Prefer to the best Plains of *Italy*;
Or envious *Iber* does our hopes oppose,
Return, and happy make thy Peoples Vows:
Tho' *Arragon*, thy *Arragon*, with-hold,
And *Tagus* rowling o'er a Bed of Gold
With all his Liquid Wealth would buy thy stay,
Return, and our wish'd Happiness no more delay!
For, if the God that fills my Breast, foreknow,
Parthenope shall to thy Scepter bow;
Parthenope, usurp'd by foreign sway,
Shall with new Joy her rightful Prince obey.
Oh! may swift Time the happy Period bring,
And I loud *Paans* to thy Triumph sing!
Mean while a lower Muse indulgent view,
Which I, the first, with bold design and new,

Leaving th' *Arcadian* Fields, and vocal Plain,
In triumph bring down to thy subject Main;
And on the neighb'ring Rocks and sounding Shore,
A newer Scene present, and untry'd Seas explore.
What Port, what Sea, so distant can be found,
Which *Proteus* has not blest with heav'nly sound?
Him *Prasidamus* and *Melanthius* knew,
For all the God appear'd to mortal view;
On great *Minerva*'s Rock the God appear'd,
And charm'd with Verse Divine his monstrous Herd.
While *Phœbus* sunk with the declining Day,
And all around delighted Dolphins play.
For lo! he sung-----
How Earth's bold Sons, by wild Ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to Celestial Thrones aspir'd.
Typhœus first, with lifted Mountains arm'd,
Led on the furious Van, and Heav'n it self alarm'd.
Now *Prochyte* among the Stars he threw,
And from their Bases torn huge Islands flew,
And shook th' Ætherial Orbs: The Pow'rs above
Then first knew fear; not so Almighty *Jove:*
He with red Lightning arm'd, and winged Fire,
Replung'd the Rebels in their native Mire.
All Nature with the dreadful Rout resounds,
They fled, and bath'd in *Baian* Springs their burning Wounds.
On the scorch'd Earth the Footsteps still remain,
And sulph'rous Springs a fiery Taste retain.
He sung *Alcides*, and his noble Toil,
His glorious Triumph, and his wond'rous * Pile,
Which does the Fury of the Waves sustain,
Confine the *Lucrine*, and repel the Main.
Next the *Cumæan* Cave and Grove relates,
Where anxious Mortals throng'd to learn their Fates:

* *The* Herculean *Way rais'd by* Hercules *in his Return from* Spain.

The raving † Virgin, and her fatal Page,
Her more than mortal Sounds, and sacred Rage;
And that sad Vale, unvisited by Day,
Where bury'd in eternal Night * *Cimmerians* lay.
But thee, § *Pausilypus*, he gently blames,
And sweetly mourns thy inauspicious Flames,
Concern'd for lovely *Nesis*, ah too late!
Oh stay, rash Man! Why dost thou urge her Fate?
She, wretched Maid, thy loath'd Embrace to shun,
Does to steep Rocks and Waves less cruel run:
Not the dire Prospect can retard her Flight,
Or gaping Monsters from beneath affright.
Oh stay! and reach no more with greedy Hands,
See! to a Rock transform'd thy *Nesis* stands.
She, who so swift, with the first Dawn of Day
Rang'd o'er the Woods, and chas'd the flying Prey:
See! her wing'd Feet their wonted speed refuse,
And her stiff Joints their nimble Motion lose.
Oh *Panope*, and all the Nymphs below,
To so much Beauty just Compassion show!
If Pity can affect your happy State,
O visit *Nesis*, and lament her Fate!

He sung how once the beauteous ‡ *Syren* sway'd,
And mighty Kingdoms the fair Nymph obey'd;
Describes the lofty Tomb, which all adore:
Then tells, how loosing from their Native Shore,
By all the Gods conducted, and their Fate,
|| *Eubæans* founded that auspicious State.
Then sung the rising Walls and Tow'rs, whose height
Is lost in Clouds, and tires the fainting sight.
What mighty Piles from the capacious Bay,
And hidden Pipes th' obedient Springs convey:
And that proud *Pharos*, whose auspicious Light
Informs glad Sailers, and directs their Sight.

† *Sibyl.* * *Plac'd by some near* Naples. § Pausilypus *and* Nesis *are the Names of two* Promontories *near* Naples. ‡ Parthenope. || *A Colony of* Eubæans *from* Chalcis, *built* Cume *and* Naples.

And how beneath the gentle *Sarno* flows,
In Verſe as ſmooth as that, and high as thoſe.
He told, and ſweetly rais'd his Voice divine,
How * *Meliſæus*, lov'd by all the Nine,
Immortal *Virgil* ſaw; the God-like Shade
Bequeath'd that Pipe, which ſo divinely play'd.
Lycoris flying from her Lovers Arms,
And *Daphne*'s Fate, and young *Alexis* Charms.
Led by the Muſe †, he mounts the ſtarry Skies,
And all the ſhining Orbs above deſcries.
Why ſhou'd I ſpeak of *Syrens*, or relate
Their treach'rous Songs, and the pleas'd Sailer's Fate?
Or, how in mournful Strains he did recount
The dire Eruptions of the burning || Mount,
When with ſwift Ruin, and a dreadful Sound,
Vaſt Floods of liquid Fire o'erwhelm'd the Country round.
Laſt Battles, and their various Chance, he ſings
The great Events of War, and Fate of Kings;
And thee, ‡ whom *Italy* bewails, the beſt,
By Fortune's Rage, and angry Gods oppreſt,
Stript of thy Kingdoms, and compell'd to fly,
And on uncertain Hope and *Gallick* Faith relye.
Oh Treachery of human Pow'r! forlorn,
And laſt by Death condemn'd to a precarious Urn.
How vain is Man! and in what depth of Night
The dark Decrees of Fate are hid from mortal ſight!
Cou'dſt thou, who potent Kingdoms didſt command,
Not find a Tomb but in a foreign Land!
Yet mourn not, happy Shade, thy cruel Fate;
The loſs is light of that ſuperfluous State.
Nature provides for all a common Grave,
The laſt Retreat of the diſtreſs'd and brave.

* Pontanus *a* Neopolitan *Poet.* † *His Poem call'd* Urania. || Veſuvius. ‡ Frederick *King of* Naples, *See* Guicciardine.

Thus he
From the first Ages and Heroick Times,
Deduc'd in order his mysterious Rhimes.
Charm'd by his Song, the Billows ceas'd to roar,
And loud Applauses rung along the Shoar:
'Till the pale Moon advanc'd her beauteous Head,
And all the Gods sunk to their watry Bed.

A SONG.

By Sir George Etheridge.

YE happy Swains, whose Hearts are free
From Love's Imperial Chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T' avoid th' inchanting Pain.
Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,
To careless Seamen hidden Rocks,
To human Quiet Love.

II.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'rs;
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more?
How faithless is the Lover's Joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair.

A SONG.

By Mr. J. H.

IN *Chloris* all soft Charms agree,
Inchanting Humour, pow'rful Wit,

Beauty from Affectation free,
And for eternal Empire fit.
Where-e'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
The Women envy, Men adore;
But did she less the Triumph prize,
She would deserve the Conquest more.

II.

The Pomp of Love so much prevails,
She begs, what none else wou'd deny her,
Makes such Advances with her Eyes,
The Hope she gives prevents Desire;
Catches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
Seems warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
The common Prey so deads the Dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble Game.

III.

I cou'd lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her, careless of my Pain,
With tender Vows her Rigours meet,
Despair, Love on, and not complain.
My Passion, from all change secure,
No Favours raise, no Frown controuls,
I any Torment can endure,
But hoping with a Crowd of Fools.

SAPPHO's ODE from *Longinus*.

By Mr. W. BOWLES.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his Senses chears,
And drinks with ever thirsty Ears.
The charming Musick of thy Tongue,
Does ever hear, and ever long;
That sees with more than human Grace,
Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

II.

But when with kinder Beams you ſhine,
And ſo appear much more Divine,
My feeble Senſe and dazl'd Sight
No more ſupport the glorious Light,
And the fierce Torrent of Delight.
Oh! then I feel my Life decay,
My raviſh'd Soul then flies away,
Then Faintneſs does my Limbs ſurpriſe,
And Darkneſs ſwims before my Eyes.

III.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The liquid Drops in ſilence flow,
Then wand'ring Fires run through my Blood,
And Cold binds up the ſtupid Flood;
All pale and breathleſs then I lye,
I ſigh, I tremble, and I die.

The Thirteenth ODE *of the Fourth Book of* HORACE.

LYCE, the Gods have heard my Pray'r,
Lyce the Proud, the Charming, and the Fair,
Lyce is old! tho' wanton ſtill, and gay,
You laugh, and ſing, and play.
Now Beauty fails, with Wine you'd raiſe Deſire,
And with your trembling Voice wou'd fan our dying Fire.

II.

In vain! for Love long ſince forſook [Look;
Thy ſnowy Hair, thy falling Teeth, and with'ring
He *Chia*'s blooming Face
Adorns with ev'ry Grace,
Her Wit, her Eyes, her ev'ry Glance are Darts,
That with reſiſtleſs force invade our Hearts.

III.

Not all your Art, nor all your Dress,
(Tho' grown to a ridiculous excess,
Tho' you by Lovers Spoils made fine,
In richest Silks and Jewels shine,
And with their borrow'd Light
Surprize the dazl'd Sight,)
Can your fled Youth recall, recall one Day
Which flying Time on his swift Wings has born away.

IV.

Ah! where are all thy Beauties fled! [Maid!
Where all the Charms that so adorn'd the tender
Ah! where the nameless Graces that were seen
In all thy Motions, and thy Mien!
What now, oh! what is of that *Lyce* left,
By which I once was of my Sense and of my Soul be-
V. [reft!

Of her, who with my *Cynara* strove,
And shar'd my doubtful Love!
Yet Fate, and the last unrelenting Hour,
Seiz'd her gay Youth, and pluck'd the springing
But angry Heav'n has reserv'd thee, [Flow'r.
That you with Rage might see,
With Rage might see your Beauties fading Glory fly,
And your short Youth, and tyrannous Pow'r before
you die.

VI.

That your insulting Lovers might return
Pride for your Pride, and with retorted Scorn
Glut their Revenge, and satiate all their Pain;
With cruel Pleasure, and with sharp disdain,
Might laugh, to see that Fire which once so burn'd,
Shot such resistless Flames, to Ashes turn'd.

The GROVE.

By the Earl of Roſcommon.

AH happy Grove! dark and ſecure Retreat
Of ſacred Silence, Reſt's Eternal Seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaſte Retirements of a Maid!
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been ſo much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elyzium* ſhould be mine.
Fond Men by Paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchaſing Riches, with our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our ſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with Bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant good,
Vain are the boaſted Titles of our Blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our Youth our ſhort-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increaſe our ſtore,
If our Abundance makes us wiſh for more;
How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature ſcorns ſuperfluous Aid!
Whoſe modeſt Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her Soul preſerve the native White;
Whoſe little ſtore her well-taught Mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe,
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few Wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No Care but Love can diſcompoſe her Breaſt,
Love, of all Cares the ſweeteſt and the beſt;
Whilſt on ſweet Graſs her bleating Charge does lye,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impoſe,
But one whom Love has for this Lover choſe,

Under some fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows,
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns!
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lye,
And whilst they live, their Flames can never die.

PROLOGUE *to his* ROYAL HIGHNESS, *upon his first Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, since his Return from* Scotland, 1682.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IN those cold Regions which no Summers chear,
Where brooding Darkness covers half the Year,
To hollow Caves the shiv'ring Natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in Tracks of Snow:
But when the tedious Twilight wears away,
And Stars grow paler at th' approach of Day,
The longing Crowds to frozen Mountains run;
Happy who first can see the glimm'ring Sun!
The surly salvage Off-spring disappear,
And curse the bright Successor of the Year.
Yet, though rough Bears in Covert seek Defence,
White Foxes stay, with seeming Innocence:
That crafty Kind with Day light can dispence.
Still we are throng'd so full with *Reynard*'s Race,
That Loyal Subjects scarce can find a place:
Thus modest Truth is cast behind the Crowd:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisie too lowd.
Let 'em be first, to flatter in Success;
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call,
To make their solemn Shew at Heav'n's *Whitehall*,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a Courtier as the best.

The Friends of *Job*, who rail'd at him before,
Came Cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet, late Repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if Rebels can but sue:
A Tyrant's Pow'r in Rigour is expreſt;
The Father yearns in the true Prince's Breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no Grace can mend;
But moſt are Babes, that know not they offend.
The Crowd, to reſtleſs Motion ſtill enclin'd,
Are Clouds, that rack according to the Wind.
Driv'n by their Chiefs they ſtorms of Hailſtones pour:
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent Show'r.
O welcome, to this much offending Land,
The Prince that brings Forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus Angels on glad Meſſages appear:
Their firſt Salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that cou'd conſtrain us to obey,
(With Rev'rence if we might preſume to ſay,)
Seems to relax the Rights of ſov'reign Sway:
Permits to Man the choice of Good and Ill,
And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.

The SALISBURY GHOST.

A Brewer of Salisbury *having Buried his firſt Wife, upon the Marriage of a ſecond was over-perſwaded to wrong the Children of the former, by converting the Settlements upon her Iſſue to the Advantage of the latter. This the firſt Wife takes ill, and gets leave of* Satan *to walk, as they call it, for the relief of her injur'd Children. Her Applications to her Husband were fruitleſs, as one that at the ſame time had lying by his ſide a Mother-in-Law, that is to ſay, a Devil that was able to deal with a Devil. Thereupon ſhe goes to an honeſt Godly Maiden Gentlewoman in the City, and frights her into the Sollicitation of her*

Cause. The Virgin takes to her Assistance a Minister or two of her Acquaintance, by whose Advice, you may be sure, she prov'd so successful in her Negotiation, that all Differences between the Husband and his Conjugal Ghost were reconcil'd, and the Apparition departed in Peace. Which being an Accident so remarkable, was thought to be a proper Subject for the ensuing

BALLAD.

I'LL tell you a Story, if it be true,
But look you to that, I am sure it is new,
And only in *Salisbury* known to a few.
Which no body can deny.

Some Sages have written, as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monstrous kind
To Friends and Relations left behind.
Which, &c.

That this is no Tale I shall you tell,
A Lady there died, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well.
Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a Thicket he heard a sound of much Woe.
Which, &c.

It was an a Lady that wept, and her weeping
Made *Satan* go from list'ning to peeping.
Quoth he, What Slave hath this Lady in keeping?
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she, if of Woman you came,
Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same.
Quoth the Devil, Be quick in your Story, fair Dame.
Which, &c.

Quoth she, I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind;
If I cou'd but appear, I shou'd change his Mind.
Which, &c.

Fair Dame, quoth the Devil, are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints.
Which, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweethearts she had,
How many were good, and how many were bad;
The Devil began to think her stark mad.
Which, &c.

And so she went on with the cause of the squabble,
Beelzebub scratch'd, and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two hours Babble.
Which, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
She caught him fast by the Lilly black Fist;
Nay then, quoth the Devil, e'en do what you list.
Which, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
Then snap went the Lock, and the Candles burnt blue.
Which, &c.

Quoth she, Will you give my Children their Land?
Her Husband sweat, you must understand,
For he did not think her so near at hand.
Which, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of Grace,
Quoth he, You Jade, come again in this Place,
And *Faustus*'s Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.
Which, &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
She sought other ways his Mind to controul,
So she went to a Maid, a very good Soul.
Which, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
Most gracious Madam, what would you have done?
I'll do it, although you'd have me a Nun.
Which, &c.

Then go to my Husband, and bid him do right
Unto my two Children, or elſe by this Light
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.
Which, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reaſons,
I'll ſit on his Bed, and read him ſuch Leſſons,
As never were heard at Mr. *Mompeſſon*'s.
Which, &c.

So away went the Virgin, and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirit's Husband every Word,
At which he replied, I care not a T----
Which, &c.

For when ſhe was Incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er ſhe could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe, conſider my plight,
I am not able to keep outright
Three waking Miniſters every Night,
Which, &c.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty ſo ſad,
Compaſſion ſtraight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.
Which, &c.

When the Land as I ſaid was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoice,
And away went the Spirit with a tuneable Voice,
Which no body can deny.

The Beginning of a PASTORAL *on the Death of His Late* MAJESTY.

Written by Mr. OTWAY.

WHat Horror's this that dwells upon the Plain,
And thus disturbs the Shepherd's peaceful Reign?
A dismal Sound breaks through the yielding Air,
Forewarning us some dreadful Storm is near.
The bleating Flocks in wild confusion stray,
The early Larks forsake their wand'ring way,
And cease to welcome in the new-born Day.
Each Nymph, possest with a distracted Fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd Hair.
Diseases with their strong Convulsions reign;
And Deities, not known before to Pain,
Are now with Apoplectick Seizures slain:
Hence flow our Sorrows, hence increase our Fears,
Each humble Plant does drop her silver Tears.
Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn let us together stay:
O'er all the Universe let it be spread,
That now the Shepherd of the Flock is dead.
The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal Sleep.

Begin, *Damœtas*, let thy Numbers fly
Aloft, where the safe Milky Way does lye;
Mopsus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did sing,
Shall join with you, and hither waft our King.
Play gently on your Reeds a mournful strain,
And tell in Notes thro' all th' *Arcadian* Plain,
The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
Is gone! is gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal Sleep.

Of NATURE'S CHANGES.

From Lucretius, Lib. V.

By Sir Robert Howard.

SINCE *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Nature's Parts appear;
These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought;
Why of the World may not the like be thought?
Reason presents this Maxim to our view,
What in each Part, that in the Whole is true:
And therefore when you see, spring up and fall,
Nature's great Parts, conclude the like of all:
Know Heav'n and Earth on the same Laws depend,
In time thy both began, in time shall end.
But *Memmius*, not t'assume what some deny;
The Proof, on plain Experience shall rely:
I'll shew, these Elements to Change are prone;
Rise in new Shapes, continue long in none.
Then first of *Earth*; conclude that all must fail,
Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale:
Much the reflected Rays extract from thence;
And from their burning Heat no less th' expence.
The Dust and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
Which boistrous Winds disperse through liquid Air.
Some parts dissolve, and flow away in Rain,
And from their Banks, the rapid Rivers gain.
A Diminution, nothing e'er escapes;
Which new Existence gives to other Shapes:
Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth*:
Then since from this, their Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this, their common Grave does bring.
In these Examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.

The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth's* Supply, with Waters to abound;
Renew'd, and flowing in continual round.
Leſt theſe, increaſing, ſhould at laſt prevail;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds aſſail:
Vaſt Shoals of Atoms thence away they bear,
And raiſing them aloft, transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in ſubterranean Channels run:
In *Earth* it firſt, exceſſive Saltneſs ſpends;
Then to our Springs and Rivers heads aſcends:
Theſe in the fruitful Valleys turn and wind,
And ſtill to new Productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air*; which in its vaſt extent,
In Changes infinite, each hour, is ſpent:
For *Air*'s wide Ocean ſtill requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluviums, ſhould it not reſtore
The periſh'd Shapes, *Time*'s Ruines to repair,
Long ſince had all things been diſſolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loſs, its Being it receives;
To theſe again its changing Subſtance leaves:
So true it is, that Nature ebbs and flows;
And one Part periſhing, another grows.

The *Sun* the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Inſtead of vaniſh'd Light, new Light diſplays.
The Brightneſs of the flying Minute paſt,
Is now obſcur'd, and to new forms does haſte. [near,
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw
And baniſh'd Sun-ſhine ſtrait does diſappear,
The Earth's o'erſhadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Viſion would ceaſe, (ſo ſoon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire,
In our inferiour and ſulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chaſing ſhades of Night,
Continu'd Fuel feeds the trembling Flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the ſame
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it ſtrange
That they are not ſecure from final Change.

When what so late did smile, this instant dies,
And new born Light still shines to mortal Eyes.
Thus we observe hard Rocks in time decay'd;
The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
And stately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.
Do Gods their Images from Age secure?
Or force their Temples always to endure?
Thus when you see old Rocks from Mountains fall,
By this conclude their sure Original;
For were they from Eternity so plac'd,
No Chance could ruine them, no Time could waste.
Next raise your Eyes to Earth-surrounding Sphears,
From which (say some) springs all that now appears,
To which at last their vanish'd Parts ascend;
These as they're form'd, to Dissolution tend:
For all things must in such proportion cease,
As they to other Beings give Increase.

But then if no Beginning do's appear,
Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were;
Before the *Theban* War was e'er proclaim'd,
Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
Why did not far more ancient Poets sing
What Revolutions elder times did bring?
Such Men, such Acts, how in Oblivion drown'd,
As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?
No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this seems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science else, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient Sailers, e'er like ours did steer:
No such harmonious Musick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages past
Was brought to Light, retarded for the last.
And these Discoveries ordain'd by Fate
To foreign Climes, I with the first translate.

But still if no Beginning you believe,
And say, 'tis easier for us to conceive
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Human Race devour:

Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increaſe,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time muſt ceaſe.
For when ſuch dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then eſcap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cauſe increas'd, and 'twill not fail,
As did the leſs, o'er all things to prevail.
What ſhews we cannot endleſs Life enjoy,
But ſenſe of Ills which others did deſtroy?
If you the World's Duration would extend
To all Eternity, you muſt defend,
Its ſolid Subſtance is ſo firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound:
(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confeſs'd, are ſo,
But not the Compound which from theſe did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you muſt prove,
And what no forcing Agent can remove:
Or elſe you muſt all ambient Space deny,
To which it may diſſolv'd and ruin'd fly:
(Thus, Univerſal claims Eternal's Place,
Becauſe it ne'er can paſs t' External Space)
But neither is this various Globe ſo fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatning Pow'r of Penetration free;
And Pow'rs unknown, from boundleſs ambient ſpace,
This preſent State of Nature may deface:
With dreadful Huricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made;
Or by ſome other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's Conception, make the fatal Breach.
Nor wants there ſpace beyond the Spheres of Heav'n,
To which the ruin'd Parts may then be driv'n:
When e'er theſe Elements their Manſions leave,
That vaſt Abyſs lyes open to receive.
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have always ſo protected,

That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal Ages ſhould deſie?
Then ſince the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foreſee their Strife ſo long depending,
At laſt in general Subverſion ending.
Rivers and Seas conſum'd, fierce Fires may burn,
Till all their Aſhes meet in Earth's great Urn.
Even now they ſtrive the Victory to gain;
But ſtill the Ocean does the Fight maintain,
And ſwell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the reſt, and ſole in Triumph ride.
This to prevent, the ſwift exhauſting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainſt liquid Force are join'd.
Thus equal in Appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
At laſt the Fire, 'tis ſaid, did win the Field:
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.
Long ſince when *Phaeton*, led by vain Deſire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aſpire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.
With head-ſtrong force the winged Horſes flew;
O'er Earth and Heav'n the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the Fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not diſmounted, by ſwift Lightning's ſtroke,
And ſo at once the flaming Progreſs broke?
Thus *Phaeton* ſlain was falling to the Ground,
And furious Horſes dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reaſſum'd the Chair;
Reſtor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the Air;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this Hour in annual Courſe proceeds.
Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
To waking Men, like wandring dreams they ſound:
But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from Eaſt to Weſt advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if ſome ſtronger Agent not reſtrains,

The Fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will ne'er be quench'd till all in Ruins lye.
The Water too did, as our Authors tell,
In Ages past, to such proportion swell,
That spacious Empires wholly were destroy'd:
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd;
But that some greater Being soon arose,
From infinite Space, t'o'ercome th'invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd Showrs,
And falling Floods proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

ELEGY XI. LIB. V. De Trist.

OVID *complains of his three Years Banishment.*

COndemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endless toil,
Since Banish'd *Ovid* left his native Soil,
Thrice has the frozen *Ister* stood, and thrice
The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o'er with Ice.
Ten tedious Years of Siege the *Trojans* bore,
But count my Sorrow, I have suffer'd more:
For me alone old *Cronus* stops his Glass,
For Years like Ages slowly seem to pass:
Long Days diminish not my nightly Care,
Both Night and Day their equal Portion share.
The course of Nature sure is chang'd with me,
And all is endless, as my Misery.
Do Time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
Or are the Fates, that spin my Thread, a-sleep?
In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
How good the Name! but oh how bad the Place!
The People round about us threaten War,
Who live by Spoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are:

No

No living Thing can here Protection have,
Nay scarce the dead are quiet in their Grave,
For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
That swiftly snatch unseen the Limbs away.
Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Must arm himself as if he went to War.
The Shepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves, but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muse,
One Foe the Shepherd and his Sheep pursues.
The Castle which the safest place shou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Græcians* fight.
In one abode amongst a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they please they thrust me out:
My hatred to these Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beasts whose Skins they wear.
Ev'n those who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themselves up in Rugs and *Persian* Frize;
They easily each other understand,
But I alas am forc'd to speak by hand!
Ev'n to these Men (if I may call 'em so)
Who neither what is right or reason know,
I a Barbarian am; hard fate to see
When I speak Latin, how they laugh at me!
Perhaps they falsly add to my Disgrace,
Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
Besides the cruel Sword 'gainst Nature's Laws,
Cuts off the Innocent without a Cause.
The Market-place by lawless Arms possest,
Has Slaughter-houses both for Man and Beast.
Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to stop my Breath,
And shorten my Misfortunes by my Death.
How hard my Sentence is to live among
A Cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly Throng;

But to leave you, my Friends, a harder Doom,
Though baniſh'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
Alas I left it where I cannot come!
To be forbid the City, I confeſs,
That were but juſt, my Crime deſerves no leſs.
A Place ſo diſtant from my native Air,
Is more than I deſerve, or long can bear.
Why do I mourn! The Fate I here attend
Is a leſs Grief than *Cæſar* to offend!

Upon the late Ingenious Tranſlation of PERE SIMON's *Critical Hiſtory.*

By H. D. *Eſq;*

OF all Heavens Judgments, that was ſure the [worſt,
When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curſt:
Man, to whoſe race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
Nature's lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
Whoſe pow'rful Voice the ſubject World obey'd,
And Gods were pleas'd with the Diſcourſe he made,
He who before did ev'ry Form excel,
Beneath the moſt ignoble Creature fell:
Ev'ry vile Beaſt thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the Senſe invites, declare his Love:
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the Race;
And one ſhort Language ſerves for ev'ry place:
But, ſuch a Price did that Preſumption coſt,
That half our Lives in trifling Words are loſt.
Nor can their utmoſt Force and Power, expreſs
The Soul's Ideas in their native Dreſs.
Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the Mind,
To the ſmall ſpot, where it is born's confin'd.
But he, brave Youth, the toilſom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd Pen myſterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues deſcend;
And Heav'ns Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

And 'twas but just that all th' astonish'd throng
Shou'd understand the *Galileans* Tongue.
God's sacred Law was for all *Israel* made;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe display'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine Commands:
But scarce they were so much in pieces broke,
When *Moses* Wrath the People did provoke,
As has the sacred Cowl been torn and rent,
T' explain what the All-wise Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the joyful Doom.
From the worst Slavery at last we're freed,
And shall no more, with stripes from error, bleed;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task subdu'd;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bless'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in awe;
And bless'd be he that taught us to invoke
God's awful Name, as God to *Moses* spoke.
Nor do's he merit less, who cou'd so well
From foreign Language his great Dictates tell:
In our cold Clime the pregnant Soul lay hid;
No virtual Power mov'd the prolifick Seed,
Till his kind genial Heat preserv'd it warm;
And to Perfection wrought the noble Form.
Never did yet arrive so vast a Store
Of solid Learning on the *British* Shore:
T' export it thence has been the greatest Trade;
But he, at last, a full return has made.
Raise up, ye tuneful Bards, your Voices raise,
And crown his Head with never-dying Praise:
And all ye *Nimrod*'s mighty Sons rejoice,
While ev'ry Workman knows the Builder's Voice.
In *Shinar*'s Plain the lofty Tow'r may rise,
Till its vast Head sustain the bending Skies:
In its own Nature Truth is so Divine,
No sacred Pow'rs oppose this great Design;

So dark a Veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wisest Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind Zeal and mad Enthusiasts shew'd the way,
While wand'ring Meteors led their Eyes astray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at Best, ended where they first began:
But now at last we're brought so near her Throne,
At the next step the glorious Crown's our own.

HORTI ARLINGTONIANI. Ad Clarissimum Dominum, *Henricum*, Comitem *Arlingtoniæ*, &c.

Magnificos propter salus, & avita Jacobi
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aulæ,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
Surgunt cœlestibus succincta palatia muris:
Quæ posita ad Zephyrum, radiis sol igneus aureis,
Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutat.
Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,
Vulgusque, Proceresque: caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum fastigia lubrica damnat;
Fœlicemque vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ
Labuntur variis aulæ inconcussa procellis.
Et quamvis procul haud absint, tum plebis iniquæ
Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,
Circumfusa quies, & pax incognita Magnis
Hic placidè regnant; & verum simplice cultu,
Propositique tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.
Namque ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,
Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula Damæ,
Atque piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ripas & aquosa cubilia linquens

Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.
Vos O Pierides molli testudine Musæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâque Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe
Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.
Areaque in medio est multum spectabilis horto,
Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum
Latificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens:
Nempe hæc per spatia flores transmittit iniqua
Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.
Non illic viola, neque candida lilia desunt:
Parva loquor: quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi,
Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis
Latior Hesperiis educit germen in arvis.
Qualia sæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido
Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore;
Te solam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Psyche
Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis!
Nec sine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Poma;
Quæ quoniam calido nascuntur plurima cælo
Et brumas indocta pati nimbosque ruentes,
Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fœtus:
Protinus hybernis clanduntur ab æthere tectis,
Spirantesque premunt animas, ne poma caduca
Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos:
Tum vero, æstate in mediâ, stabula alta relinquunt,
Scilicet, & tutas de cortice trudere gemmas,
Inque novos soles audent se credere, molles
Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.
Nec Te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,
Ah nimis infœlix per fila sequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes;

Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper
Deficiente die accendit ; sed longius ipsam
Hic secum placidè cupiunt consumere noctem:
Dum super arboreos modulans Luscinia ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, teneroque invitat amores.
Quinetiam extremo surgit conterminus horto
Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Gessamis ornat
Floribus, ac læras dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc super ascendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Augustus, Procereque caput supereminet omnes ;
Atque pedem properans graditur, vestigia volvens
Grandia, nec seræ meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et sincera quies operum, rerumque nitescit
Incorruptus honos, & nescia fallere vita.
Nec non hic solus placidi super ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente serenâ
Munera Dædaleæ naturæ ; animusque recedit
In loca sacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Despicere unde queas miseros, passimque videre
Mortales, vitæ subeuntes mille pericla ;
Continuò inter se niti præstante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas sumere rerum ;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnasque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.
Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ sine parte doloris,
Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus :
Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes :
Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalia rivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen nictat ad aulam.
Inter Purpureos, Regi gratissime, Patres,
O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis
Præsidium ! O magnos jamdudum exute labores !
Sæpius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,
Traducens faciles, sed non inglorius annos ;
Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis Oti !

Dum timor omnis abeſt, curæque incendia luctus,
Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
Vel ſtruere inſidias canis. Tibi libera tranſit
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hoſpes ad aulam.
O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,
Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
Nec miſerè inſomnes cogunt diſperdere noctes!
At ſecura quies, animæ divina voluptas,
Mitiaque emeritam ſolantur fata ſenectam.
Unica Regali connubit filia ſtirpi,
Anglia quas habuit pulchris præclara puellis.
Quæ poſcis meliora Deos? quæ pondere vaſto
Corruit uſta domus, flammæ ſecura minacis
Ecce ſtat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis!
Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
Nube Venus; circum divini colla Mariti
Fuſa ſuper, roſeoque arridens ſuaviter ore,
Sic Divum alloquitur: Noſtros delectat ocellos
Pulchra domus, ſævis olim conſumpta favillis:
En hujus (ſi fata ſinant) celebrabitur Hæres
Herois divina, & me digniſſima cura!
Pallas & hoc poſcit; (proprio favet illa Miniſtro,)
Qui Divam colit, ac ſimiles aſſurgit ad artes.
Vincitur illecebris Deus; & jubet omine læto
Stare diu, longoſque domum ſupereſſe per annos.

SONG.

GO tell *Amynta* gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine;
To Souls oppreſs'd and dumb with Grief,
The Gods ordain this kind Relief;
That Muſick ſhou'd in Sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my Pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

On the KING'S-HOUSE *now Building at* WINCHESTER.

AS soon as mild *Augustus* cou'd asswage
A bloody civil Wars licentious Rage,
He made the Blessing that He gave increase,
By teaching *Rome* the softer Arts of Peace.
The Sacred Temples wanting due repair,
Had first their Wounds heal'd with a pious Care,
Nor ceas'd his Labour, 'till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
In Glory all the subject World beside.
Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Isle,
With Building did his regal Cares beguile.
London almost consum'd, but to a Name,
He rescues from the fierce devouring Flame;
Its hostile Rage the burning Town enjoy'd,
For he restor'd as fast as that destroy'd:
'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.
Of *Windsor* Castle (his belov'd Retreat
From this vast City troublesomely great,)
'Twas *Denham* * only with success cou'd write,
The Nation's Glory and the King's Delight.
On *Winchester* my Muse her Song bestows,
She that small Tribute to her Country owes.

* *In his Coopers Hill.*

To *Wincheſter* let *Charles* be ever kind,
The youngeſt Labour of his fertile Mind.
Here ancient Kings the *Britiſh* Scepter ſway'd,
And all Kings ſince have always been obey'd.
Rebellion here cou'd ne'er erect a Throne,
For *Charles* that Bleſſing was reſerv'd alone.
Let not the ſtately Fabrick you decree,
An Immature, abortive Palace be,
But may it grow the Miſtreſs of your Heart,
And the full Heir of *WRens* ſtupendous Art.
The happy Spot on which its Soveraign dwells,
With a juſt Pride above the City ſwells,
That like a loyal Subject choſe to lye
Beneath his Feet with humble Modeſty.
Faſt by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
And pays due Homage to the beſt of Kings.
Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
He's ſcituated Head of Church, and State.
The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious Toil of former Piety)
Has vanquiſh'd envious Times devouring Rage,
And, like Religion, ſtronger grows by Age.
It ſtems the Torrent of the flowing Years,
Yet gay as Youth the ſacred Pile appears.
Of its great Riſe we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The monumental Marbles us aſſure,
It gave the *Daniſh* Monarchs Sepulture.
Here Death himſelf inthrones the crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muſe, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of Applauſes join,
Of your great *Wickam*,
Wickam whoſe Name can mighty Thoughts infuſe,
But naught can eaſe the travail of my Muſe,
Preſs'd with her Load, her feeble Strength decays,
And ſhe's deliver'd of abortive Praiſe.

Here he for Youth erects a Nursery *
The great Coheiresses of his Piety; [trace,
Where they through various Tongues coy knowledge
This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
From which they start, and all along the way
They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray,
And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
Oh! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
And turn Apostates to their Education.
When with these Objects *Charles* has fill'd his Sight,
Still fresh provoke his seeing Appetite.
A healthy Country opening to his view,
The chearful Pleasures of his Eyes renew. [speed,
On neighbouring Plains the Coursers wing'd with
Contend for Plate, the glorious Victors Meed.
Over the Course they rather fly than run,
In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.
Then fresh Delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the swift-wing'd Coursers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal haste pursue,
And seize the Quarry in their Masters view. [found,
Till like my Muse, tir'd with the Game they've
They stoop for ease, and pitch upon the Ground.

To a LADY, *(whom he never saw, nor had any Description of) to prove he Loves her.*

By a Person of Quality.

BRighteſt of Virgins! whose high Race and Name
Bespeaks you worthy of the noblest Flame,
Arms you with Power Divine, that can dispense
Its Influence beyond the reach of Sense;
Making us frame of you, as Heaven above,
Idea's of our Ignorance and Love.

* *The Coll. near* Winchester, *and new Coll. in* Oxon.

Disdain not, fairest, such Devotions then
As the best Worshippers offer to Heav'n.
Nor think 'em feign'd, since things above do grow
(Concealed and distant) more admir'd below.
Absence creates Esteem, and makes that fire
(Which the Suns near approaches quench) aspire,
While those who do enjoy perpetual Rays, [Days.
Curse those bright Beams that crown our Halcyon
Know then, my Passion Real is and Great,
Not such as from dull Sense derives its heat,
But Sympathy; that Royal Law that binds
In a close Union things of different Kinds,
That secret charm of Nature which inspires
The whole Creation with harmonious Fires,
Heads *Cupid*'s Arrows, guides his roving Bow,
Extends its Empire o'er all things below.
Since then you know I love, how much, and how,
If of my Passion you still disallow,
Know then the Lot is cast, the Gods approve
The Fates Decree, and have pronounc'd, I Love.

SONG by the same Hand.

SOme Brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phyllis*,
Some cry up their *Celia*'s and bright *Amaryllis*:
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
And Goddesses frame from the Washbowl and Tub;
But away with these fictions, and counterfeit Folly,
There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my
I cannot describe nor her Beauty nor Wit, [*Dolly*.
Like *Manna* to each she's the relishing Bit;
She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail,
And still with fresh Pleasure does hoist up your Sail
Nay had you a surfeit took of all others,
One Look of my *Doll* strait your Stomach recovers
But when I consider her Humour and Feature,
I'm apt to suspect she's inclin'd to the Creature

What contrary Winds in my Breast then arise, [prise?
What Hopes, and what Fear, and what Doubt do sur-
What Storms do I feel of Trouble and Care,
While my Wishes themselves at variance are?
For sometimes I wish her more Cruel, less Fair,
But then I should either not Love, or Despair:
I'd have her to Love too, not Amorous be,
I'd have her be coy, but kinder to me.
But should she in me this Humour discover,
She'd quickly discard her Impertinent Lover.

A SONG.

BEneath a cool Shade, where some here have been,
Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green;
Alexis and *Chloris* lay pressing soft Flowers,
With Kissing and Loving they past the dull Hours.
She close in his Arms with her Head on his Breast,
And fainting with Pleasure; you guess at the rest:
She blusht and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,
All ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure.

But while thus in Transports extended they lay,
A handsom young Shepherd was passing that way!
She saw him and cry'd------Oh *Alexis*, betray'd!
Oh what have you done------you have ruin'd a Maid;
But the Shepherd being modest discreetly past by,
And left 'em again at their leisure to die.
And often they languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
All Ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure.

On the Death of MELANTHA.

WEEP, all you Virgins, meet o'er this sad Hearse,
And you, great Goddess of Immortal Verse:
Come here a while and Mourn:
Weave not with rosie Crowns your Hair,
Let Tears be all the Gems you wear,
And shed them plentifully on this Urn.
For 'tis *Melantha*, 'tis that lovely Fair,
That lyes beneath this weeping Marble here.

But wou'd you know, why she has took her flight
Into the Bosom of eternal Night,
Before her Beauties scarce had shew'd their Light,
Hark, and lament her Fate;
As the young God of Love one Day
Sate on a Rock at play,
And wantonly let fly his Darts
Among the Nymphs and Shepherds Hearts,
Melantha by unhappy chance came by.
Love jesting cry'd, I'll make her prove
The Godhead, she contemn'd, of Love.
In scorn she bad him strike and did his shaft defie.
While the Boy slightly threw a Dart
To wound, but not destroy, her Heart.
But greedy Death, fond of this beauteous Prey,
Caught the swift Arrow as it flew,
And added to't his own Strength too,
Which made so deep a Wound, that, as she lay,
In silent Sighs she breath'd her Soul away.
Then all the little Gods begun to weep,
Oh let your Sighs with theirs due measure keep:
For fair *Melantha* she is dead,
Her Beauteous Soul to Death's dark Empire's fled.
Flora, the Bounteous Goddess of the Plains,
Who in fresh Groves, and sweetest Meadows reigns

Hearing the fair *Melantha* dead,
Brought all her Odorous Wealth to ſpread
Over the Grave where ſhe was laid.
Then ſtraight the Infant Spring began to fade,
And all the Fields where ſhe did keep,
And fold her bleating Flocks of Sheep,
Their influence loſt, with her fair Eyes, decay'd;
For fair *Melantha*, by whoſe cruel Pride
So many ſad deſpairing Swains had dy'd,
Felt Love at laſt, but Death ſhe rather choſe
Than own ſhe lov'd, or the hid flame diſcloſe.

Speak, Muſes, for you hold immortal State
With Gods, and know the Myſteries of Fate,
You all, whatever's paſt or preſent, ſee,
And read th' unwritten Pages o'er
Of times great Chronicle before
Events, and time, had writ what fate reſolv'd ſhou'd be.
Tell me, what Beauty is, whoſe force controuls
Reaſon and Power, and over Mankind rules:
Kings ſtoop to Beauty, and the Crowns they wear
Shine not with ſo much Luſtre, as the Fair.
Beauty a larger Empire do's command
Than the great Monarch of the Seas and Land.
She can the coldeſt Anchorits inflame,
Cool Tyrants rage, and ſtroke their Paſſions tame.
She can call Youth to her forſaken ſeat
In wither'd Veins, and give new Life and Heat.
She can ſubdue the Fierce, the Proud, and Strong,
Give Courage to the weak, the fearful and the young.
Beauty, the only Deity we know,
With fear and awe we to her Altars go, [ſtow.
And there our pureſt Zeal of Prayers, and Vows, be-
Sure then it only ſeems to die,
And when it leaves us, mounts above
To the eternal Roof of *Jove*,
To be a Conſtellation and inrich the Sky.
But ſhou'd I ſearch the ſpangled Spheare
For Metamorphos'd Beauty there,

Nothing of *Helen* now is seen,
Nor the fair *Egyptian* Queen:
Or thou, whose Eyes were Constellations here,
Oh then thy Fate we can't enough deplore
With thee thy Beauty dy'd and 'tis no more.
Then let us give *Melantha*'s Fate its due;
Strew *Cypress* on her Hearse, and wreaths of Yew,
For fair *Melantha*, poor *Melantha*'s dead,
Her sighing Soul to death's eternal Empire's fled.

To the NIGHTINGALE coming in the Spring.

To invite Chloe *from the Tumults of the Town to the Innocent Retreat in the Country.*

Written by a Person of Quality in 1680.

LIttle Songster, who do'st bring
Joy and Musick to the Spring,
Welcome to our grateful Swains,
And the Nymphs, that grace the Plains.
How the Youths thy Absence mourn?
What their Joy at thy return?
For their Mirth and Sports are done
All the year that thou art gone,
But at thy approach, their Joys
Take new date from thy dear Voice.
Every Shepherd chuses then
Some fair Nymph for *Valentine*,
While the Maid with equal Love
Do's the happy Choice approve:
Underneath some Shade he sits,
Where soft silence Love begets;

And in artleſs Sighs he bears
Untaught Paſſion to her Ears.
No deceit is in his Tongue,
Nor ſhe fears, nor ſuffers Wrong;
But each others Faith believe,
And each hour their Loves revive.

Often have I wiſht to be,
Happy *Damon*, bleſt as thee,
Not that I for *Sylvia* pine,
Sylvia, who is only thine,
But that *Chloe* cannot be
Kind, as *Sylvia* is to thee.

Thou, dear Bird, whoſe Voice may find
Charms perhaps to make her kind,
Bear a Meſſage to her Breaſt,
And make me happy as the reſt.
In the * Place where Tumult dwells,
Treaſons lurk, Ambition ſwells,
Pride erects her monſtrous Head,
And Perjury ſwears the guiltleſs, dead,
Pow'r oppreſſes, Envy pines,
Friends betray, and Fraud deſigns,
Fears and Jealouſie ſurpriſe
Reſt and ſlumber from our Eyes,
And where Vice all Ill contains,
And in gloomy Glory reigns;
Where the Loyal, Brave and Juſt
Are Victims to Phanatick Luſt,
Where the noble *Stafford*'s Blood
Calls from Heaven Revenge aloud,
In this place there lives a Maid,
Bright as Nature ever made,
Fair beyond dull Beauties Name
Can expreſs her lovely frame.
In her charming Eyes reſide
Love, Diſdain, Deſire, and Pride.
Such, we know not which to call,
But has the excellence of all.

* London *in the Plot-time.*

The first Blushes of the Day
Or the new-blown Rose in *May*.
Or the rich *Sidonian* die
Wrought for Eastern Majesty,
Is not gayer than the Red
Nature on her Cheeks has spread.
Her soft Lips still feed new Wishes
Of a thousand fancy'd kisses.
Gently swelling, plump and round,
With young Smiles and Graces crown'd;
Her round Breasts are whiter far
Than the backs of Ermins are,
Or the wanton Breast of *Jove*,
When a Swan for *Leda*'s Love.
Eyes that charm when e'er they Dart,
And never miss the destin'd Heart.
Wou'dst thou have me tell thee more,
And describe her Beauties o'er;
I perhaps might make a Rape
On my *Idea*'s naked shape:
Therefore fly, you'll quickly see
By this Picture which is she.
Tell her the loud Winds are Dumb,
Winter's past, and Spring is come,
The delightful Spring! that rains
Sweets and Plenty o'er the Plains,
And with shady Garlands crown'd
All the Woods and Groves around.
If she see the winged Quire
Chuse this Season to retire
To the shelter of the Grove,
'Tis by Instinct (say) of Love.
If she see the Herds and Flocks
Wanton round the Meads and Rocks,
Thus their wishing Males to move,
'Tis the Instinct (say) of Love.
If she see the Bull among
Crowds of Females sleek and young,

Fight his Rival of the Drove,
'Tis by Inſtinct (ſay) of Love.
If ſhe ſee the blooming Vines,
In their Seaſon, fold their Twines
Round the Oak that near her grows,
Say, 'tis Nature mixt their Boughs:
Then if Inſtinct theſe do move,
We by reaſon ought to Love.
Tell the Fair one, every Day
Youth and Beauty ſteal away,
And within a little ſpace
Will deſtroy her charming Face.
Every grace and ſmile, that lyes
Languiſhing in Lips and Eyes,
Firſt he'll make his Prey, and then
Leave to Death what do's remain:
Who old Time does only ſend
To begin what he muſt end.
If ſhe ask, what hour and place,
Where and when, Time wounds the Face?
Say, it is not in the Night,
Nor when Day renews her Light,
In the Morning, or at Noon
Or at Evening when alone,
Or when entertained at home,
Or abroad this hour will come;
But ſwift time is always by,
Firſt to perfect, then deſtroy.
And in vain you ſeek a cure
Since his Wounds are every hour:
Bid her view *Aurelia*'s Brow,
Naked of her Glories now,
Yet ſhe once cou'd charm the Throng,
Conquering with her Eyes and Tongue.
Now, only's left this weak relief,
(To ſupport her Years and Grief,)
When ſhe cou'd ſhe us'd her Prime,
And enjoy'd the Fruits of time:

And where-ever she profest
Love, or Hate, she kill'd, or blest:
While the neighbouring Plains were fill'd
With their Names she lov'd and kill'd.
Oh, when Youth and Beauty's past,
That poor pleasure that do's last
Is to think they were admir'd,
And by every Youth desir'd,
While the Dotage of each Swain
She return'd with Scorn again.
Oh then let my *Chloe* know,
When her Youth is faded so,
And a race of Nymphs appears,
Gay and sprightly in their Years,
Proud and wanton in their Loves,
While the Shepherds of the Groves
Strive with Presents who shall share
Most the favours of the Fair;
And her self she do's behold
Like *Aurelia* now grown old,
Sighing to herself she'll say
I was once ador'd, as they!
Yet with Pleasure think, that she
Lov'd and was belov'd by me.
Therefore bid her haste and prove,
While she may, the Joys of Love.
I will lead her to a Soil
Where perpetual Summers smile,
Without *Autumn* which bereaves
Fairest Cedars of their Leaves;
Where she shall behold the Meads
Ever green, the Groves with Shades:
Lasting Flow'rs the Banks shall wear,
And Birds shall warble all the Year.
Where the rustick Swain do's owe
Nothing to the Spade and Plow.
For their Harvest, Nature's care
Without toil relieves 'em there,

And no differing Seasons bring
Changes to the constant Spring.
In the Morn she shall awake
With the noise the Shepherds make,
Cheering, with the ecchoing Sounds
Of their Horns, the eager Hounds.
Nymphs, as well as Shepherds too,
In these Groves the Chase pursue.
While at their Backs their flowing Hair
Loosely wantons in the Air;
Gilded Quivers on their Thighs,
With Darts less fatal than their Eyes.
Each the others sloth do's blame,
While they seek the Hart for game.
Who, poor Fool, his Feet employs,
And thro' Woods and Dales he flies,
Over Plains and Rivers bounds,
And out-flies the Winds and Hounds.
When perhaps some Nymph, whose Eyes
Makes both Men and Beast her Prize,
Swifter than *Camilla*'s Pace
Soon o'er-takes the winged race,
And with one bright Glance she wounds,
And his fancy'd hope confounds.
Who, reflecting his faint Eyes
On her Face, with pleasure dies.
When the Sports are done, they rest
Underneath some Shade, and feast
On sweet Beds of Violets crown'd
With sweet Roses on the Ground.
Where they Garlands weave, and Poses
Of Green Mirtle, Pinks and Roses:
For which grace the ravisht Swains
Pay soft Kisses for their Pains.
Thus they Dally till the Light
Falls behind the Scene of Night.

An ELEGY.

Written by Mr. W. O.

DAMON *and* THYRSIS.

DAMON.

WElcome, dear *Thyrſis*, far above
The ſweeteſt Emphaſis of Love.
More welcome than the faireſt Dame
That ever croſt this awful Plain,
With all her tender Virgin Train.

THYRSIS.

I thank thee, Shepherd, for thy Love;
But how canſt thou ſo ſoon remove
The Paſſion which inrag'd thy Breaſt,
And kept thy better Part from reſt?

DAMON.

Believe me, *Thyrſis*, for 'tis true,
They that Love long are but few.
I pip'd, I ſung, I liv'd in pain,
In hope the Shepherdeſs to gain;
Now vain my ſute, in vain I cry,
I ſigh in vain, unhappy me,
Condemn'd to ſuch a Deſtiny
Only to ſee the once lov'd Deity.

THYRSIS.

Tell me, *Damon*, prithee do,
Who's this Nymph that grieves thee ſo:
By great *Pan*'s all ſacred Name,
The wildeſt Heart for thee I'll tame.

DAMON.

Oh my Friend! ſhe's gone too far,
Thou can'ſt not reach the charming Fair:
She's fled into the wiſht for place,
Where Love is acted o'er in every grace.

THYRSIS.

What's her Name? I can't contain,
My Blood runs swift in every Vein.
I'll ravage all the Woods and Groves,
Th' intreguing Court for billing Loves:
No Pains nor Toil for thee I'll spare,
Come-----let me know the cruel Fair.

DAMON.

Phyllis, the Glory of our Isle,
Who charm'd my Soul with every Smile,
Ah she! the lovely torturing Maid
Has now my Heart, my all, betray'd;
And my adoring Love with scorn repaid.
Unhappy Swain! dejected and forlorn,
Ah me! how sadly am I left alone,
To envy those transporting Charms
She yields up to my happy Rival's Arms.

THYRSIS.

I'll go------

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, 'tis in vain to try
To disappoint the Nuptial Tie.
No, no, she's gone to make my Rival blest,
And left her Image only in my Breast.
Henceforth in Lovers Tales let it be said,
That thy poor Friend, thy *Damon*, dy'd a Maid,
While no one part of me remains with her,
But constant Wishes and this humble Pray'r.
Fairest of Nymphs------
May all your Glories, like the youthful Sun,
Beam forth and in their purest Lustre burn.
May all your Days be as a Day of Bliss,
And all your Sorrows close still with a Kiss;
Happy the God, that succour'd your Desire,
And set the Hymenean Lamp on Fire:
May he, in whole blest Arms you slumb'ring lye,
Be sensible of the vast envyed Joy,
While I who lost you lay me down and dye.

THE

Court-Prospect:

A

POEM.

BY

Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of *Ormond.*

MADAM,

HAT Your Grace has been pleas'd to ſpeak favourably of what I have already Writ, is Encouragement ſufficient for a Poet to Boaſt of to the World, and to Embolden him to Dedicate to your Grace. But I have more particular, both Obligations, and Excuſes; Your Illuſtrious Conſort's Family, having been the conſtant Patrons of ours, which now depreſs'd by the late Wars, and the chief Pillar of it fal'n, muſt depend for Support on the firſt Founders. Thus the Thanks for paſt Favours are only Petitions for more; as ſome Men pay off old Debts in hopes to run deeper in for new. I dare not hope the enſuing Eſſay can Merit Your Grace's Approbation; let it (if poſſible) pleaſe others; if it meets with your Pardon, it will abundantly ſatisfie the Ambition of

Your GRACE's

Moſt Devoted, moſt Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.

TO THE

READER.

SOME Writers perhaps may expect the Thanks, and Favour of the Nobility, after Attempting their Praise; but I am rather afraid of having incurr'd their Displeasure; They whom I have mention'd (I doubt) may with more reason find fault with me, than they whom I have omitted; for it is better not to be drawn at all, than to be drawn imperfectly, and lamely. The Poet however has the same Excuse with the Painter; That Art cannot equal Nature, nor the Pencil, nor the Pen, present a Copy that comes up to her Original.

The Business of a Poet is to Please; and he is very unhappy who gives Offence where he designs Acknowledgments, or Respects. The whole Body of the Nobility of England, *would be a boundless Subject; Painters own they find it more difficult to give a true and lively Air and Posture to a Picture; to place the Legs, and duly proportion all the Parts, than to draw the Face, and take the Likeness; but this Piece was only intended for an Half Length, and that too is only a Rough Draught, and in Miniature. Though the following Lines may want an Excuse with the Criticks; I will not despair of Pardon from the Nobles to whom it was design'd; and if I have fail'd in describing their Greatness, I have at the same time given them an Opportunity of shewing their Goodness.*

THE
COURT-PROSPECT.

BOVE that Bridge, which lofty Turrets crown,
Joining two Cities; of it self a Town;
As far as fair *Augusta*'s Buildings reach,
Bent, like a Bow along a Peaceful Beach;
Her gilded Spires the Royal Palace show,
Tow'ring to Clouds, and fix'd in Floods below.
The Silver *Thames* washes her Sacred sides,
And pays her Prince her Tributary Tides.
Thither all Nations of the Earth resort,
Not only *England*'s now, but *Europe*'s Court.
Bless'd in the Warriors which its Walls contain,
Bless'd most in *William*'s Residence and Reign.
Where in his Royal Robes, and Regal State,
He meditates, and dictates *Europe*'s Fate;
His Heroes, and his Nobles standing round,
Better by them, than his Gold Circle Crown'd.
O! could I represent that glorious show;
You whose great Deeds form Poets, tell me how.
But lest my Muse (which much I fear) should faint,
What *Dryden* will not Write, let *Dahel* Paint.

Haste then, and spread abroad thy Canvass Sheets,
Wide as the full-blown Sails that wing our Fleets.
Paint *William* first on an Imperial Throne,
Large share of Earth, and all the Seas his own;

O'er Land, and Ocean, let his Realms extend,
And like his Fame, his Empire never end.
Give him that Look, which Monarchs ought to have,
Give him that awful Look, which Nature gave.
Mix Majesty with Mildness, while he shows
Dear to his Friends, and dreadful to his Foes.
Seat him surrounded by his *British* Peers,
And make them seem his Strength, as he is theirs.
No Poet here dares sing the noble Tribe,
Which you can better draw, than he describe.
You can plant each in his peculiar Place,
Give each the noblest Features in his Face,
Each has his Charms, and all some certain Grace.

Let *England*'s Chancellor the foremost stand,
That is his due, whose Laws support the Land;
Who governs, influenc'd by his Soveraign Lord,
And holds the Balance, as the King the Sword.

Give the Good *Shrewsbury* the second Seat,
In Trust, in Secrecy, and Council, great.

Great as the best, will the Great *Ormond* seem,
But in the Field, thou must delineate him;
Born with auspicious Stars, and happy Fate,
But more in Merit, than in Fortune, Great.
On higher things he bends his nobler Aim,
And in fierce Wars, has sought, and purchas'd Fame.

Here; could my grateful willing Muse have sung,
Sweet as *Cham* flows, where first her Harp was strung;
Here, *Sommerset*, should she thy Praise proclaim,
And give thee what thou giv'st our *Cambridge*, Fame.

Let youthful *Grafton* there his Station find,
Grown Man in Body now, but more in Mind.
His Looks are in the Mother's Beauty dress't,
And all the Father has inform'd his Breast.
Why wilt thou then to distant Shores convey
Our hopes in thee? Why trust the faithless Sea?
Why view the Changing Climates of the Earth,
And bless all Realms but that which gave thee Birth?
Thy Country, lovely Youth, thy Stay demands,
And fears to venture thee in Foreign Lands;

All thou haſt ſeen, and all thou goeſt to ſee,
Will not improve, but be improv'd in thee.
A manly Beauty is in *Dev'nſhire* ſeen,
And true Nobility in *Dorſet*'s Mien.
But here, great Artiſt, is thy Skill confin'd,
Thou can'ſt not Paint his nobler Muſe, and Mind.
No Pen, the Praiſe he merits can indite;
Himſelf, to repreſent himſelf, muſt write.
Next let young *Burlington* receive his Place,
Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace.
Happy in Fortune, Perſon, and in Parts,
Himſelf, not wanting them, promoting Arts.
With him let *Kingſton* be for ever join'd,
Alike in Quality, alike in Mind.
For Court, or Camp, for Love, or Glory fit,
Poſſeſſing both, both patronizing Wit.
Hither, let *Montague* the Treaſures bring,
Which, while he offers, let his Muſes ſing.
The Patron of the reſt ſo juſtly grown,
Who ſerv'd ſo well a Nation with his own.
Who ſeated on the ſacred Mountain's brow,
Inſpires, and cheriſhes the Train below.
Draw *Ruſſel* yonder, order'd to maintain
The Power and Honour of the *Britiſh* Main.
Wrap him in curling Smoak, and circling Flames,
Yet unconcern'd, as on his Sovereign's *Thames*.
While his loud Canon thunders thro' the Deep,
Make Seas attention give, and ſilence keep.
Then as he Coaſts the *Mauritanian* Shores,
Paint pale the Faces of th' aſtoniſh'd *Moors*.
Whence *England* gives ſurrounding Nations Law,
And from the Centre keeps the World in awe.
No more let Poets name inconſtant Seas,
For *Neptune* knows his Sovereign, and obeys.
Fled from that fatal Field, the watry Plain,
No Foe dares venture, there, our Force again.
Fierce *Gallia* challenges to *Belgian* Fields,
But ſtill her choſen Plain ſmall Harveſt yields.

The Warlike *Cutts* the welcome tidings brings,
The true brave Servant of the best of Kings.
Cutts, whose known Worth no Herald need Proclaim,
His Wounds, and his own Verse can speak his Fame.
The dreadful News moves WILLIAM with delight,
Gladly he hears, and gladly hastes to Fight.
Leaving his faithful Substitutes behind,
He trusts himself to his own Seas, and Wind.
The Royal Fleet a thousand Heroe's grace,
And *Mars* in Triumph rides o'er *Neptune*'s Face.
Now out of Sight of Land, they plow the Main,
And in some rowling Tides make Land again.
Now sight of hostile Tents their Valour warms,
And each encourages his Mate to Arms.
Fancy can scarce so swift and eager Run,
Their Lines are drawn, and the Camp-work is done,
The Word is giv'n, and Battel is begun.
They who have seen an Ocean lash its Shore,
When Billows tumble, and begin to roar,
When from all Quarters, Clouds and Tempests fly,
And from despairing Sailors hide the Sky;
Such as have seen those Elements at War,
May guess what well-disputed Battles are.

Description of a Battel.

Hark! 'tis at hand, Drums beat, and Trumpets sound,
The Horsemen mount, the mounted Horses bound;
The Soldiers leap transported from the Ground.
When such Harmonious Sounds invite to Arms,
'Tis sure that Valiant Men feel secret Charms.
Such WILLIAM's is, when from his foaming Horse
He views the Foe, rejoycing at their Force.
Never so full of Spirit and Delight,
Never so pleas'd, as when prepar'd to Fight.
Paint him then yonder spurring from afar,
Giving the Charge, guiding the Raging War,

Paint to the Field, Party on Party sent;
Himself not waiting for the vast Event,
Now, mingled in the War engage the whole,
And of his Martial Troops make him the Soul.
Now, from all Parts, Death and Destruction fly,
The Cries of grappling Squadrons rend the Sky,
Mars rages, and the rolling War runs high.
Here, Horses rear at Horses, Chest to Chest,
There, desperate Men encounter, Breast to Breast.
Here, trampled under Foot, fal'n Soldiers groan,
For Help they call, but with unpitied Moan,
For every one now minds himself alone.
The Cannons roar, and flaming Balls fly round,
Men fall, and die, and hardly feel the Wound.
Stones from the Ground that nourish'd them are tost,
And all the Fashion of the Field is lost.
Morrars shoot flaming Meteors thro' the Air,
And such as have not seen them fly, would fear
The Stars dissolv'd, and the last Judgment near.
Death thro' the broken Battel makes a Lane,
And Horror and Confusion fill the Plain.
Horses in Troops without their Riders run,
Wild as were those of old that drew the Sun:
Madly they drag their Reins, and champ their Bit,
And bear down all before them whom they meet;
Sol's Offspring, and their Masters Fate, the same,
All lost, like him, in Thunder, Smoak and Flame.
As Seamen fear, yet struggle with a Storm,
The Soldiers start, at what themselves perform.
Paint then a Fear in every Face, and make
Even *William* fear;-----but fear for *Ormond*'s sake:
Ormond who spurr'd amidst the Thundring War,
But to his Soveraign's Sorrow spurr'd too far.
Dismounted; make him ev'n in falling great,
Wounded, half dying, yet despising Fate.
Make WILLIAM view him with excess of Grief,
And strive, but strive in vain to send Relief.
Till Heav'n inspires his very Foes to save
A Life, as strangely Fortunate, as Brave

Who for that Life, may to more Praise aspire,
Than if the Day had been their own intire.
Proud of their Prize, more furious than before,
Make them press on; make *English* Fury more.
Make shatter'd Squadrons rally on the Plain;
And make enrag'd Battalions charge again.
Again, make Horses beat the suff'ring Ground,
And toss with restless Hoofs the Dust around.
Again, their Riders couch their ready Lance,
And spurring them to warmth and foam advance;
Foam, which your Pencil need not owe to chance.
Make Sheets of Flame from smoaking *Culverins* fly,
And Clouds of mounting Smoak obscure the Sky.
Now draw beneath the Dying, and the Dead,
And Deluges of Blood in Battel shed,
O'erflowing *Flanders* in her Waters stead.
And now let Clouds like feeble Curtains fall,
Protecting those that live, and hiding all.
Cast the black Veil of Night about the Slain,
Covering the purple Horrour of the Plain,
And now, with solid Darkness, shut the Scene.
As Tempests make the Skies serene and clear,
As Thunder serves to purifie the Air;
On Rain as Sunshine, Storms on Calms attend,
Peace is War's necessary certain end.

Description of the Goddess of Peace, and her Palace.

Pardon the Muse, if here she cannot hold;
The sight of her own Goddess makes her bold.
She comes-----o'er Fields of standing Corn she walks,
Not crush'd the tender Ears, nor bent the Stalks.
Her March attended with a numerous Train,
Yet with such Discipline that none complain.
Grass springs where-e'er she goes; the flow'ry Mead
Receives new Flow'rs, where she vouchsafes to tread.

Her blooming Beauties, teeming Earth displays,
The Lovers Myrtle, and the Poets Bays,
From every touch of her a Perfume flows,
The lovely Hyacinth, the blushing Rose,
And spreading Jessamin fresh Sweets discloses.
Thick Palaces, as she approaches, rise,
And Royal Piles amaze Beholders Eyes.
Built on a suddain, they the sight confound,
And seem to start as from enchanted Ground.
None, this or that can her Apartment call,
For she promiscuously resides in all.
At Home in every one, and all she keeps
Silent, but Splendider than that of Sleep's.
Her spacious Halls with useless Arms are hung,
With Arrows broken, and with Bows unstrung.
No Murmurs thro' her numerous Train are heard,
She knows no Danger, and her Court no Guard.
Secure as Shades, as Skies unclouded, bright,
As Active, yet as noiseless, as the Light.
No Widows here their Husbands Deaths deplore,
None hear the Drum, or thundring Cannon Roar.
Only Love Sighs, which serves to Lull her more.
Plenty her best-lov'd Favourite duly waits,
And Pleasure enters at her Palace Gates;
Roses, and Myrtles mingled, make her Bed,
And heaps of Flow'rs support her sacred Head.
Inspir'd by her, the Muse around her sings,
And *Cupids* Fan her with expanded Wings.
No Grief or anxious Cares her Peace molest,
She folds her Arms above her quiet Breast,
Delightful are her Dreams, and soft her Rest.
All at her rise their Adoration pay,
The *Persians* worship less the springing Day.
Sweet is her Temper, easie is her Mien,
Not the least Frown in all her Aspect seen,
But gracious as our late lamented Queen.
Nor are her Blessings to her Court confin'd,
But flow thro' Nobles to the lab'ring Hind,

All they can wish her own Domesticks share,
Bestowing still, yet has she still to spare.
The grateful Soil the jocund Peasants plow,
And with a certainty of Reaping sow.
Not now, as heretofore with Fears perplext,
Tilling these Fields, and Armies in the next.
Now Spring comes on;------
And Night and Day in equal measures run,
And mounting Larks salute the Morning Sun.
Then rip'ning Fruits the loaded Trees adorn,
And laughing Fields are crown'd with lofty Corn.
The Summer, so accustom'd to Alarms,
Wonders, she hears no more the Sounds of Arms.
No Trumpets Eccho thro' the spacious Plain,
Nor Earth-born Brethren by themselves are slain.
The Sun shines freely thro' the flow'ry Field,
And suffers no Reflection from the Shield.
Men, to the Date of Nature draw their Breath,
For nothing now, but Sickness, causes Death.
Secure the Merchants Trade abroad for Gain,
And Sailors unmolested sweep the Main.
Unrowling Waves steal softly to the Shore,
They know their Sovereign, and they fear to roar.
The conscious Winds within their Caverns keep,
Like them, the Seas are hush'd, and seem asleep,
And Halcyon Peace broods o'er the boundless Deep.

How are these Blessings thus dispens'd and giv'n?
To us from WILLIAM, and to him from Heav'n.
Delight in Blood let other Heroes boast;
Our Ease and Safety please our Monarch most.
For that he fought, for that was all his Care,
He places all his Pomp and Glory there.
Hail! Peace of all things in confusion hurl'd,
Hail! thou Restorer of the Christian World.
Thou, to the World, art Heav'ns chief Blessing giv'n;
And thou hast render'd back the World to Heav'n.
Thus in old times, at our bless'd Saviour's Birth,
An universal Calm was known on Earth.

GOD to his SON did the first Gift assign,
And lets the second Miracle be thine.
How shall we thank thee for thy Royal Toil,
Thou Strength, and Glory of the *British* Isle.
What Trophies shall thy grateful Subjects raise?
And what ambitious Poets sing thy Praise?
Thy Greatness surely is the Stars design,
Thy Hands, our noblest Palaces refine,
On all our Metals, all the Stamp is thine.
Draw his Triumphant Entry, *Dahel*, draw
Him and his Allies Free------
And all the rest of the whole World in awe.
But see! all Peaceable our Heroe comes,
No Sound of Trumpet, nor Alarm of Drums.
Long kept from Rest, by no inglorious Foes,
He goes to take, what he has brought, Repose.
His softer Triumphs then prepare to Grace,
Prepare a Train fit to attend on Peace.
Chuse them from all that breath the *British* Air,
And, like the Goddess whom they wait on, fair.
Make Beauteous *Grafton* with the first Advance,
Charming at every Step, with every Glance.
Sweet as her Temper, Paint her Heavenly Face;
Draw her but like, you give your Piece a Grace.
Blend for her all the Beauties e'er you knew,
For so his *Venus* fam'd *Apelles* drew.
But hold------to make her most divinely Fair,
Consult her self, you'll find all Beauty there.
Whom shall we think on now? there's scarce beside
Any that can compare with her, but *Hide*.
Hide, who like her has Beauties without blame,
Hide, who like her is every Poet's Theme.
Hide, by all Eyes admir'd, all Hearts ador'd,
Courteous to all, kind only to her Lord.
Hide, who so many powerful Charms commands,
As will not shame the Piece where *Grafton* stands.
And now, to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,
Let all be with Illustrious *Ormond* crown'd.

Sum all in her, that's fair, and good, and great,
Place her in Beauty's, and in Virtue's Seat.
Paint Sweetneſs in her Eyes, at once, and Awe,
And make her Looks give Languiſhing, and Law.
O! if my Muſe to her wiſh'd height could climb,
Sweet as her Subject, as her Theme, ſublime,
The Noble *Ormond* ſhould engroſs her Praiſe,
Great *Ormond*'s Name ſhould ſanctifie her Layes.
Hers, and her moſt illuſtrious Conſort's Blood,
Takes pleaſure ſtill like Heav'n in doing Good.
Ormond, to whom fair Lots on Earth are giv'n,
Ormond, who has her Seat ſecur'd in Heav'n.
Stop here------ tho' others may attract the Sight,
Your Pencil, and my Pen------
Dare not attempt to do ſo many right.
Who ſtrives to Sing a Patron or a Friend,
Tho' he omit ſome whom he ſhould commend,
Cannot be thought in juſtice to offend-----
And now you've finiſh'd ſo renown'd a Piece,
Boaſt ſafely-----challenge either *Rome* or *Greece*.

The End of the SECOND PART.

some Old papers.

Chevy-Chase. p. 288.
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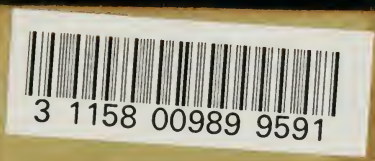
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